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PREFACE.*

COMPOSITIONS resembling those of the present volume are not unfrequently condemned for their querulous Egotism. But Egotism is to be condemned then only when it offends against Time and Place, as in an History or an Epic Poem. To censure it in a Monody or Sonnet is almost as absurd as to dislike a circle for being round. Why then write Sonnets or Monodies? Because they give me pleasure when perhaps nothing else could. After the more violent emotions of sorrow, the mind demands amusement, and can find it in employment alone; but full of its late sufferings, it can endure no employment not in some measure connected with them. Forcibly to turn away our attention to general subjects is a painful and most often an unavailing effort.

> "But O! how grateful to a wounded heart
> The tale of Misery to impart
> From others' eyes bid tireless sorrows flow,
> And raise esteem upon the base of Woe!"—SHAW.

The communicativeness of our Nature leads us to describe our own sorrows; in the endeavour to describe them, intellectual activity is exerted; and from intellectual activity there results a pleasure, which is gradually associated, and mingles as a corrective, with the painful subject of the description. "True!" (it may be answered) "but how are the PUBLIC interested in your Sorrows or your Description?" We are for ever attributing personal Unities to imaginary Aggregates. What is the PUBLIC, but a term for a number of scattered individuals? Of whom as many will be interested in these sorrows, as have experienced the same or similar.

> "Holy be the lay
> Which [illegible] mourning to others the mourner on its way."

If I could judge of others by myself, I should not hesitate to affirm, that the most interesting passages are those in which the Author developes his own feelings? The sweet voice of Cowper† never sounds so sweetly, as when it speaks of itself; and I should almost suspect that man of an unkindly heart, who could read the opening of the third book of the Paradise Lost without peculiar emotion. By a Law of our Nature, he, who labours under a strong feeling, is impelled to seek for sympathy; but a Poet's feelings are all strong. Quicquid amet valde amat. Akenside therefore speaks with philosophical accuracy when he classes Love and Poetry, as producing the same effects:

> "Love and the wish of Poets when their tongue
> Would teach to others' hearts what so charms
> Their own." *Pleasures of Imagination.*

There is one species of Egotism which is truly disgusting; not that which leads us to communicate our feelings to others, but that

* To the First and Second Edition.

† Cowper.

which would reduce the feelings of others to an identity with our own. The Atheist, who exclaims, "pshaw!" when he glances his eye on the praises of Deity, is an Egotist: an old man, when he speaks contemptuously of Love-verses, is an Egotist: and the sleek Favorites of Fortune are Egotists, when they condemn all "melancholy, discontented" verses. Surely, it would be candid not merely to ask whether the poem pleases ourselves, but to consider whether or no there may not be others, to whom it is well calculated to give an innocent pleasure.

I shall only add, that each of my readers will, I hope, remember, that these Poems on various subjects, which he reads at one time and under the influence of one set of feelings, were written at different times and prompted by very different feelings; and therefore that the supposed inferiority of one Poem to another may sometimes be owing to the temper of mind, in which he happens to peruse it.

My poems have been rightly charged with a profusion of double-epithets, and a general turgidness. I have pruned the bad double-epithets with no sparing hand: and used my best efforts to tame the swell and glitter both of thought and diction. This latter fault however had insinuated itself into my Religious Musings with such intimacy of union, that sometimes I have omitted to disentangle the weed from the fear of snapping the flower. A third and heavier accusation has been brought against me, that of obscurity; but not, I think, with equal justice. An Author is obscure, when his conceptions are dim and imperfect, and his language incorrect, or inappropriate, or involved. A poem that abounds in allusions, like the Bard of Gray, or one that impersonates high and abstract truths, like Collins's Ode on the poetical character, claims not to be popular—but should be acquitted of obscurity. The deficiency is in the Reader. But this is a charge which every poet, whose imagination is warm and rapid, must expect from his *contemporaries*. Milton did not escape it; and it was adduced with virulence against Gray and Collins. We now hear no more of it: not that their poems are better understood at present, than they were at their first publication; but their fame is established; and a critic would accuse himself of frigidity or inattention, who should profess not to understand them. But a living writer is yet sub judice; and if we cannot follow his conceptions or enter into his feelings, it is more consoling to our pride to consider him as just beneath, than as soaring above us. If any man expect from my poems the same easiness of style which he requires in a drinking-song, for him I have not written. Intelligibilia, non intellectum adhibeo.

I expect neither profit nor national fame by my writings; and I consider myself as having been amply repaid without either. Poetry has been to me its own "exceeding great reward": it has served my affections; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the Good and the Beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.

S. T. C.

INTRODUCTORY MEMOIR.

ONE of the most anomalous circumstances in the history of the great poets of the beginning of our century, is the smallness of their success on first publication. By *great* poets, I mean those who were true to their art, and to whom poetry was its own motive and end, and by success I mean extent of circulation and pecuniary reward. Sir Walter Scott and Byron were romancers, and the one by an archæological revival, the other by many personal and adventitious causes outside his poetry, were both as popular and a hundred times more read than now, but their contemporaries, who were exclusively poets by mental nature and bodily temperament, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, and I may add Wordsworth, while they were plentifully written about while they lived, died without any certainty of having made their mark on the literature of the country. Wordsworth indeed survived to an advanced age, and long before the end of his life knew for a certainty that both he and his early friend, Coleridge, were of the immortals, and had the whole English-speaking world for their audience, but it is quite doubtful whether the actual sale of his own editions of his poetry paid their expenses.

Further than that, though not at all astonishing, more than one of these men were beset by vermin in the shape of Reviewers, Tories who felt it to be something like a duty to put down those who belonged to the new era, even in poetry. In the course of half a century, how complete is the change, one edition after another appears, and to the furthest west of America their names are household words. The present one shall be made as complete as possible.

The father of Samuel Taylor Coleridge was a clergyman of amiable character and simple habits, settled as vicar of the parish of Ottery St. Mary, a rather out of the world village in Devonshire. Not only vicar but head master of the free grammar school of Ottery, he was a learned man, and had assisted Dr. Kennicott in his Hebrew Bible, a work of which the present writer is entirely ignorant. Here he continued many years, a constant student forgetful not

only of the distant world but of the things about him; and here his wife died, leaving three daughters, children, to whom he gave a second mother by marrying Anne Bowdon, who seems to have been all that second marriages require. Besides, she quickly increased the number of the vicarage household, and the last of her ten children appearing year by year, was the poet.

Samuel's recollections of Ottery St. Mary and of his father were vivid, although the Rev. John Coleridge, died before his son completed his seventh year, at which time the family must have left the place. Before he was nine his mother died also, and as the living was not a very rich one, and Anne Bowdon had only added to the vicar's riches in another direction, the orphan family were in some difficulties, which friends mitigated by getting the youngest into the Blue-coat school in London a year after, at the age of ten.

Unaccustomed to many luxuries, easily contented, and absent-minded, like his father, even from childhood, his life at Christ's Hospital was rendered hard by the habits of the school and the character of the head master, of whom Charles Lamb, then also wearing the yellow stockings, has left a vivid and alarming picture. Now-a-days boys at public schools suffer only from their elder comrades, then they also suffered brutal indignities and corporal punishment from the masters, and this man, whose name was Bowyer, used his power unsparingly. The consequence of this tyranny on a dependent boy, not too much inspired after, must have been very serious, and in a short time we find him a remarkably advanced scholar, but a melancholy little fellow, shy and frightened by playmates and their games, shut up in his own fancies; flying in fact from realities to a dramatically conceived life of his own, a habit natural to his temperament, which continued all his days, although it took various shapes, and found its paramount during manhood in opium-eating, and complete abstraction. The accompaniment of this habit, or rather we ought to say, the only work congenial to it as good, it expression, is versifying; and this he began, it is said, at a very early time. His earliest verses were, however, not original; the fear of ridicule will not account for this, as he would have recited that and it existed; but modern writings, either verse or prose, did not at first touch his tender and imaginative apprehension, and the strongest striking characteristic of his nature was already visible—the love of the furthest distant,—little known books were delightful to him, and speculation of a purely theological sort, the more abstruse the better, was his pastime. He hated facts and everything founded on them, as a living poet says of himself, and the [illegible] would rather can't [illegible] than give in

the words of his latest previous editor, W. M. Rossetti, is curiously expressive of this. Out of the precincts somehow one day, the tide of life and multitude of novelties to be seen did not withdraw his attention from his own ideas, "the forlorn Blue-coat boy strolling through a crowded London thoroughfare, was thrusting out his arms and hands in an abstracted mood, when his fingers touched a gentleman's waistcoat. Accused on the instant of pocket-picking intentions, he explained that he had been fancying himself Leander in the act of swimming across the Hellespont. Such a response was well calculated to take his questioner aback; the result was that the latter good-naturedly paid for Coleridge as a scholar to a circulating library, whence the youth drank many a draught of bookish delight." Yet we are told that "history did not interest him at all, nor even poetry and romance much," which puts us in mind of one of his "Instances of forms of wit, taken largely."—"Why are you reading romances at your age? Why? because I used to be fond of history, but had to give it up, it was so grossly improbable." He found translating the Hymns of Synesius rather amusing, and rising to be Deputy Grecian in the classes, was selected for a scholarship at Cambridge, after the manner of the endowment of Christ's Hospital, a preferment which must have rejoiced his family and friends as well as himself, now emancipated from the tyranny of the ogre Bowyer.

Coleridge was eighteen years of age when he was entered at Jesus College, Cambridge, not a very strong or active youth, having just before been attacked by illness; not a premature genius either, leaving next to no hidden treasures of verse among his papers; nor yet likely to be first in classics, although his previous attainments enabled him to take a prize for a Greek ode. Worldly wisdom we must not expect, so he immediately got into trouble on account of the price of the furniture he took over with his rooms. Although he did not care for the amusements of young men, he was, and this is the earliest indication of his poetic capacities, very susceptible to the charms of girls, and is reported to have fallen in love the first year at College, already his second experience in the pastime. During the following year some other agitations were added, though he was then, and always, morally innocent; but suddenly he was missed, and for some time entirely lost sight of. This episode in his career used to afford his friends in later life the nearest approach to humour it was possible to indulge in conversation with Coleridge: he had always too much weight on his mind, too many besetting ideas, and too much seriousness to allow any moments of *chaff* or raillery. He made no secret of it, but never explained the mystery. What is very

certain is that he had no money to keep himself with, and that he enlisted immediately in the 15th Light Dragoons, and distinguished himself by the extreme difficulty they experienced in training him. This was at the beginning of December 1793, when he was just turned twenty-one. Private Comberback, the apt name he chose for himself, never got out of the drill sergeant's hands, and was sent down to the depôt at Reading, where it is said he was recognised. If this was the case nothing came out of the recognition; the history of his getting out of the scrape is said to be this, he wrote some Greek on his saddle, which an officer saw and questioned him regarding. Perhaps he was tired of the drudgery, at all events he told the truth, and his friends captured him, got his discharge, and secured his return to his rooms at Jesus College, so that he was altogether half a year a soldier.

Soon after he left Cambridge for Edinburgh, without of course taking any degree, or having any definitive views of a professional kind. These indeed never took a practical shape all through life; he might at any moment have surprised his most intimate friends by a determination never before dreamt of by them, and even when he became acquainted with Southey at Bristol, and with the set of verse-writing and speculating men about him, and determined on following literature, he did not do so on any plan or with any regularity. Farther than that, when he married, he took the step without undertaking any of the difficulties of compensatorily [illegible] to belong to matrimony, and naturally struggled with it in this country, he continued to live in any place or place as he fancied, and at last left his wife altogether, as we shall see. Southey's circle interested him in an entirely new way, especially Lovell and Cottle, on whom the reader may remember Byron's wit,—

> [illegible]
> [illegible]

And [illegible] Southey, and [illegible] poetry. That [illegible] poetry from [illegible] Mr. Bishop was [illegible] for the [illegible] years, in the first month of [illegible] with Southey and Wordsworth, he was wholly [illegible], [illegible] all the [illegible] [illegible] of change. And the [illegible] of positive [illegible] he was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] door, [illegible] Journal, [illegible] Metaphysician,

but a Poet only cogitatively and retrospectively, employing himself in revising the conditions of mind under which they were produced rather than the poems themselves! We must always remember this fact of the earliness and short duration of his period of inspiration to understand Coleridge's remarkable and quite peculiar genius. Even the pieces more lately printed as "Juvenile Poems," for the most part belong to these few years, as it is quite clear he could not have written the *Monody on the Death of Chatterton*, wherein he says, —

> "O Chatterton! that thou wert yet alive!
> Sure thou would'st spread the canvass to the gale,
> And love with us the tinkling team to drive
> O'er peaceful Freedom's undivided dale"—

till after the scheme of emigration with Southey and Lovell had been talked of, nor those wherein Sara is mentioned or inferentially alluded to, as in *The Rose* and *The Kiss*, till he had become acquainted with her at Bristol about the same time. Others of the "Juvenile Poems" may have been written earlier, as that called "A Farewell Ode on quitting school for Jesus College," which is of small value. Yet even it has so little local colour or appositeness to the supposed situation, one can scarcely believe it to have been really written on the occasion. This appositeness, however, we must not expect from Coleridge, as from any other poet; whatever he would say in verse on any passing affair of life, would be so far away from the mental facts, as to present a curious metaphysical puzzle. One little piece among the "Juvenile Poems" is said to have been written at sixteen. This is called "Time, Real and Imaginary," a noble suggestive allegory, expressing the difference between the transit of actual hours always inevitably the same, and their impression on the mind under different conditions. These lines (there are only eleven), if written at sixteen, show that he was then as truly a poet as at any subsequent period, although the impulse to write had a sympathetic origin proceeding from friendly intercourse, on the withdrawal of which his perseverance and his pleasure in the work collapsed.

The first result of the acquaintance with Southey was the mutual production of a "Historical Drama," on the all-absorbing event of the day, "The Fall of Robespierre." Of this Coleridge wrote one act, and Southey two, so that it ought, perhaps, to be relegated to the works of the latter in future editions. It was, however, a mere evening's amusement, as Southey afterwards related to Henry N. Coleridge, when that gentleman was editing his uncle's *Literary Remains*. He says, "It originated in a sportive conversation at poor Lovell's, and we agreed each to produce an act by the next

evening; S. T. C. the first, I the second, and Lovell the third. S. T. C. brought part of his, I and Lovell the whole of ours; but L.'s was not in keeping, and therefore I undertook to supply the third also by the following day. By this time S. T. C. had filled up his." They then proposed to dedicate it to Mrs. Hannah Moore, but the Bristol bookseller did not seem to have a taste for this kind of thing. Coleridge had not at that time finally left Jesus College, because he took the MS. thither and published it as his own, dating from the College, so that it has ever since been looked upon as his. We have printed it in this edition because it has been hitherto included in the works of Coleridge.

He now left Jesus College for the last time, and at Bristol, where the American trade (and slave trade too) then employed many vessels, the young men, enthusiastic for the principles of the French Revolution, and in despair for their ever being the rule of life in France, conceived the idea of a community to live in brotherhood in the far West, the famous Pantisocracy that De Quincey and others afterwards descanted on in endless magazine papers, which was to make Susquehannah the ground of a new world. Imagine the impracticability of men who could choose their new country from the sound of its name! And yet it is said such was the reason of their choice, a reason about as good as that of the old Scotch woman who liked the minister's sermon about Abraham, because Mesopotamia was a "bonnie word." The scheme itself is a noble one, which, alas, has been tried over and over again with a like result, because of the inherent illogical mistake that all men and women are alike, because their social rights are equal. If this emigration was ever seriously entertained, it was so but for a few months, all the three—Coleridge, Southey, and Lovell—were married within a year from the Robespierre performance, in one day to three sisters, the Misses Fricker, who rather wished to remain at home. This act, in perfect keeping with the frame of mind that planned the Pantisocracy, if it did not make them brothers, at least made them brothers-in-law, a dangerous relationship to men whose powers of work and tenacity of purpose were so utterly different.

Coleridge was now twenty-three, and in the following year his first publication, properly speaking, a prose tractate called *Conciones ad Populum*, appeared while he lived near Bristol. Very shortly he removed to Nether Stowey, at the foot of the Quantock Hills, where he found a helpful friend, who he always felt throughout life, the chief of his [illegible] and in the social powers of speech [illegible] powers of work were feeble. This friend was Mr. Poole, but the direct advantage brought about

by his cottage life under the Quantocks, was the neighbourhood of Allfoxden, where Wordsworth then lived, whose influence on Coleridge was even greater than that of Southey.

Wordsworth had shortly before returned from France, where he had had the great advantage of being present in the actual scene of the mighty drama then unfolding, the development of which into an aggressive military despotism was enough to confound, enrage, and utterly change the current of ideas in the minds of all believers in the philosophical politics of the Revolution. He is only short-sighted or purblind who blames any of these poets for turning against the movement which so culminated. The men we ought to blame and loathe were the malignant Tories who tried to bring about the ruin of the principles of the Revolution, to corroborate their own coarse prophecy of failure. At a time when forgery in England was punished with death, the government under Pitt imported forged *assignats* into the distracted country. These were printed at a paper mill in the north of England, and if William Pitt was privy to the crime, as almost certainly he was, we may reasonably call him, as Louis Napoleon was called after the *Coup d'Etat*, the greatest scoundrel then living in Europe. So timid and so scared by the liberty and equality theories then spreading from France, was the government of the day, that the trade of a spy was a flourishing one, and Coleridge had soon reason to believe himself watched and dodged about by the wretched creatures employed in the state police. This has been questioned, indeed, and by some treated as a delusion, but without any good reason. Wordsworth was known to have been in France not long before, and Bristol was exactly the place where young men of the Southey and Coleridge stamp would be recognised and suspected. *The Fall of Robespierre* did not certainly contain seditious tendencies, but to touch the subject at all, or mention the word Pantisocracy, was then enough. Happily our business here is with other matters, with the two poets who recognised themselves and each other as poets, with that unspeakable joy in the midst of care we all felt something of at the age of twenty-four. Neither had done any worthy work yet, though Wordsworth had published a mild poem called *An Evening Walk* two years before, but the determination of bringing poetry back to the "hearth and home of everyone," had taken possession of him, which resulted two years after in the publication of the *Lyrical Ballads*, and Coleridge going with him fully, but still supremely affected by the far-off and the imaginative, had written the *Ancient Mariner*, which then appeared, and the few years following saw all his excellent things produced. The first part of *Christabel*, *Kubla Khan*, the

Pains of Sleep, and others, were all written during a few months; but the remainder of *Christabel*, the *Three Graces*, and many other good things were not visible till the century was out. Still if we give five years as the duration of his productive life as a poet, we allow an ample margin. This short period was besides the most eventful of his history in other ways, both his religious opinions and his politics veering round and gradually settling into an unromantic conservative orthodoxy, that eventuated, after his visit to Germany, and years of rumination, in the essay on *Church and State according to the Idea of each*, and other less definitive speculations.

Of the steps in these changes it does not appear very profitable to speak. From inorganic scepticism, towards which we may safely say every boy worth anything vibrates, to Unitarianism, is no remarkable length of journey, nor an uncommon one. In Coleridge's case it was rather a mystical than a rational Unitarianism, and in this he remained some years, preaching at Taunton, daring some time, and lecturing occasionally on poetry. At last, and this is the characteristic part of the narrative, the mystical assumed more and more command over him, the rational in religious matters became more and more barren, and he arrived, as every one must have expected, at an active faith in the Divinity of Christ as the second person of the Trinity. Still it was an argumentative and philosophic orthodoxy, and after the excursion to Germany, where he lived more than a year by the friendly and liberal aid of the two Wedgwoods (the only liberal thing the Wedgwoods ever did, their poor *patronage* of Flaxman being a niggardly trading speculation, on which they and their descendants have thriven ever since), it is remarkable the final change took place, and ultimately became singularly associated with Schelling and the later forms of Kantism, when English and Scotch metaphysics—Locke and Dugald Stewart—became repulsive to him; analysis with all its victories appeared to him to lead to materialism, and syntheses, transcendentalism, and the archetypal idea of Plato occupied him in endless monologue and in much writing.

Much more important than all this, although this has its importance as well, is his poetry. Before leaving this field of speculation however, we must notice the fact that his admiration of Schelling led to De Quincey accusing him of unacknowledged borrowing, as it was found he had simply appropriated by translation an exposition of that writer's views as his own. Any one old enough to remember the amount of criticism regarding Coleridge and Wordsworth, that continued for a short period about forty-five years ago, will remember what a frightful nuisance such an accusation as that became, and

what undue importance it assumed, and will be glad I say no more about it. If he did it consciously, it was not worth his doing; if unconsciously,—that is to say by absorption of the German system, and accidental omission of acknowledgment years after he had embodied the translation in his own speculations,—it is not worth our while to separate it again. And I fear we must acknowledge at once that he had no clearness nor wholeness in his metaphysical life, we never find on reading the *Biographia Literaria* and the *Friend* that he has led us forward, but rather we have been following detached radiations and curves, generally curves having one end only fixed, the other waving about in space.

Much more important, and much more intimately connected with his poetry, its motiveless and fragmentary character in some of its finest manifestations, and with its cessation, is his habit of opium-eating. In the prefatory note to *Kubla Khan* he says, "In the summer of the year 1797, the author, then in ill health, had retired to a lonely farm-house between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effects of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment that he was reading in Purchas' Pilgrimage,—'Here the Kha'n Kubla commanded a palace to be built, &c.' The author continued about three hours in this sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he composed between two and three hundred lines, if that can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the corresponding expressions without any sensation or consciousness of effort." This is the earliest record of the disposition to be ecstatically affected by the use of sedative stimulants. The experience once indulged in, became an absorbing passion, breaking down every barrier, melting in pieces all his efforts, and for many years he lived far away from all his solid interests, in a dreamland of his own, peopled by beautiful ephemera. Coleridge says again of the little poem already mentioned, "The author has frequently purposed to finish for himself what had been originally, as it were, given to him. Σαμερον αδιον αστω; but the to-morrow is yet to come. As a contrast to this vision, I have annexed a fragment of a very different character, describing with equal fidelity the dream of pain and disease." This is the still smaller poem *The Pains of Sleep*, which is also fragmentary. So again at the end of *The Three Graves*, breaking off without a termination, he writes, "Carmen reliquum in futurum tempus, scil. cras. To-morrow, and To-morrow, and To-morrow."

These we could have spared, for fragmentary Kubla Khan, like

the Venus of Milo without her arms, has an unlimited charm on the score of its incompleteness. A string of lyrical jewels, like the couplets in that poem, may be longer or shorter, they are all sufficing in themselves, as the sway and motion of the body of the antique marble almost makes us dread the knowledge of the limbs a-missing, but in a narrative it is different; and I confess the breaking off of *Christabel* has haunted me all my life as a misfortune, and an additional sorrow to all those more real ones that actual life has accumulated. The second part was written three or four years after the first, and there it stopt for ever. Season followed season, and the nervous-phlegmatic man (we may suppose him standing in doubtful action whether to recede or advance, as in Maclise's portrait we give as a frontispiece) said to himself, "It shall be done to-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow;" but opium and its pains and pleasures made the undefined and *Kubla Khan* more pleasant than the finished and so limited work of art. When at last he fought out the good fight and overcame the Demon of Dreams, the day was too far spent, and no to-morrow came.

For my own part I quite agree with Swinburne's verdict, recorded and indorsed by W. M. Rossetti, that it is the lyrical splendour of these things that entitle Coleridge to his high place as a poet. "The highest lyric work," he says, "is either passionate or imaginative. Of passion Coleridge's has nothing; but for height and perfection of imaginative quality, he is the greatest of lyric poets. This was his special power, and this is his special praise." And yet the invention of the story in the *Ancient Mariner*, although found in fact on the narrative of an early navigator, and also in that of *Christabel*, is unique, and makes us the more regret the incompleteness of the latter, a regret shared by many in his lifetime and since his death. Frequently entreated to say how the poem was to end, he sometimes answered in this way. Geraldine, who was wholly evil and supernatural by some alliance with the devil, was to attempt the ruin of Christabel by taking various shapes, first as a weeping lady in the poem, afterwards as Christabel's absent lover, but without the power of doing, entirely away with a certain hideousness which she concealed under her dress. The wedding-night was to dawn on, and the poem conclude happily by the advent of the real lover returning home. It appears to me that this, in a few words, very likely what Coleridge would have developed in "the three parts yet to come," and most truly wonderful, Geraldine being something of the Lamia in that exactly a sorceress, witch, or devil. Quite other conclusions, however, have been attempted for him, and one in particular affording the most admirable field for the poet's peculiar powers. Geraldine

was to be not a woman, but a man. The mystery in Christabel by the light of the lamp described in the second part, and the power afterwards exercised over her by the stranger, would thus be explained, and the future of the story would be surprising things, not so easy to determine. This, it has been suppose', was Coleridge's difficulty, increased by the fear of public censure.

There are, we must allow, [illegible] from the poem itself against this last theory. The [illegible] of the mistrustfulness of something uncanny, is from the [illegible] of witchcraft being intended, and the peculiarity [illegible] Christabel, who

> [illegible]
> That look, those shrieks, [illegible]
> That all her features [illegible]
> To this [illegible]
> And [illegible]
> That [illegible]

seems decisive evidence that the account of Coleridge's plan given as above by Gillman was the right one, and that imparting a masculine nature to the stranger was not his. Continuations have been actually written, and even passed off as by the poet himself, and one of these it may be worth while to give our curious readers, not because it is really worthy of the original in any way, but simply as a literary exercitation, interesting because of its subject. This fragmentary production was published in Fraser's Magazine, January, 1835, half a year after his death, along with the will of Coleridge, and some other genuine documents by himself and his son Hartley. "We give it entire," says the writer of the article, whoever he was, "as it was originally published in the European Magazine (?). It will, of course, be henceforth a matter of grave dispute whether it is or not the production of Coleridge's pen."

"CHRISTABEL.

> "Whence comes the wavering light [illegible]
> On Langdale's lonely chapel-wall:
> The [illegible] mother of Christabel
> Lies in that lone and drear chapelle
> And ev'ry dawn, ere the sun has shone
> A [illegible] flower are [illegible] stone
> But the tear is dry, the flower is [illegible]
> And the night-wind [illegible] her silent [illegible]

> "A stranger treads o'er the lady's [illegible]
> Thrice it hath breath'd [illegible] sound!
> He has lifted their [illegible]
> [illegible]

The [illegible] and the [illegible] streams,
Bright [illegible] of silver [illegible],
But [illegible] on his muffled brow,
Which [illegible] never know!

"The [illegible] of [illegible]
[illegible] by the mighty [illegible];
[illegible]
[illegible];
[illegible]
Had [illegible].
[illegible]
[illegible],
[illegible], Christ [illegible].

"'[illegible],
[illegible]?
W[illegible],
A[illegible] wi[illegible]?
S[illegible]!
[illegible];
S[illegible],
W[illegible]?
[illegible],
[illegible].'

"Th[illegible]
[illegible],
[illegible]
[illegible]
'[illegible]!'
Th[illegible],
[illegible],
[illegible]
[illegible],
A[illegible],
[illegible] Christ[illegible].'

"The [illegible] —
W[illegible]?
W[illegible] father's [illegible],
W[illegible]?
T[illegible],
S[illegible].

"[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
W[illegible],
[illegible] wi[illegible]?
A[illegible]
[illegible],
[illegible],
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible],
[illegible]?"

She does not smile, she does not [illegible];
Her cheek is like the parting [illegible]
When early roses bud below,
But some a blush of [illegible] up:
Yet [illegible] her [illegible]
And the [illegible] of her [illegible]

"But on the eve is [illegible],
Another form [illegible] stands
That form is ghostly, lean, and tall,
Is it Bracy, the bard of Langdale Hall?
He has touch'd the harp in [illegible] silver [illegible],
And it brighter beams than [illegible]
He calls on [illegible] holy [illegible],
The apostles of Christ [illegible],
Then joins the pilgrim [illegible]

"'Now follow me, Christabel, with speed!
I go, at thy lordly table's call,
To strike the harp in his ancient hall,
But the mirthful [illegible] shall be [illegible],
Thy own true knight shall be near thee by,
And the matin bell shall [illegible]'

"They follow: but who is the tall [illegible],
That leads them down the lady's [illegible]?
They look his shadowy form [illegible]
They look, but his silver head is [illegible]:
His cloak is changed to an azure dye,
And a mirthful gleam is in his eye.
But Christabel's cheek is cold and pale,
For she sees not her Love's shining mail:
He seems but a stripling [illegible] and [illegible],
With a minstrel's harp [illegible] and [illegible].

"With mutter'd words of [illegible]
The lord stalks forement [illegible] the [illegible]
At every [illegible] endless stride he takes,
The base of Langdale's [illegible] shakes;
The elf dog starts as he passes by,
But closes sag in his shrinking eye:
The [illegible] falls from the [illegible] wall
As he strikes the porch of its blazing hall!

* * * *

"Lord Leoline sat in chair of pride,
The white-armed stranger by his side;
O bright was the glance she gave to view,
When back her amaranth locks she threw!
It was like the moon's on the fountain's rim,
When the amber clouds around her skim;
The rubies that on her bosom flamed
Seem'd of her richer lips ashamed:
There never was lovely lady seen
Like the stranger guest, fair Geraline!

"'Now welcome, welcome Bragy the bard
Welcome the rites of song to guard!
Sit and waken thy warbling string,
The legend of love and beauty sing.

Well hast thou spoken in [illegible] maiden's [illegible],
If thou comest from [illegible] Sir Roland's [illegible]
'Sir Roland greets thee, Lord Leoline!
He greets thee first for his Geraldine:
His heart thy bounty and love receives,
Like dew that drops upon wither'd leaves.
But he asks no pledge thy faith to prove,
He asks for his own thy daughter's love;
And he sends this gold let of crysolite
To grace their feast on the bridal night.'

"Lord Leoline from his feast rose up,
And took the proffered shining cup:
He waved it high with gesture bland,
Then gave it to Geraldine's lily hand;
But the crysolite changed as she touch'd its rim,
And the gem on its sapphire edge grew dim—
The lamps are quench'd in their sockets of gold,
The *knight* is post, and the *bell has tolled!*

"Lord Leoline's hall again is bright
With a thousand lamps of golden light;
And rosy lady fingers tell,
The [illegible] of knightly [illegible];
Wide [illegible] over the walls
A [illegible] pour falls:
Now pillars of jasper seem to grow
From the green knight-emboss'd floor below,
With garlands of fadeless bound.
The lady is purple with meteor fires—
A thousand [illegible], and a thousand lyres,
Thy [illegible] harp's resound.
[illegible]
With [illegible] cloaks?
[illegible] is there,
[illegible] hair:
[illegible] beauty's pride,
The [illegible] Sir Roland's by his side.

"[illegible] fair,
[illegible] Lady's hair
[illegible]
[illegible] looks [illegible]
[illegible] crest,
[illegible] than western [illegible],
[illegible] serpent's eyes.

[illegible]
[illegible] are the
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]

The spell which in thy bosom worketh
No holy virgin's lip can stain;
The spell that in thy false eye lurketh,
But for an hour can truth enchain.
Not ev'n thy serpent eye could keep
Its ire near guiltless Beauty's sleep;
The Spirit of Evil could not dare
To look on heav'n—for heav'n is there.
The hour is past—thy spells I sever;
Witch of the lake, descend for ever!"

"March, 1815. "V."

In 1801 we find Coleridge living in Cumberland, at Keswick, attracted thither by Southey; Wordsworth also having by this time settled down not far off at Grasmere. It was this combination in the lake country that originated the name "Lakers," often applied to these three poets, the "Lake School" of poetry figuring for a series of years in all notices of their works, although it never had any specific meaning, and no single term could well comprehend the diverse works produced by them. By this time he had translated Wallenstein, making a very able translation of these noblest of tragedies, the first part, called "Wallenstein's Camp," he omitted. It was issued by arrangement at the same time as Schiller's original in Germany; but like everything else by Coleridge had very little immediate sale. He had also begun writing both literary and political articles for London papers, an employment he continued irregularly, especially for the *Courier*, till 1814. By this time, too, he had begun regular opium-eating. "Wretched delusion!" he writes; "but I owe it in justice to myself to declare, before God, that this, the curse and slavery of my life, did not commence in any low craving for sensation, in any desire or wish to stimulate or exhilarate myself,—in fact my nervous spirits and my mental activity were such as never required it,—but wholly in rashness, delusion, and presumptuous quackery, and afterwards in pure terror." The very last mistake we can make in criticising our poet's motives in any action of his life, opium-eating, living apart from his family, want of application to work, or any other accusation, would be to attribute to him in any way, either wickedness or baseness. He was one of the most innocent of men, and yet one of the most helpless. He owned, *à propos* to his portrait painted by Alston, that his own face was feeble and unmanly, and that its "weakness and strengthlessness"—a tautology rare with Coleridge—was painful to him. What was strong in him was the superb imaginative faculty, which for a few years expressed itself in perfect lyrical metres, till the degrading oriental drug made any expression unsatisfactory to him. We may pity him, but we may not love him any the less.

I have said that no work by Coleridge, poem or treatise, ever sold to any considerable extent when first published. Some of his most excellent works, *The Friend* for instance, was a serious loss to him, a very serious one in his monetary position at the time. It was issued periodically, beginning in June, 1809, when he was living a short time with Wordsworth, having been absent from the lake country, and from England, too, for a year, and when shortly after that date he left Cumberland, he never returned. His wife, however, remained with the three children: Derwent, afterwards in orders in the Church, Sara, his daughter whom he dearly loved, and Hartley, in whose genius he wholly believed. The presence of her sister, Mrs. Southey, and other interests kept her there, and her husband's constant failure as an author discouraged household expenses. His last year abroad was a visit to Malta for his health, during which he fell into a lucrative appointment, officiating as secretary to the Governor, Sir Alexander Ball, whom he highly esteemed. In illustration of the want of success in literary speculations, the following letter, written to an artist who had designed and who afterwards published a series of very excellent *Illustrations to the Ancient Mariner*, is worth insertion here.

"GROVE, HIGHGATE, 19 *November*, 1831.

"DEAR SIR,—For twelve years or more, weak and interrupted health, and the nature and object of the studies to which the hours that ill health left in my power have been devoted—studies, the honour of which, if any, will be posthumous, and the advantage that of others—have rendered my visits to London rare and at long intervals. But during the last eighteen months, my life has been but one chain of severe sicknesses, brief and imperfect convalescences, and capricious relapses. It is comparative health and comfort for me, when the rheumatic action, whether gout or nervous rheumatism, passes down, and settles for a time in the great sciatic nerve of one or the other thigh, but then I am a cripple, and my boldest exertion a crawl up and down the Grove walk before our house door. At present I am confined to my bedroom. At no time of my life had I much intercourse with booksellers or publishers—*the Trade*, as they call themselves—and my little experience has all been of the most unfortunate kind. Were I to sum up the whole cash receipts from my published works, I should find the sum total something like this—

£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
0	0	0	300	0	0

The sum I thought to have had was lost in a fraudulent bankruptcy;

and the house by which my latest publications—the 'Aids to Reflection,' and the 'Essay on the Constitution in Church and State according to *the Idea*,' were printed and published, have dissolved their partnership, I understand. I have found no reason for withdrawing my confidence in the honour and integrity of the partners, Messrs. Hurst, Chance, and Company; but whether the business is, or *is not to be*, continued, I am wholly uninformed.

"With this exception I know of no one individual in the trade with whom I have any acquaintance; nor do I believe that there is one, of London publishers at least, with whom my name and authority would act otherwise than as a counter weight; for *The Quarterly Review* never notices any work under my name; *The Edinburgh* has reviewed only such as seemed to furnish an occasion for vilifying the writer; and the minor Reviews sometimes, I hear, mention my name, but never with any reference to my works. I question whether there ever existed a man of letters so utterly friendless, or so unconnected as I am, with the dispensers of contemporary reputation, or the publishers in whose service they labour.

"Such is the answer I must return to your friendly letter, adding only the assurance, that I acknowledge and duly appreciate the compliment paid to me, in having selected a poem of mine for ornamental illustration, and an alliance of the sister arts—Metrical and Graphic Poetry; and that I would most readily have complied with your request had it been in my power. Believe me, my Dear Sir, with every friendly wish, yours respectfully,

"S. T. COLERIDGE.

"To DAVID SCOTT, Esq."

This singularly melancholy letter, from one of the truest poets and profoundest thinkers our country in any age has produced, is dated from the Grove at Highgate, the residence of Mr. Gillman, and suggests to us that we are coming towards the end of his more active career. On the failure of *The Friend* he returned to London, living with dear friends, who were honoured by his society, Mr. Basil Montague and others, by no means disdaining to use his pen or to lecture, which he did at the Royal Institution and in connection with the London Philosophical Society, and sending on his earnings to his well-beloved family at Keswick. His drama *Remorse*, written fifteen years before, was also now acted at Drury Lane with fair success, not enough, however, to cause the acceptance of *Zapolya*, which he now produced. He then also arranged the poems, which are called *Sibylline Leaves*, and the reader may be surprised to learn that *Christabel* was now first published, so that his poetic standing

had been hitherto dependent on *The Ancient Mariner* alone, published long ago in Wordsworth's much laughed at *Lyrical Ballads*, and some minor pieces here and there published! This fact is the most astounding in the history of the poet; it is true *The Ancient Mariner* is alone of his highest lyrical creations, a finished work, but to keep his poems in his desk all through his struggling manhood, and yet to have taken the position he did, is truly surprising. The *Sibylline Leaves* with *Christabel*, &c. were published in 1816, a complete edition of his poems not till 1828, but a few years before his death. With respect to the publication of *The Ancient Mariner*, too, there was an inconsequent and incidental character, the *Lyrical Ballads*, being produced, as their long Preface set forth in the wordiest manner, to bring poetry back to common life, and by the ballad treatment again interest people in their actual surroundings. Nothing further from this field can be imagined than the poem Coleridge contributed to Wordsworth's volume. He has, indeed, given us an explanation of the difference, by saying the first conception of the volume was that it should consist of *two* classes of poems, one relating to ordinary life, the other to supernatural incidents treated naturally, but nothing of this appears in Wordsworth's argument, and the poem stood alone in the book.

Indeed the morality of the narrative—the enormity of the punishment for the death of the albatross,—seems to disconnect the poem from reality, as in no age, nor under any law, religious, moral, or civil, has it ever been supposed that such a revenge was just. Even in a dramatic point of view, and as a work of art, this has been felt as a serious defect in the invention of *The Ancient Mariner*. But this, it appears to me, is a misconception. It is the "Lonesome Spirit of the South Pole" and his "fellow demons" who bring about the fearful punishment of the Mariner and the crew. "They were the first who ever burst into that silent sea," and the elemental spirits were furiously opposed to their inroad, and especially

> "The Spirit who bideth by himself
> In the land of mist and snow,
> He loved the bird that loved the man
> Who shot him with his bow."

He it is, and the other unknown spirits who work the mischief and carry the ship violently back to the Line, only in the mind of the Mariner, the punishment assumes the character of a penance imposed by providence. He thinks the punishment just; he is, in truth, mad, for Death and Life-in-Death have thrown the dice for him, and Life-in-Death, who is the Demon of Madness, has gained the throw.

The house of the good surgeon, Mr. Gillman, at Highgate, was one of those rather large-looking (I have never been within the door) houses with trees quite as old as themselves in front of them, in the open space, opposite the gate to the church. To this family he was introduced in 1815 as an inmate to be looked upon as an invalid, and truly he found himself in the hands of the Good Samaritan, and never left him again, but continued for the long weary period of nineteen years, resigning opium, but still in many ways an invalid, and visited by many admiring friends who listened to his monologues with wonder and delight. In 1825 the Royal Society of Literature came to his aid, with a pension of £105, which he only enjoyed for five years, George IV., from whose private purse it came, dying in 1830. But even this was embittered by remarks made by the foolish and stupid, as if imprudence in some way had led him to require it. In allusion to this we find him writing to Mr. Pringle,—

"At my first introduction to the R. S. L., I stated that I received the appointment with glad and grateful feelings, as tending powerfully to confirm me in the hope that I had not mistaken my vocation—retrospectively and prospectively, as a means of enabling me to devote my whole time and strength to the completion of the more important works, for which I regarded all I had hitherto published, *viz. two*, or by the press, but as preparatory discipline.

"Grievously have I been misunderstood, if I have been supposed to plead poverty of itself, and independent of its causes, as the ground of my application. I avowed it because I knew it not only to be a blameless but an *honourable* poverty; not the consequence and penance of vice, improvidence, and idleness, but the effect of an entire and faithful dedication of myself to ends and objects, for the attainment of which I was bound to believe myself peculiarly fitted, and therefore *will*, in open-eyed and voluntary dereliction of those more lucrative employments equally and at many times of my life in my power, but in which hundreds of my contemporaries could engage with equal and perhaps with greater probability of success."

For some years at last he was nearly confined to the sick-room. He died on the 25th July, 1834. The most unselfish of men, living for *The Idea*, to use his own formula, the noble imaginative musical nature living in the abstract, was wearied out by the frail body, and no doubt willingly went to sleep. He had gone a long way in actual life, he had passed from the base Bowyer to the amiable Gillman, and all that poetry had been to him was a sweetly-shaded summer house on the way, one in which he had not lost his precious thing, like Bunyan's old-fashioned pilgrim, but found it. Let me

finish by transcribing some portion of the inscription on the marble tablet to his memory in Highgate New Church:

> "His disposition was unalterably sweet and [illegible] life.
> He was an ever-shining, ever-loving friend:
> The gentlest and kindest teacher,
> The most engaging home companion.
> Here on this monumental stone thy friends inscribe thy worth.
> Reader! for the world mourn,
> A light has passed away from the earth:
> But for this pious and elevated Christian,
> Rejoice, and [illegible] lay into your [illegible]!"

I find a few words descriptive of Coleridge's home with the Gillmans at Highgate in Leigh Hunt's reminiscences, which is so pleasing, we will end with it. "His room looked upon a delicious prospect of wood and meadow, with coloured gardens under the window, like an embroidery to the mantle. I thought when I first saw it, that he had taken up his dwelling-place like an abbot. Here he cultivated his flowers and had a set of birds for his pensioners, who came to breakfast with him. He might have been seen taking his daily stroll up and down, with his black coat and white locks, and a book in his hand; and was a great acquaintance of the little children." Little as he had been able to do while living for his family's enrichment, he was always anxious regarding them, and his executors found they had a sum of £2,665 to administer for their benefit, mainly resulting from an insurance on his own life he had maintained from an early period.

WILLIAM B. SCOTT.

Dickens House, Chiswick.

COLERIDGE'S POETICAL WORKS.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

IN SEVEN PARTS.

Facile credo, plures esse Naturas invisibiles quam visibiles in rerum universitate. Sed horum omnium familiam quis nobis enarraverit? et gradus et cognationes et discriminia et singulorum munera? Quid agunt? quas loca habitant? Harum rerum notitiam semper ambivit ingenium humanum, nunquam attigit. Juvat, interea, non difficiter, quandoque in animo, tanquam in tabula, majoris et melioris mundi imaginem contemplari: ne mens assuefacta hodiernæ vitæ minutiis se contrahat nimis, et tota subsidat in pusillas cogitationes. Sed veritati interea invigilandum est, modusque servandus, ut certa ab incertis, diem a nocte, discernamus.

T. Burnet: Archæologiæ Philosophicæ.

PART THE FIRST.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
"Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

An ancient Mariner meeteth three Gallants bidden to a wedding-feast, and detaineth one.

"The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
"And I am next of kin;
"The guests are met, the feast is set:
"May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest is spellbound by the eye of the old sea-faring

man, and constrained to hear his tale.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
He cannot chuse but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the line.

The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Wedding-Guest heareth the bridal music; but the Mariner continueth his tale.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot chuse but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship driven by a storm toward the south pole.

And now the STORM-BLAST came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

The land of ice, and of fearful sounds, where no living thing was to be seen.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

At length did cross an Albatross:
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white Moon-shine.

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?"—With my cross-bow
I shot the ALBATROSS.

PART THE SECOND.

THE Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo!

And I had done an hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

But when the fog cleared off, they justify the same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean and sails northward, even till it reaches the Line.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free:
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

As it is ordained that the Mariner is to be avenged.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, around, [illegible]
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.

A spirit from the South Pole comes in search of the Mariner, urged by the vengeance of the Albatross. He loosens the Mariner, and the rest of the crew, neither departing [illegible] Polar spirit's fellow demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

And some in dream assented
Unto the spirit that plagued us so:
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

The shipmates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner: in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

PART THE THIRD.

THERE passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist:
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

At its nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship, and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

A flash of joy.

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

And horror follows. For can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide?

The eastern wave was all a-flame.
The day was well nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

It seems a little distance off, like a sailing ship.

And straight the sun was flecked with bars
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon gate he peered,
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the sun,
Like restless gossameres?

And has a ship, which has passed through the Sun's disk, been through a grate?

Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

The ribs of the ship, and the sails, were free, and the sun shone through them, but the woman's hair was yellow as gold: her skin was as white as leprosy, and she was like a woman's blood with cold.

Her ribs were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Nightmare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Death and Life-in-Death are casting dice for the crew of the ship.

Death and Life-in-Death have diced for the ship's crew, and she (the Nightmare Life-in-Death) winneth the Ancient Mariner.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
"The game is done! I've won! I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after another

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

His shipmates drop down dead.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whiz of my CROSS-BOW!

But Ivery Day, for I could not choose but see, the ancient Mariner.

PART THE FOURTH.

"I FEAR thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.*

The Wedding-Guest feareth that a spirit is talking to him;

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown."—
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropt not down.

But the ancient Mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy thing
Lived on; and so did I.

He despiseth the creatures of the calm.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

And envieth that they should live, and so many lie dead.

I looked to Heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

* For the two last lines of this stanza, I am indebted to Mr. WORDSWORTH. It was on a delightful walk from Nether Stowey to Dulverton, with him and his sister, in the Autumn of 1797, that this Poem was planned, and in part composed.

But the curse liveth for him in the eye of the dead men.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to Hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying Moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside.

Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

By the light of the Moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty and their happiness.

He blesseth them in his heart.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The spell begins to break.

The self same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART THE FIFTH.

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

By grace of the holy Mother, the ancient Mariner is refreshed with rain.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

He heareth sounds, and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the element.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

The bodies of the ship's crew are inspired, and the ship moves on;

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do:
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son,
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the Heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook,
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The Lonesome spirit from the south-pole carries on the ship as far as the Line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

"Is it he?" quoth one, "Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low,
The harmless Albatross.

The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do."

The Polar Spirit's fellow demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

PART THE SIXTH.

FIRST VOICE.

But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the OCEAN doing?

SECOND VOICE.

Still as a slave before his lord,
The OCEAN hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.

FIRST VOICE.

But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?

SECOND VOICE.

The Air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high,
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor avert them as I may.

And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green.
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

The curse is finally expiated.

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

And the ancient Mariner beholdeth his native country.

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

The [illegible] spirits [illegible] the [illegible] bay.

A [illegible] in their own forms of light.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light:

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars;
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot, and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

PART THE SEVENTH.

The Hermit of the Wood.

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he uses!
He loves to talk with mariners
That come from a far countrie.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak stump.

The skiff-boat neared : I heard them talk,
"Why this is strange, I trow !
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now ?"

Approaheth the ship with wonder.

"Strange, by my faith !" the Hermit said—
"And they answered not our cheer !
The planks looked warped ! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere !
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along ;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young."

"Dear Lord ! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared"—"Push on, push on !"
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred ;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

The ship suddenly sinketh.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread :
It reached the ship, it split the bay ;
The ship went down like lead.

The ancient Mariner is saved in the Pilot's boat.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat ;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round ;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit ;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars : the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,

Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

The ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the Hermit to shrieve him; and the penance of life falls on him.

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!"
The Hermit crossed his brow.
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?"

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

And to teach, by his own example, love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

CHRISTABEL.

PREFACE.*

THE first part of the following poem was written in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven, at Stowey in the county of Somerset. The second part, after my return from Germany, in the year one thousand eight hundred, at Keswick, Cumberland. Since the latter date, my poetic powers have been, till very lately, in a state of suspended animation. But as, in my very first conception of the tale, I had the whole present to my mind, with the wholeness, no less than with the loveliness of a vision; I trust that I shall yet be able to embody in verse the three parts yet to come.

It is probable, that if the poem had been finished at either of the former periods, or if even the first and second part had been published in the year 1800, the impression of its originality would have been much greater than I dare at present expect. But for this, I have only my own indolence to blame. The dates are mentioned for the exclusive purpose of precluding charges of plagiarism or servile imitation from myself. For there is among us a set of critics, who seem to hold, that every possible thought and image is traditional; who have no notion that there are such things as fountains in the world, small as well as great; and who would therefore charitably derive every rill they behold flowing, from a perforation made in some other man's tank. I am confident, however, that as far as the present poem is concerned, the celebrated poets whose writings I might be suspected of having imitated, either in particular passages, or in the tone and the spirit of the whole, would be among the first to vindicate me from the charge, and who, on any striking coincidence, would permit me to address them in this doggrel version of two monkish Latin hexameters:

> 'Tis mine, and it is likewise your's
> But an if this will not do;
> Let it be mine, good friend! for I
> Am the poorer of the two.

I have only to add, that the metre of the Christabel is not, properly speaking, irregular, though it may seem so from its being founded on a new principle: namely, that of counting in each line the accents, not the syllables. Though the latter may vary from seven to twelve, yet in each line the accents will be found to be only four. Nevertheless this occasional variation in number of syllables is not introduced wantonly, or for the mere ends of convenience, but in correspondence with some transition in the nature of the imagery or passion.

PART THE FIRST.

> 'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
> And the owls have awakened the crowing cock;
> Tu—whit!—Tu—whoo!
> And hark, again! the crowing cock,
> How drowsily it crew.

* To the edition of 1816.

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff, which
From her kennel beneath the rock
Maketh answer to the clock,
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour;
Ever and aye, by shine and shower,
Sixteen short howls, not over loud;
Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark.
The thin grey cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full;
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is grey:
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late,
A furlong from the castle gate?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothed knight;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,
And naught was green upon the oak,
But moss and rarest misletoe:
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,
The lovely lady, Christabel!
It moaned as near, as near can be,
But what it is, she cannot tell.—
On the other side it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek—
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.
What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:
The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck, and arms were bare;
Her blue-veined feet unsandal'd were
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair.
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly!

Mary mother, save me now!
(Said Christabel,) And who art thou?

The lady strange made answer meet,
And her voice was faint and sweet:—
Have pity on my sore distress,
I scarce can speak for weariness.
Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear,
Said Christabel, How camest thou here?
And the lady, whose voice was faint and sweet,
Did thus pursue her answer meet:—

My sire is of a noble line,
And my name is Geraldine:
Five warriors seized me yestermorn,
Me, even me, a maid forlorn:
They choked my cries with force and fright,
And tied me on a palfrey white.
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,
And they rode furiously behind.
They spurred amain, their steeds were white;
And once we crossed the shade of night.
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,
I have no thought what men they be;
Nor do I know how long it is
(For I have lain entranced I wis)
Since one, the tallest of the five,
Took me from the palfrey's back,
A weary woman, scarce alive.
Some muttered words his comrades spoke:
He placed me underneath this oak,
He swore they would return with haste;
Whither they went I cannot tell—

I thought I heard, some minutes past,
Sounds as of a castle bell.
Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she,)
And help a wretched maid to flee.

Then Christabel stretched forth her hand
And comforted fair Geraldine :
O well bright dame may you command
The service of Sir Leoline ;
And gladly our stout chivalry
Will he send forth and friends withall
To guide and guard you safe and free
Home to your noble father's hall.

She rose : and forth with steps they passed
That strovad to be, and were not, fast.
Her gracious STARS the lady blest,
And thus spake on sweet Christabel ;
All our household are at rest,
The hall as silent as the cell,
Sir Leoline is weak in health
And may not well awakened be,
But we will move as if in stealth
And I beseech your courtesy
This night, to share your couch with me.

They crossed the moat, and Christabel
Took the key that fitted well ;
A little door she opened straight,
All in the middle of the gate ;
The gate that was ironed within and without,
Where an army in battle array had marched out.
The lady sank, belike through pain,
And Christabel with might and main
Lifted her up, a weary weight,
Over the threshold of the gate :
Then the lady rose again,
And moved, as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court : right glad they were.
And Christabel devoutly cried,
To the lady by her side,
Praise we the Virgin all divine
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress !
Alas, alas ! said Geraldine,
I cannot speak for weariness.
So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court : right glad they were.

Outside her kennel, the mastiff old
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.

The mastiff old did not awake,
Yet she an angry moan did make !
And what can ail the mastiff bitch ?
Never till now she uttered yell
Beneath the eye of Christabel.
Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch :
For what can ail the mastiff bitch ?

They passed the hall, that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will !
The brands were flat, the brands were dying,
Amid their own white ashes lying ;
But when the lady passed, there came
A tongue of light, a fit of flame ;
And Christabel saw the lady's eye,
And nothing else saw she thereby,
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall,
Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall.
O softly tread, said Christabel,
My father seldom sleepeth well.

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare
And jealous of the listening air
They steal their way from stair to stair
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,
And now they pass the Baron's room,
As still as death with stifled breath !
And now have reached her chamber door ;
And now doth Geraldine press down
The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air,
And not a moonbeam enters here.
But they without its light can see
The chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain,
For a lady's chamber meet :
The lamp with twofold silver chain
Is fastened to an angel's feet.
The silver lamp burns dead and dim ;
But Christabel the lamp will trim.
She trimmed the lamp, and made it bright,
And left it swinging to and fro,
While Geraldine, in wretched plight,
Sank down upon the floor below.

O weary lady, Geraldine,
I pray you, drink this cordial wine !
It is a wine of virtuous powers ;
My mother made it of wild flowers.

And will your mother pity me,
Who am a maiden most forlorn?
Christabel answered—Woe is me!
She died the hour that I was born.
I have heard the grey-haired friar tell,
How on her death-bed she did say,
That she should hear the castle bell
Strike twelve upon my wedding day.
O mother dear! that thou wert here!
I would, said Geraldine, she were!

But soon with altered voice, said she—
"Off, wandering mother! Peak and pine!
"I have power to bid thee flee."
Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?
Why stares she with unsettled eye?
Can she the bodiless dead espy?
And why with hollow voice cries she,
"Off, woman, off! this hour is mine—
"Though thou her guardian spirit be,
"Off, woman, off! 'tis given to me."

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side,
And raised to heaven her eyes so blue—
Alas! said she, this ghastly ride—
Dear lady! it hath wildered you!
The lady wiped her moist cold brow,
And faintly said, "'tis over now!"

Again the wild-flower wine she drank:
Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,
And from the floor whereon she sank,
The lofty lady stood upright;
She was most beautiful to see,
Like a lady of a far countrée.

And thus the lofty lady spake—
All they, who live in the upper sky,
Do love you, holy Christabel!
And you love them, and for their sake
And for the good which me befel,
Even I in my degree will try,
Fair maiden, to requite you well.
But now unrobe yourself; for I
Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie.

Quoth Christabel, so let it be!
And as the lady bade, did she.
Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her loveliness.

But through her brain of weal and woe
So many thoughts moved to and fro,
That vain it were her lids to close;
So half-way from the bed she rose,
And on her elbow did recline
To look at the lady Geraldine.

Beneath the lamp the lady bowed,
And slowly rolled her eyes around;
Then drawing in her breath aloud,
Like one that shuddered, she unbound
The cincture from beneath her breast:
Her silken robe, and inner vest,
Dropt to her feet, and full in view,
Behold! her bosom and half her side——
A sight to dream of, not to tell!
O shield her! shield sweet Christabel!

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs:
Ah! what a stricken look was hers!
Deep from within she seems half-way
To hit some weight with sick assay,
And eyes the maid and seeks delay;
Then suddenly as one defied
Collects herself in scorn and pride,
And lay down by the Maiden's side!—
And in her arms the maid she took,
Ah wel-a-day!
And with low voice and doleful look
These words did say:
In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell,
Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!
Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know to-morrow
This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow;
But vainly thou warrest,
For this is alone in
Thy power to declare,
That in the dim forest
Thou heardest a low moaning,
And foundest a bright lady, surpassingly fair:
And didst bring her home with thee in love and in charity,
To shield her and shelter her from the damp air.

THE CONCLUSION TO PART THE FIRST.

It was a lovely sight to see
The lady Christabel, when she
Was praying at the old oak tree.
Amid the jagged shadows
Of mossy leafless boughs,

Kneeling in the moonlight,
To make her gentle vows;
Her slender palms together prest,
Heaving sometimes on her breast;
Her face resigned to bliss or bale—
Her face, oh call it fair not pale,
And both blue eyes more bright than clear,
Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah woe is me!)
Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,
Fearfully dreaming, yet I wis,
Dreaming that alone, which is—
O sorrow and shame! Can this be she,
The lady, who knelt at the old oak tree?
And lo! the worker of these harms,
That holds the maiden in her arms,
Seems to slumber still and mild,
As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,
O Geraldine! since arms of thine
Have been the lovely lady's prison.
O Geraldine! one hour was thine—
Thou'st had thy will! By tarn and rill,
The night-birds all that hour were still.
But now they are jubilant anew,
From cliff and tower, tu—whoo! tu—whoo!
Tu—whoo! tu—whoo! from wood and fell!

And see! the lady Christabel
Gathers herself from out her trance;
Her limbs relax, her countenance
Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin lids
Close o'er her eyes; and tears she sheds—
Large tears that leave the lashes bright!
And oft the while she seems to smile
As infants at a sudden light!
Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,
Like a youthful hermitess,
Beauteous in a wilderness,
Who, praying always, prays in sleep.
And, if she move unquietly,
Perchance, 'tis but the blood so free,
Comes back and tingles in her feet.
No doubt, she hath a vision sweet.
What if her guardian spirit 'twere,
What if she knew her mother near?
But this she knows, in joys and woes,
That saints will aid if men will call:
For the blue sky bends over all!

PART THE SECOND.

EACH matin bell, the Baron saith,
Knells us back to a world of death.
These words Sir Leoline first said,
When he rose and found his lady dead:
These words Sir Leoline will say,
Many a morn to his dying day,
And hence the custom and law began,
That still at dawn the sacristan,
Who duly pulls the heavy bell,
Five and forty beads must tell
Between each stroke—a warning knell,
Which not a soul can choose but hear
From Bratha Head to Wyndermere.

Saith Bracy the bard, So let it knell!
And let the drowsy sacristan
Still count as slowly as he can!
There is no lack of such, I ween
As well fill up the space between.
In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair,
And Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent,
With ropes of rock and bells of air
Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent,
Who all give back, one after t'other,
The death-note to their living brother;
And oft too, by the knell offended,
Just as their one! two! three! is ended,
The devil mocks the doleful tale
With a merry peal from Borrowdale.

The air is still! through mist and cloud
That merry peal comes ringing loud;
And Geraldine shakes off her dread,
And rises lightly from the bed;
Puts on her silken vestments white,
And tricks her hair in lovely plight,
And nothing doubting of her spell
Awakens the lady Christabel.
"Sleep you, sweet lady Christabel?
"I trust that you have rested well."

And Christabel awoke and spied
The same who lay down by her side
O rather say, the same whom she
Raised up beneath the old oak tree!
Nay, fairer yet! and yet more fair!
For she belike hath drunken deep
Of all the blessedness of sleep!

And while she spake, her looks, her air
Such gentle thankfulness declare,
That (so it seemed) her girded vests
Grew tight beneath her heaving breasts.
"Sure I have sinned!" said Christabel,
"Now heaven be praised if all be well!"
And in low faltering tones, yet sweet,
Did she the lofty lady greet
With such perplexity of mind
As dreams too lively leave behind.

So quickly she rose, and quickly arrayed
Her maiden limbs, and having prayed
That He, who on the cross did groan,
Might wash away her sins unknown,
She forthwith led fair Geraldine
To meet her sire, Sir Leoline.

The lovely maid and the lady tall
Are pacing both into the hall,
And pacing on through page and groom
Enter the Baron's presence room.

The Baron rose, and while he prest
His gentle daughter to his breast,
With cheerful wonder in his eyes
The lady Geraldine espies,
And gave such welcome to the same,
As might beseem so bright a dame!

But when he heard the lady's tale,
And when she told her father's name,
Why waxed Sir Leoline so pale,
Murmuring o'er the name again,
Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine?

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:

They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;

A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

Sir Leoline, a moment's space,
Stood gazing on the damsel's face ;
And the youthful Lord of Tryermaine
Came back upon his heart again.

O then the Baron forgot his age,
His noble heart swelled high with rage ;
He swore by the wounds in Jesu's side,
He would proclaim it far and wide
With trump and solemn heraldry,
That they, who thus had wronged the dame,
Were base as spotted infamy !
"And if they dare deny the same,
"My herald shall appoint a week,
"And let the recreant traitors seek
"My tournay—that there and then
"I may dislodge their reptile souls
"From the bodies and forms of men !"
He spake : his eye in lightning rolls !
For the lady was ruthlessly seized ; and he kenned
In the beautiful lady the child of his friend !

And now the tears were on his face,
And fondly in his arms he took
Fair Geraldine, who met the embrace,
Prolonging it with joyous look.
Which when she viewed, a vision fell
Upon the soul of Christabel,
The vision of fear, the touch and pain !
She shrunk and shuddered, and saw again
(Ah, woe is me ! Was it for thee,
Thou gentle maid ! such sights to see ?)

Again she saw that bosom old,
Again she felt that bosom cold,
And drew in her breath with a hissing sound :
Whereat the Knight turned wildly round,
And nothing saw, but his own sweet maid
With eyes upraised, as one that prayed.

The touch, the sight, had passed away,
And in its stead that vision blest,
Which comforted her after-rest,
While in the lady's arms she lay,
Had put a rapture in her breast,
And on her lips and o'er her eyes
Spread smiles like light !

With new surprise,
"What ails then my beloved child?"
The Baron said—His daughter mild
Made answer, "All will yet be well!"
I ween, she had no power to tell
Aught else: so mighty was the spell.
Yet he, who saw this Geraldine,
Had deemed her sure a thing divine,
Such sorrow with such grace she blended,
As if she feared, she had offended
Sweet Christabel, that gentle maid!
And with such lowly tones she prayed,
She might be sent without delay
Home to her father's mansion.
"Nay!
"Nay, by my soul!" said Leoline.
"Ho! Bracy the bard, the charge be thine!
"Go thou, with music sweet and loud,
"And take two steeds with trappings proud,
"And take the youth whom thou lov'st best
"To bear thy harp, and learn thy song,
"And clothe you both in solemn vest,
"And over the mountains haste along,
"Lest wandering folk, that are abroad
"Detain you on the valley road.
"And when he has crossed the Irthing flood,
"My merry bard! he hastes, he hastes
"Up Knorren Moor, through Halegarth Wood,
"And reaches soon that castle good,
"Which stands and threatens Scotland's wastes.

"Bard Bracy! bard Bracy! your horses are fleet,
"Ye must ride up the hall, your music so sweet,
"More loud than your horses' echoing feet!
"And loud and loud to Lord Roland call,
"Thy daughter is safe in Langdale hall!
"Thy beautiful daughter is safe and free—
"Sir Leoline greets thee thus through me.
"He bids thee come without delay
"With all thy numerous array;
"And take thy lovely daughter home,
"And he will meet thee on the way
"With all his numerous array
"White with their panting palfreys' foam,
"And, by mine honour! I will say,
"That I repent me of the day
"When I spake words of fierce disdain
"To Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine!—
"—For since that evil hour hath flown,
"Many a summer's sun hath shone;
"Yet ne'er found I a friend again
"Like Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine."

The lady fell, and clasped his knees,
Her face upraised, her eyes o'erflowing;
And Bracy replied, with faultering voice,
His gracious hail on all bestowing:—
Thy words, thou sire of Christabel,
Are sweeter than my harp can tell;
Yet might I gain a boon of thee,
This day my journey should not be,
So strange a dream hath come to me:
That I had vowed with music loud
To clear yon wood from thing unblest,
Warned by a vision in my rest!
For in my sleep I saw that dove,
That gentle bird, whom thou dost love,
And call'st by thy own daughter's name—
Sir Leoline! I saw the same,
Fluttering, and uttering fearful moan,
Among the green herbs in the forest alone.
Which when I saw and when I heard,
I wonder'd what might ail the bird:
For nothing near it could I see,
Save the grass and green herbs underneath the old tree.

And in my dream, methought, I went
To search out what might there be found;
And what the sweet bird's trouble meant,
That thus lay fluttering on the ground.
I went and peered, and could descry
No cause for her distressful cry;
But yet for her dear lady's sake
I stooped, methought the dove to take,
When lo! I saw a bright green snake
Coiled around its wings and neck.
Green as the herbs on which it couched,
Close by the dove's its head it crouched;
And with the dove it heaves and stirs,
Swelling its neck as she swelled hers!
I woke; it was the midnight hour,
The clock was echoing in the tower;
But though my slumber was gone by,
This dream it would not pass away—
It seems to live upon my eye!
And thence I vowed this self same day
With music strong and saintly song
To wander through the forest bare,
Lest aught unholy loiter there.

Thus Bracy said: the Baron, the while,
Half-listening heard him with a smile;
Then turned to Lady Geraldine,
His eyes made up of wonder and love;
And said in courtly accents fine,

Sweet maid, Lord Roland's beauteous dove,
With arms more strong than harp or song,
Thy sire and I will crush the snake!
He kissed her forehead as he spake
And Geraldine in maiden wise,
Casting down her large bright eyes,
With blushing cheek and courtesy fine
She turned her from Sir Leoline;
Softly gathered up her train,
That o'er her right arm fell again;
And folded her arms across her chest,
And couched her head upon her breast,
And looked askance at Christabel——
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!

A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,
And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head,
Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,
And with somewhat of malice, and more of dread
At Christabel she looked askance!—
One moment—and the sight was fled!
But Christabel in dizzy trance,
Stumbling on the unsteady ground—
Shuddered aloud, with a hissing sound;
And Geraldine again turned round,
And like a thing, that sought relief,
Full of wonder and full of grief,
She rolled her large bright eyes divine
Wildly on Sir Leoline.

The maid, alas! her thoughts are gone,
She nothing sees—no sight but one! But
The maid, devoid of guile and sin,
I know not how, in fearful wise
So deeply had she drunken in
That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,
That all her features were resigned
To this sole image in her mind:
And passively did imitate
That look of dull and treacherous hate,
And thus she stood, in dizzy trance,
Still picturing that look askance,
With forced unconscious sympathy
Full before her father's view——
As far as such a look could be,
In eyes so innocent and blue!
And when the trance was o'er, the maid
Paused awhile, and inly prayed,
Then falling at her father's feet,
"By my mother's soul do I entreat
"That thou this woman send away!"
She said; and more she could not say,

For what she knew she could not tell,
O'er-mastered by the mighty spell.

Why is thy cheek so wan and wild,
Sir Leoline? Thy only child
Lies at thy feet, thy joy, thy pride,
So fair, so innocent, so mild;
The same, for whom thy lady died!
O by the pangs of her dear mother
Think thou no evil of thy child!
For her, and thee, and for no other,
She prayed the moment ere she died:
Prayed that the babe for whom she died,
Might prove her dear lord's joy and pride!
That prayer her deadly pangs beguiled,
Sir Leoline!
And would'st thou wrong thy only child,
Her child and thine?
Within the Baron's heart and brain
If thoughts, like these, had any share,
They only swelled his rage and pain,
And did but work confusion there.
His heart was cleft with pain and rage,
His cheeks they quivered, his eyes were wild,
Dishonoured thus in his old age;
Dishonoured by his only child,
And all his hospitality
To the insulted daughter of his friend
By more than woman's jealousy,
Brought thus to a disgraceful end—
He rolled his eye with stern regard
Upon the gentle minstrel bard,
And said in tones abrupt, austere—
Why, Bracy! dost thou loiter here?
I bade thee hence! The bard obeyed;
And turning from his own sweet maid,
The aged knight, Sir Leoline,
Led forth the lady Geraldine!

THE CONCLUSION TO PART THE SECOND.

A little child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing to itself,
A fairy thing with red round cheeks
That always finds, and never seeks,
Makes such a vision to the sight
As fills a father's eyes with light;
And pleasures flow in so thick and fast
Upon his heart, that he at last

Must needs express his love's excess
With words of unmeant bitterness.
Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together
Thoughts so unlike each other;
To mutter and mock a broken charm,
To dally with wrong that does no harm.
Perhaps 'tis tender too and pretty
At each wild word to feel within
A sweet recoil of love and pity.
And what, if in a world of sin
(O sorrow and shame should this be true!)
Such giddiness of heart and brain
Comes seldom save from rage and pain,
So talks as it's most used to do.

KUBLA KHAN; OR, A VISION IN A DREAM.

A FRAGMENT.

The following fragment is here published at the request of a poet of great and deserved celebrity, and as far as the Author's own opinions are concerned, rather as a psychological curiosity, than on the ground of any supposed *poetic* merits.

In the summer of the year 1797, the Author, then in ill health, had retired to a lonely farm house between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effects of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment that he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in "Purchas's Pilgrimage:" "Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto. And thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed with a wall." The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence, that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as *things*, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour, and on his return to his room, found to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone had been cast, but, alas! without the after restoration of the latter:

Then all the charm
Is broken—all that phantom-world so fair
Vanishes, and a thousand circlets spread,
And each mis-shape the other. Stay awhile,
Poor youth! who scarcely darest lift up thine eyes—
The stream will soon renew its smoothness, soon
The visions will return! And lo, he stays,
And soon the fragments dim of lively forms
Come trembling back, unite, and now once more
The pool becomes a mirror.

Yet from the still surviving recollections in his mind the Author has frequently

purposed to finish for himself what had been originally, as it were, given to him, Σαμερον αδιον αυω : but the to-morrow is yet to come.

As a contrast to this vision, I have annexed a fragment of a very different character, describing with equal fidelity the dream of pain and disease. Note to the first Edition, 1816.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree :
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
  Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round :
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced :
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war !

  The shadow of the dome of pleasure
  Floated midway on the waves ;
  Where was heard the mingled measure
  From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !
  A damsel with a dulcimer
  In a vision once I saw :
  It was an Abyssinian maid
  And on her dulcimer she played,
  Singing of Mount Abora.
  Could I revive within me
  Her symphony and song,
  To such a deep delight 'twoul I win me,

That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

THE PAINS OF SLEEP.

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,
It hath not been my use to pray
With moving lips or bended knees;
But silently, by slow degrees,
My spirit I to Love compose,
In humble Trust mine eye-lids close,
With reverential resignation,
No wish conceived, no thought expressed!
Only a *sense* of supplication,
A sense o'er all my soul impressed
That I am weak, yet not unblest,
Since in me, round me, every where
Eternal Strength and Wisdom are.

But yester-night I prayed aloud
In anguish and in agony,
Up-starting from the fiendish crowd
Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me:
A lurid light, a trampling throng,
Sense of intolerable wrong,
And whom I scorned, those only strong!
Thirst of revenge, the powerless will
Still baffled, and yet burning still!
Desire with loathing strangely mixed
On wild or hateful objects fixed.
Fantastic passions! maddening brawl!
And shame and terror over all!
Deeds to be hid which were not hid,
Which all confused I could not know,
Whether I suffered, or I did:
For all seemed guilt, remorse or woe,
My own or others still the same
Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame.

So two nights passed: the night's dismay
Saddened and stunned the coming day.

Sleep, the wide blessing, seemed to me
Distemper's worst calamity.
The third night, when my own loud scream
Had waked me from the fiendish dream,
O'ercome with sufferings strange and wild,
I wept as I had been a child ;
And having thus by tears subdued
My anguish to a milder mood,
Such punishments, I said, were due
To natures deepliest stained with sin :
For aye entempesting anew
The unfathomable hell within
The horror of their deeds to view,
To know and loathe, yet wish and do !
Such griefs with such men well agree,
But wherefore, wherefore fall on me ?
To be beloved is all I need,
And whom I love, I love indeed.

LOVE.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve ;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve !

She leant against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight ;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope ! my joy ! my Genevieve !
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;
For well she knew, I could not chuse
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand ;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined ; and ah !
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace ;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face !

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night ;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade, —

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright ;
And that he knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight !

And that unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land ;—

And how she wept, and clasped his knees ;
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain ;—

And that she nursed him in a cave ;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay.

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity !

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music, and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love, and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside,
As conscious of my look she stepped—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly Love, and partly Fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous Bride.

JUVENILE POEMS.

GENEVIEVE.

MAID of my Love, sweet GENEVIEVE!
In Beauty's light you glide along:
Your eye is like the star of eve,
And sweet your Voice, as Seraph's song.
Yet not your heavenly Beauty gives
This heart with passion soft to glow:
Within your soul a VOICE there lives!
It bids you hear the tale of Woe.
When sinking low the Sufferer wan
Beholds no hand outstretcht to save,
Fair, as the bosom of the Swan
That rises graceful o'er the wave,
I've seen your breast with pity heave,
And *therefore* love I you, sweet GENEVIEVE!

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF CHATTERTON.

WHEN faint and sad o'er Sorrow's desert wild
Slow journeys onward poor Misfortune's child;
When fades each lovely form by Fancy drest,
And inly pines the self-consuming breast;
No scourge of scorpions in thy right arm dread,
No helmed terrors nodding o'er thy head,
Assume, O DEATH! the cherub wings of PEACE,
And bid the heart-sick Wanderer's anguish cease!

Thee, CHATTERTON! yon unblest stones protect
From Want, and the bleak Freezings of neglect!
Escap'd the sore wounds of Affliction's rod,
Meek at the Throne of Mercy, and of God,
Perchance, thou raisest high the enraptured hymn
Amid the blaze of Seraphim!

Yet oft ('tis Nature's bosom-startling call)
I weep, that heaven-born Genius *so* should fall;

And oft, in Fancy's saddest hour, my soul
Averted shudders at the poisoned bowl.
Now groans my sickening heart, as still I view
Thy corse of livid hue;
And now a flash of indignation high
Darts through the tear that glistens in mine eye!

Is this the land of song-ennobled line?
Is this the land, where Genius ne'er in vain
Poured forth his lofty strain?
Ah me! yet SPENSER, gentlest bard divine,
Beneath chill Disappointment's shade,
His weary limbs in lonely anguish laid
And o'er her darling dead
PITY hopeless hung her head,
While "mid the pelting of that merciless storm,"
Sunk to the cold earth OTWAY's famished form!

Sublime of thought, and confident of fame,
From vales where Avon winds the MINSTREL* came,
Light-hearted youth! aye, as he hastes along,
He meditates the future song,
How dauntless Ella frayed the Dacyan foes;
And, as floating high in air
Glitter the sunny visions fair,
His eyes dance rapture, and his bosom glows!
Friend to the friendless, to the sick man health,
With generous joy he views the *ideal* wealth;
He hears the widow's heaven-breathed prayer of praise;
He marks the sheltered orphan's tearful gaze;
Or, where the sorrow-shrivelled captive lay,
Pours the bright blaze of Freedom's noon-tide ray:
And now, indignant, "grasps the patriot steel,"
And her own iron rod he makes Oppression feel.

Clad in Nature's rich array,
And bright in all her tender hues,
Sweet tree of Hope! thou loveliest child of Spring!
How fair didst thou disclose thine early bloom,
Loading the west-winds with its soft perfume!
And Fancy, elfin form of gorgeous wing,
On every blossom hung her fostering dews,
That changeful, wantoned to the orient day!
But soon upon thy poor unsheltered head
Did Penury her sickly mildew shed:
And soon the scathing Lightning bade thee stand,
In frowning horror o'er the blighted land!

Ah where are fled the charms of vernal Grace,
And Joy's wild gleams that lightened o'er thy face?

* Avon, a river near Bristol; the birth-place of Chatterton.

YOUTH of tumultuous soul, and haggard eye!
Thy wasted form, thy hurried steps I view,
On thy cold forehead starts the anguished dew,
And dreadful was that bosom-rending sigh!

Such were the struggles of the gloomy hour,
When CARE, of withered brow,
Prepared the poison's death-cold power:
Already to thy lips was raised the bowl,
When near thee stood AFFECTION meek
(Her bosom bare, and wildly pale her cheek.)
Thy sullen gaze she bade thee roll
On scenes that well might melt thy soul;
Thy native cot she flashed upon thy view,
Thy native cot, where still, at close of day,
PEACE smiling sate, and listened to thy lay;
Thy Sister's shrieks she bade thee hear,
And mark thy Mother's thrilling tear:
See, see her breast's convulsive throe,
Her silent agony of woe!
Ah! dash the poisoned chalice from thy hand!

And thou had'st dashed it, at her soft command,
But that DESPAIR and INDIGNATION rose,
And told again the story of thy woes;
Told the keen insult of the unfeeling heart;
The dread dependence on the low-born mind;
Told every pang, with which thy soul must smart,
Neglect, and grinning Scorn, and Want combined!
Recoiling quick, thou bad'st the friend of pain
Roll the black tide of Death through every freezing vein!

Ye woods! that wave o'er Avon's rocky steep,
To Fancy's ear sweet is your murmuring deep!
For here she loves the cypress wreath to wave;
Watching, with wistful eye, the saddening tints of eve.
Here, far from men, amid this pathless grove,
In solemn thought the Minstrel wont to rove,
Like star-beam on the slow sequestered tide
Lone-glittering, through the high tree branching wide.
And here, in INSPIRATION's eager hour,
When most the big soul feels the maddening power,
These wilds, these caverns roaming o'er,
Round which the screaming sea-gulls soar,
With wild unequal steps he passed along
Oft pouring on the winds a broken song:
Anon, upon some rough rock's fearful brow
Would pause abrupt—and gaze upon the waves below.

Poor CHATTERTON! *he* sorrows for thy fate
Who would have praised and loved thee, ere too late.

Poor CHATTERTON! farewell! of darkest hues
This chaplet cast I on thy unshaped tomb;
But dare no longer on the sad theme muse,
Lest kindred woes persuade a kindred doom:
For oh! big gall-drops, shook from FOLLY'S wing,
Have blackened the fair promise of my spring;
And the stern FATE transpierced with viewless dart
The last pale Hope that shivered at my heart!

Hence, gloomy thoughts! no more my soul shall dwell
On joys that were! No more endure to weigh
The shame and anguish of the evil day,
Wisely forgetful! O'er the ocean swell
Sublime of Hope I seek the cottaged dell
Where VIRTUE calm with careless step may stray;
And, dancing to the moon-light roundelay,
The wizard PASSIONS weave a holy spell!

O CHATTERTON! that thou wert yet alive!
Sure thou would'st spread the canvas to the gale,
And love, with us, the tinkling team to drive
O'er peaceful Freedom's undivided dale;
And we, at sober eve, would round thee throng,
Hanging, enraptured, on thy stately song!
And greet with smiles the young-eyed POESY
All deftly masked, as hoar ANTIQUITY.

Alas vain Phantasies! the fleeting brood
Of Woe self-solaced in her dreamy mood!
Yet will I love to follow the sweet dream,
Where Susquehannah pours his untamed stream;
And on some hill, whose forest-frowning side
Waves o'er the murmurs of his calmer tide,
Will raise a solemn CENOTAPH to thee,
Sweet Harper of time-shrouded MINSTRELSY!
And there, soothed sadly by the dirgeful wind,
Muse on the sore ills I had left behind.

SONNET.

TO THE AUTUMNAL MOON.

MILD Splendour of the various-vested Night!
Mother of wildly-working visions! hail!
I watch thy gliding, while with watery light
Thy weak eye glimmers through a fleecy veil;
And when thou lovest thy pale orb to shroud
Behind the gathered blackness lost on high;
And when thou dartest from the wind-rent cloud
Thy placid lightning o'er the awakened sky.

Ah such is HOPE! as changeful and as fair!
Now dimly peering on the wistful sight;
Now hid behind the dragon-winged Despair:
But soon emerging in her radiant might
She o'er the sorrow-clouded breast of Care
Sails, like a meteor kindling in its flight.

TIME, REAL AND IMAGINARY.

AN ALLEGORY.

ON the wide level of a mountain's head,
(I knew not where, but 'twas some faery place)
Their pinions, ostrich-like, for sails outspread,
Two lovely children run an endless race,
A sister and a brother!
This far outstript the other;
Yet ever runs she with reverted face,
And looks and listens for the boy behind:
For he, alas! is blind!
O'er rough and smooth with even step he passed,
And knows not whether he be first or last.

SONGS OF THE PIXIES.

The PIXIES, in the superstition of Devonshire, are a race of beings invisibly small, and harmless or friendly to man. At a small distance from a village in that county, half way up a wood-covered hill, is an excavation, called the Pixies' Parlour. The roots of old trees form its ceiling; and on its sides are innumerable cyphers, among which the author discovered his own cypher and those of his brothers, cut by the hand of their childhood. At the foot of the hill flows the river Otter.

To this place the Author conducted a party of young Ladies, during the Summer months of the year 1793; one of whom, of stature elegantly small, and of complexion colourless yet clear, was proclaimed the Fairy Queen: on which occasion the following Irregular Ode was written.

I.

WHOM the untaught Shepherds call
PIXIES in their madrigal,
Fancy's children, here we dwell:
Welcome, LADIES! to our cell.
Here the wren of softest note
Builds its nest and warbles well;
Here the blackbird strains his throat:
Welcome, LADIES! to our cell.

II.

When fades the moon all shadowy-pale
And scuds the cloud before the gale,

Ere Morn with living gems bedight
Purples the East with streaky light,
We sip the furze-flower's fragrant dews
Clad in robes of rainbow hues
Richer than the deepened bloom
That glows on Summer's lily-scented plume:
Or sport amid the rosy gleam
Soothed by the distant-tinkling team,
While lusty Labour scouting sorrow
Bids the Dame a glad good-morrow,
Who jogs the accustomed road along,
And paces cheery to her cheering song.

III.

But not our filmy pinion
We scorch amid the blaze of day,
When Noontide's fiery-tressed minion
Flashes the fervid ray.
Aye from the sultry heat
We to the cave retreat
Overcanopied by huge roots intertwined
With wildest texture, blackened o'er with age:
Round them their mantle green the ivies bind,
Beneath whose foliage pale
Fanned by the unfrequent gale
We shield us from the Tyrant's mid-day rage.

IV.

Thither, while the murmuring throng
Of wild-bees hum their drowsy song,
By Indolence and Fancy brought,
A youthful BARD, "unknown to Fame,"
Woos the Queen of Solemn Thought,
And heaves the gentle misery of a sigh
Gazing with tearful eye,
As round our sandy grot appear
Many a rudely sculptured name
To pensive Memory dear!
Weaving gay dreams of sunny-tinctured hue
We glance before his view:
O'er his hushed soul our soothing witcheries shed,
And twine our faery garlands round his head.

V.

When EVENING's dusky car
Crowned with her dewy star
Steals o'er the fading sky in shadowy flight;
On leaves of aspen trees
We tremble to the breeze
Veiled from the grosser ken of mortal sight.

Or, haply, at the visionary hour,
Along our wildly-bowered, sequestered walk,
We listen to the enamoured rustic's talk;
Heave with the heavings of the maiden's breast,
Where young-eyed LOVES have built their turtle nest;
Or guide of soul-subduing power
The electric flash, that from the melting eye
Darts the fond question and the soft reply.

VI.

Or through the mystic ringlets of the vale
We flash our faery feet in gamesome prank;
Or, silent-sandal'd, pay our defter court
Circling the SPIRIT of the WESTERN GALE.
Where, wearied with his flower-caressing sport,
Supine he slumbers on a violet bank;
Then with quaint music hymn the parting gleam,
By lonely OTTER's sleep-persuading stream;
Or where his wave with loud unquiet song
Dashed o'er the rocky channel froth along;
Or where, his silver waters smoothed to rest,
The tall tree's shadow sleeps upon his breast.

VII.

Hence! thou lingerer, LIGHT!
EVE saddens into NIGHT.
Mother of wildly-working dreams! we view
The SOMBRE HOURS, that round thee stand
With down-cast eyes (a dutcous band!)
Their dark robes dripping with the heavy dew.
SORCERESS of the ebon throne!
Thy power the PIXIES own,
When round thy raven brow
Heaven's lucent roses glow,
And clouds, in watery colours drest,
Float in light drapery o'er thy sable vest:
What time the pale moon sheds a softer day
Mellowing the woods beneath its pensive beam:
For mid the quivering light 'tis our's to play,
Aye dancing to the cadence of the stream.

VIII.

Welcome, LADIES! to the cell
Where the blameless PIXIES dwell:
But thou sweet Nymph! proclaimed our Faery Queen,
With what obeisance meet
Thy presence shall we greet?
For lo! attendant on thy steps are seen
Graceful EASE in artless stole,
And white-robed PURITY of soul,
With HONOUR's softer mien;

MIRTH of the loosely-flowing hair,
And meek eyed PITY eloquently fair,
Whose tearful cheeks are lovely to the view,
As snow-drop wet with dew.

IX.

Unboastful Maid! though now the LILY pale
Transparent grace thy beauties meek;
Yet ere again along the impurpling vale,
The purpling vale and elfin-haunted grove,
Young Zephyr his fresh flowers profusely throws,
We'll tinge with livelier hues thy cheek;
And, haply, from the nectar-breathing ROSE
Extract a BLUSH for LOVE!

THE RAVEN.

A CHRISTMAS TALE, TOLD BY A SCHOOL-BOY TO HIS LITTLE BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

UNDERNEATH a huge oak tree
There was, of swine, a huge company,
That grunted as they crunched the mast:
For that was ripe, and fell full fast.
Then they trotted away, for the wind grew high:
One acorn they left, and not more might you spy.
Next came a Raven, that liked not such folly:
He belonged, they did say, to the witch Melancholy!
Blacker was he than blackest jet,
Flew low in the rain, and his feathers not wet.
He picked up the acorn and buried it straight
By the side of a river both deep and great.
Where then did the Raven go?
He went high and low,
Over hill, over dale, did the black Raven go.
Many Autumns, many Springs
Travelled he with wandering wings:
Many Summers, many Winters—
I can't tell half his adventures.

At length he came back, and with him a She,
And the acorn was grown to a tall oak tree.
They built then a nest in the topmost bough,
And [illegible] they had, and were happy enough.
But [illegible] in an leathern guise,
His [illegible], [illegible], hung over his eyes.
He [illegible] in his hand, not a word he spoke,
But [illegible] and [illegible] a [illegible] stroke,
And [illegible] down the poor Raven's [illegible].

His young ones were killed ; for they could not depart,
And their mother did die of a broken heart.

The boughs from the trunk the woodman did sever ;
And they floated it down on the course of the river.
They sawed it in planks, and its bark they did strip,
And with this tree and others they made a good ship.
The ship, it was launched ; but in sight of the land
Such a storm there did rise as no ship could withstand.
It bulged on a rock, and the waves rushed in fast :
The old raven flew round and round, and cawed to the blast.
He heard the last shriek of the perishing souls—
See ! see ! o'er the topmast the mad water rolls !
Right glad was the Raven, and off he went fleet,
And Death riding home on a cloud he did meet,
And he thanked him again and again for this treat :
They had taken his all, and REVENGE WAS SWEET !

ABSENCE.

A FAREWELL ODE ON QUITTING SCHOOL FOR JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

WHERE graced with many a classic spoil
CAM rolls his reverend stream along,
I haste to urge the learned toil
That sternly chides my love-lorn song :
Ah me ! too mindful of the days
Illumed by PASSION'S orient rays,
When Peace, and Cheerfulness, and Health
Enriched me with the best of wealth.

Ah fair Delights ! that o'er my soul
On Memory's wing, like shadows fly !
Ah Flowers ! which Joy from Eden stole
While Innocence stood smiling by !—
But cease, fond Heart ! this bootless moan :
Those Hours on rapid Pinions flown
Shall yet return, by Absence crowned,
And scatter livelier roses round.

The SUN who ne'er remits his fires
On heedless eyes may pour the day :
The MOON, that oft from heaven retires,
Endears her renovated ray.
What though she leaves the sky unblest
To mourn awhile the murky vest ?
When she resumes her lovely Light,
We BLESS the Wanderer of the Night.

WRITTEN IN EARLY YOUTH.—THE TIME AN AUTUMNAL EVENING.

O THOU wild FANCY, check thy wing! No more
Those thin white flakes, those purple clouds explore!
Nor there with happy spirits speed thy flight
Bathed in rich amber-glowing floods of light;
Nor in yon gleam, where slow descends the day,
With western peasants hail the morning ray!
Ah! rather bid the perished pleasures move,
A shadowy train, across the soul of Love!
O'er Disappointment's wintry desert fling
Each flower that wreathed the dewy locks of SPRING,
When blushing, like a bride, from Hope's trim bower
She leapt, awakened by the pattering shower.
Now sheds the sinking Sun a deeper gleam,
Aid, lovely Sorceress! aid thy Poet's dream!
With faery wand O bid the MAID arise,
Chaste Joyance dancing in her bright blue eyes;
As erst when from the Muses' calm abode
I came, with Learning's meed not unbestowed:
When as she twined a laurel round my brow,
And met my kiss, and half returned my vow,
O'er all my frame shot rapid my thrilled heart,
And every nerve confessed the electric dart.

O dear Deceit! I see the Maiden rise,
Chaste Joyance dancing in her bright-blue Eyes!
When first the lark high soaring swells his throat,
Mocks the tired eye, and scatters the loud note,
I trace her footsteps on the accustomed lawn,
I mark her glancing mid the gleam of dawn.
When the bent flower beneath the night dew weeps
And on the lake the silver lustre sleeps,
Amid the paly radiance soft and sad,
She meets my lonely path in moon-beams clad.
With her along the streamlet's brink I rove;
With her I list the warblings of the grove;
And seems in each low wind her voice to float
Lone whispering Pity in each soothing note!

SPIRITS of LOVE! ye heard her name! Obey
The powerful spell, and to my haunt repair.
Whether on clustering pinions ye are there,
Where rich snows blossom on the Myrtle trees,
Or with fond languishment around my fair
Sigh in the loose luxuriance of her hair;
O heed the spell, and hither wing your way,
Like far-off music, voyaging the breeze!

SPIRITS ! to you the infant Maid was given
Formed by the wonderous Alchemy of Heaven !

No fairer Maid does Love's wide empire know,
No fairer Maid e'er heaved the bosom's snow.
A thousand Loves around her forehead fly ;
A thousand Loves sit melting in her eye ;
Love lights her smile—in Joy's red nectar dips
His myrtle flower, and plants it on her lips.
She speaks ! and hark that passion warbled song—
Still, Fancy ! still that voice, those notes prolong.
As sweet as when that voice with rapturous falls,
Shall wake the softened echoes of Heaven's Halls !

O (have I sighed) were mine the wizard's rod,
Or mine the power of Proteus, changeful God !
A flower-entangled ARBOUR I would seem
To shield my Love from Noontide's sultry beam :
Or bloom a MYRTLE, from whose odorous boughs
My Love might weave gay garlands for her brows.
When Twilight stole across the fading vale,
To fan my Love I'd be the EVENING GALE ;
Mourn in the soft folds of her swelling vest,
And flutter my faint pinions on her breast !
On Seraph wing I'd float a DREAM by night,
To sooth my Love with shadows of delight :—
Or soar aloft to be the SPANGLED SKIES,
And gaze upon her with a thousand eyes !

As when the Savage, who his drowsy frame
Had basked beneath the Sun's unclouded flame,
Awakes amid the troubles of the air,
The skiey deluge, and white lightning's glare—
Aghast he scours before the tempest's sweep,
And sad recalls the sunny hour of sleep :—
So tossed by storms along Life's wildering way,
Mine eye reverted views that cloudless day,
When by my native brook I wont to rove
While HOPE with kisses nursed the Infant Love.

Dear native brook ! like PEACE so placidly
Smoothing through fertile fields thy current meek !
Dear native brook ! where first young POESY
Stared wildly-eager in her noontide dream,
Where blameless pleasures dimple QUIET'S cheek,
As water-lilies ripple thy slow stream !
Dear native haunts ! where Virtue still is gay,
Where Friendship's fixed star sheds a mellowed ray,
Where LOVE a crown of thornless Roses wears,
Where softened SORROW smiles within her tears ;
And MEMORY, with a VESTAL'S chaste employ,
Unceasing feeds the lambent flame of joy !

No more your sky-larks melting from the sight
Shall thrill the attuned heart-string with delight—
No more shall deck your pensive Pleasures sweet
With wreaths of sober hue my evening seat.
Yet dear to Fancy's eye your varied scene
Of wood, hill, dale, and sparkling brook between!
Yet sweet to Fancy's ear the warbled song,
That soars on Morning's wing your vales among.

Scenes of my Hope! the aching eye ye leave
Like yon bright hues that paint the clouds of eve!
Tearful and saddening with the saddened blaze
Mine eye the gleam pursues with wistful gaze:
Sees shades on shades with deeper tint impend,
Till chill and damp the moonless night descend.

THE KISS.

ONE kiss, dear Maid! I said and sighed—
Your scorn the little boon denied.
Ah why refuse the blameless bliss?
Can danger lurk within a kiss?

Yon viewless Wanderer of the vale,
The SPIRIT of the Western Gale,
At Morning's break, at Evening's close
Inhales the sweetness of the ROSE,
And hovers o'er the uninjured Bloom
Sighing back the soft perfume.
Vigour to the Zephyr's wing
Her nectar-breathing KISSES fling;
And He the glitter of the Dew
Scatters on the ROSE's hue.
Bashful lo! she bends her head,
And darts a blush of deeper Red!

Too well those lovely lips disclose
The Triumphs of the opening Rose;
O fair! O graceful! bid them prove
As pas ive to the breath of Love.
In tender accents, faint and low,
Well-pleased I hear the whispered "No!"
The whispered "No"—how little meant!
Sweet Falsehood that endears Consent!
For on those lovely lips the while
Dawns the soft relenting smile,
And tempts with feigned dissuasion coy
The gentle violence of Joy.

THE ROSE.

AS late each flower that sweetest blows
I plucked, the Garden's pride!
Within the petals of a Rose
A sleeping Love I spied.

Around his brows a beamy wreath
Of many a lucent hue;
All purple glowed his cheek, beneath,
Inebriate with dew.

I softly seized the unguarded Power,
Nor scared his balmy rest;
And placed him, caged within the flower,
On Spotless SARA'S breast.

But when unweeting of the guile
Awoke the prisoner sweet,
He struggled to escape awhile
And stamped his faery feet.

Ah! soon the soul-entrancing sight
Subdued the impatient boy!
He gazed! he thrilled with deep delight!
Then clapped his wings for joy.

"And O!" he cried—"Of magic kind
"What charms this Throne endear!
"Some other LOVE let Venus find—
"I'll fix *my* empire here."

TO A YOUNG ASS.

ITS MOTHER BEING TETHERED NEAR IT.

POOR little Foal of an oppressed Race!
I love the languid Patience of thy face:
And oft with gentle hand I give thee bread,
And clap thy ragged Coat, and pat thy head.
But what thy dulled Spirits hath dismayed,
That never thou dost sport along the glade?
And (most unlike the nature of things young)
That earthward still thy moveless head is hung?
Do thy prophetic Fears anticipate,
Meek Child of Misery! thy future fate?—
The starving meal, and all the thousand aches
"Which patient Merit of the Unworthy takes?"
Or is thy sad heart thrilled with filial pain
To see thy wretched MOTHER'S shortened Chain?

And truly, very piteous is *her* Lot—
Chained to a Log within a narrow spot
Where the close-eaten Grass is scarcely seen,
While sweet around her waves the tempting Green!

Poor Ass! thy Master should have learnt to shew
Pity—best taught by fellowship of Woe!
For much I fear me that *He* lives, like thee,
Half famished in a land of Luxury!
How *askingly* its footsteps hither bend?
It seems to say, "And have I then *one* Friend?"
Innocent Foal! thou poor despised Forlorn!
I hail thee BROTHER—spite of the fool's scorn!
And fain would take thee with me, in the Deal,
Of Peace and mild Equality to dwell,
Where TOIL shall call the charmer HEALTH his Bride,
And LAUGHTER tickle PLENTY'S ribless side!
How thou wouldst toss thy heels in gamesome play,
And frisk about, as Lamb or Kitten gay!
Yea! and more musically sweet to me
Thy dissonant harsh Bray of Joy would be,
Than warbled Melodies that soothe to rest
The aching of pale FASHION'S vacant breast!

THE SIGH.

WHEN Youth his faery reign began
Ere Sorrow had proclaimed me man;
While Peace the present hour beguiled,
And all the lovely Prospect smiled;
Then, MARY! 'mid my lightsome glee
I heaved the painless SIGH for thee.
And when, along the waves of woe,
My harassed Heart was doomed to know
The frantic Burst of Outrage keen,
And the slow Pang that gnaws unseen;
Then shipwrecked on Life's stormy sea
I heaved an anguished SIGH for thee!
But soon Reflection's power imprest
A stiller sadness on my breast;
And sickly Hope with waning eye
Was well content to droop and die
I yielded to the stern decree,
Yet heaved a languid SIGH for thee.
And though in distant climes to roam,
A wanderer from my native home,
I fain would soothe the sense of Ill
And lull to sleep the Joys that will!
Thy Image may not banished be—
Still, Mary! still I SIGH for thee.

1774.

DOMESTIC PEACE.

TELL me, on what holy ground
May DOMESTIC PEACE be found?
Halcyon Daughter of the skies,
Far on fearful wings she flies,
From the pomp of Sceptered State,
From the Rebel's noisy hate.
In a cottaged vale She dwells
Listening to the Sabbath bells!
Still around her steps are seen
Spotless HONOUR'S meeker mien,
LOVE, the sire of pleasing fears,
SORROW smiling through her tears,
And conscious of the past employ
MEMORY, bosom-spring of joy.

LINES WRITTEN AT THE KING'S-ARMS, ROSS,

FORMERLY THE HOUSE OF "THE MAN OF ROSS."

RICHER than MISER o'er his countless hoards,
Nobler than KINGS, or king-polluted LORDS,
Here dwelt the MAN OF ROSS! O Traveller, hear!
Departed Merit claims a reverent tear.
Friend to the friendless, to the sick man health,
With generous joy he viewed his modest wealth;
He hears the widow's heaven-breathed prayer of praise,
He marks the sheltered orphan's tearful gaze,
Or where the sorrow-shrivelled captive lay,
Pours the bright blaze of Freedom's noon-tide ray.
Beneath this roof if thy cheered moments pass,
Fill to the good man's name one grateful glass:
To higher zest shall MEMORY wake thy soul,
And VIRTUE mingled in the ennobled bowl.
But if, like me, through life's distressful scene
Lonely and sad thy pilgrimage hath been;
And if, thy breast with heart-sick anguish fraught,
Thou journeyest onward tempest-tossed in thought;
Here cheat thy cares! in generous visions melt,
And dream of Goodness, thou hast never felt!

LINES TO A BEAUTIFUL SPRING IN A VILLAGE.

ONCE more, sweet Stream! with slow foot wandering near,
I bless thy milky waters cold and clear.
Escaped the flashing of the noontide hours
With one fresh garland of Pierian flowers

(Ere from thy zephyr-haunted brink I turn)
My languid hand shall wreath thy mossy urn.
For not through pathless grove with murmur rude
Thou soothest the sad wood-nymph, SOLITUDE;
Nor thine unseen in cavern depths to well,
The HERMIT-FOUNTAIN of some dripping cell!
Pride of the Vale! thy useful streams supply
The scattered cots and peaceful hamlet nigh.
The elfin tribe around thy friendly banks
With infant uproar and soul-soothing pranks,
Released from school, their little hearts at rest,
Launch paper navies on thy waveless breast.
The rustic here at eve with pensive look
Whistling lorn ditties leans upon his crook,
Or starting pauses with hope-mingled dread
To list the much-loved maid's accustomed tread:
She, vainly mindful of her dame's command,
Loiters, the long-filled pitcher in her hand.
Unboastful Stream! thy fount with pebbled falls
The faded form of past delight recalls,
What time the morning sun of Hope arose,
And all was joy; save when another's woes
A transient gloom upon my soul imprest,
Like passing clouds impictured on thy breast.
Life's current then ran sparkling to the noon,
Or silvery stole beneath the pensive Moon:
Ah! now it works rude brakes and thorns among,
Or o'er the rough rock bursts and foams along!

LINES ON A FRIEND,

WHO DIED OF A FRENZY FEVER INDUCED BY CALUMNIOUS REPORTS.

EDMUND! thy grave with aching eye I scan,
And inly groan for Heaven's poor outcast—Man!
'Tis tempest all or gloom: in early youth
If gifted with the Ithuriel lance of Truth
We force to start amid her feigned caress
VICE, siren-hag! in native ugliness;
A Brother's fate will haply rouse the tear,
And on we go in heaviness and fear!
But if our fond hearts call to PLEASURE's bower
Some pigmy FOLLY in a careless hour,
The faithless guest shall stamp the enchanted ground
And mingled forms of Misery rise around:
Heart-fretting FEAR, with pallid look aghast,
That courts the future woe to hide the past;
REMORSE, the poisoned arrow in his side,
And loud lewd MIRTH, to Anguish close allied:

Till FRENZY, fierce-eyed child of moping pain,
Darts her hot lightning flash athwart the brain.
Rest, injured shade! Shall SLANDER squatting near
Spit her cold venom in a DEAD MAN'S ear?
'Twas thine to feel the sympathetic glow
In Merit's joy, and Poverty's meek woe;
Thine all, that cheer the moment as it flies,
The *zoneless* CARES, and smiling COURTESIES.
Nursed in thy heart the firmer Virtues grew,
And in thy heart they withered! Such chill dew
Wan INDOLENCE on each young blossom shed;
And VANITY her filmy net-work spread,
With eye that rolled around in asking gaze,
And tongue that trafficked in the trade of praise,
Thy follies such! the hard world marked them well—
Were they more wise, the PROUD who never fell?
Rest, injured shade! the poor man's grateful prayer
On heaven-ward wing thy wounded soul shall bear.
As oft at twilight gloom thy grave I pass,
And sit me down upon its recent grass,
With introverted eye I contemplate
Similitude of soul, perhaps of—Fate!
To me hath Heaven with bounteous hand assigned
Energic Reason and a shaping mind,
The daring ken of Truth, the Patriot's part,
The Pity's sigh, that breathes the gentle heart.
Sloth-jaundiced all! and from my graspless hand
Drop Friendship's precious pearls, like hour-glass sand.
I weep, yet stoop not! the faint anguish flows,
A dreamy pang in Morning's feverish doze.

Is this piled earth our Being's passless mound?
Tell me, cold grave! is Death with poppies crowned?
Tired Centinel! mid fitful starts I nod,
And fain would sleep, though pillowed on a clod!

LINES

COMPOSED WHILE CLIMBING THE LEFT ASCENT OF BROCKLEY COOMB, SOMERSETSHIRE, MAY, 1795.

WITH many a pause and oft-reverted eye
I climb the Coomb's ascent: sweet songsters near
Warble in shade their wild-wood melody:
Far off the unvarying Cuckoo soothes my ear.
Up scour the startling stragglers of the Flock
That on green plots o'er precipices browse:
From the forced fissures of the naked rock
The Yew tree bursts! Beneath its dark green boughs
(Mid which the May-thorn blends its blossoms white)
Where broad smooth stones jut out in mossy seats,

I rest :—and now have gained the topmost site.
Ah ! what a luxury of landscape meets
My gaze ! Proud Towers, and Cots more dear to me,
Elm-shadowed Fields, and prospect-bounding Sea !
Deep sighs my lonely heart : I drop the tear :
Enchanting spot ! O were my SARA here !

TO A YOUNG LADY, WITH A POEM ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

MUCH on my early youth I love to dwell,
Ere yet I bade that friendly dome farewell,
Where first, beneath the echoing cloisters pale,
I heard of guilt and wondered at the tale!
Yet though the hours flew by on careless wing,
Full heavily of Sorrow would I sing.
Aye as the star of evening flung its beam
In broken radiance on the wavy stream,
My soul amid the pensive twilight gloom
Mourned with the breeze, O LEE BOO ! * o'er thy tomb.
Where'er I wandered, PITY still was near,
Breathed from the heart and glistened in the tear:
No knell that tolled, but filled my anxious eye,
And suffering Nature wept that *one* should die! †

Thus to sad sympathies I soothed my breast,
Calm, as the rainbow in the weeping West:
When slumbering FREEDOM roused by high DISDAIN
With giant fury burst her triple chain !
Fierce on her front the blasting Dog-star glowed ;
Her Banners, like a midnight Meteor, flowed ;
Amid the yelling of the storm-rent skies
She came, and scattered battles from her eyes !
Then EXULTATION waked the patriot fire
And swept with wilder hand the Aleean lyre :
Red from the Tyrant's wound I shook the lance,
And strode in joy the reeking plains of France !

Fallen is the oppressor, friendless, ghastly, low,
And my heart aches, though MERCY struck the blow.
With wearied thought once more I seek the shade,
Where peaceful Virtue weaves the MYRTLE braid.
And O ! if EYES whose holy glances roll,
Swift messengers, and eloquent of soul ;
If SMILES more winning, and a gentler MIEN
Than the love-wildered Maniac's brain hath seen

* LEE BOO, the son of [illegible], Prince of the Pelew Islands, [illegible] to England with Captain W[illegible], died of the small pox, and is buried in Greenwich churchyard. See Keate's Account.
† Southey's Retrospect.

Shaping celestial forms in vacant air,
If these demand the impassioned Poet's care—
If MIRTH, and softened SENSE, and WIT refined,
The blameless features of a lovely mind;
Then haply shall my trembling hand assign
No fading wreath to BEAUTY'S saintly shrine.
Nor, SARA! thou these early flowers refuse—
Ne'er lurked the snake beneath their simple hues;
No purple bloom the Child of Nature brings
From Flattery's night-shade: as he feels he sings.

September, 1792.

SONNETS.

I.

> Content, as random Fancies might inspire,
> If his weak harp at times or lonely lyre
> He struck with desultory hand, and drew
> Some softened tones to Nature's ear untrue.
>
> BOWLES.

MY heart has thanked thee, BOWLES! for those soft strains
Whose sadness soothes me, like the murmuring
Of wild-bees in the sunny showers of spring!
For hence not callous to the mourner's pains
Through Youth's gay prime and thornless paths I went:
And when the mightier Throes of mind began,
And drove me forth, a thought-bewildered man!
Their mild and manliest melancholy lent
A mingled charm, such as the pang consigned
To slumber, though the big tear it renewed;
Bidding a strange mysterious PLEASURE brood
Over the wavy and tumultuous mind,
As the great SPIRIT erst with plastic sweep
Moved on the darkness of the unformed deep.

II.

As late I lay in slumber's shadowy vale,
With wetted cheek and in a mourner's guise,
I saw the sainted form of FREEDOM rise:
She spake! not sadder moans the autumnal gale—
"Great Son of Genius! sweet to me thy name,
"Ere in an evil hour with altered voice
"Thou badst Oppression's hireling crew rejoice
"Blasting with wizard spell my laurelled fame.
"Yet never, BURKE! thou drank'st Corruption's bowl!
"Thee stormy Pity and the cherished lure
"Of Pomp, and proud Precipitance of soul
"Wildered with meteor fires. Ah Spirit pure!
"That error's mist had left thy purged eye:
"So might I clasp thee with a Mother's joy!"

III.

THOUGH roused by that dark Vizir RIOT rude
Have driven our PRIESTLY o'er the ocean swell;
Though SUPERSTITION and her wolfish brood
Bay his mild radiance, impotent and fell;
Calm in his halls of Brightness he shall dwell!
For lo! RELIGION at his strong behest
Starts with mild anger from the Papal spell,
And flings to Earth her tinsel-glittering vest,
Her mitred state and cumbrous pomp unholy;
And JUSTICE wakes to bid the Oppressor wail
Insulting aye the wrongs of patient Folly;
And from her dark retreat by Wisdom won
Meek NATURE slowly lifts her matron veil
To smile with fondness on her gazing son!

IV.

WHEN British Freedom for an happier land
Spread her broad wings, that fluttered with affright,
ERSKINE! thy voice she heard, and paused her flight
Sublime of hope! For dreadless thou didst stand
(Thy censer glowing with the hallowed flame)
An hireless Priest before the insulted shrine,
And at her altar pour the stream divine
Of unmatched eloquence. Therefore thy name
Her sons shall venerate, and cheer thy breast
With blessings heaven-ward breathed. And when the doom
Of Nature bids thee die, beyond the tomb
Thy light shall shine: as sunk beneath the West
Though the great Summer Sun eludes our gaze,
Still burns wide Heaven with his distended blaze.

V.

IT was some Spirit, SHERIDAN! that breathed
O'er thy young mind such wildly various power!
My soul hath marked thee in her shaping hour,
Thy temples with Hymmettian flow'rets wreathed:
And sweet thy voice, as when o'er Laura's bier
Sad music trembled through Vaucluse's glade;
Sweet, as at dawn the love-lorn Serenade
That wafts soft dreams to Slumber's listening ear.
Now patriot Rage and Indignation high
Swell the full tones! And now thine eye-beams dance
Meanings of Scorn and Wit's quaint revelry!
Writhes inly from the bosom-probing glance
The Apostate by the brainless rout adored,
As erst that elder Fiend beneath great Michael's sword.

VI.

O WHAT a loud and fearful shriek was there,
As though a thousand souls one death-groan poured!
Ah me! they viewed beneath an hireling's sword
Fallen KOSKIUSKO! Through the burthened air
(As pauses the tired Cossac's barbarous yell
Of Triumph) on the chill and midnight gale
Rises with frantic burst or sadder swell
The dirge of murdered Hope! while Freedom pale
Bends in such anguish o'er her destined bier,
As if from eldest time some Spirit meek
Had gathered in a mystic urn each tear
That ever on a Patriot's furrowed cheek
Fit channel found; and she had drained the bowl
In the mere wilfulness, and sick despair of soul!

VII.

As when far off the warbled strains are heard
That soar on Morning's wing the vales among,
Within his cage the imprisoned matin bird
Swells the full chorus with a generous song:
He bathes no pinion in the dewy light,
No Father's joy, no Lover's bliss he shares,
Yet still the rising radiance cheers his sight;
His Fellows' freedom soothes the Captive's cares!
Thou, FAYETTE! who didst wake with startling voice
Life's better sun from that long wintry night,
Thus in thy Country's triumphs shalt rejoice
And mock with raptures high the dungeon's night:
For lo! the morning struggles into day,
And Slavery's spectres shriek and vanish from the ray!

VIII.

THOU gentle Look, that didst my soul beguile,
Why hast thou left me? Still in some fond dream
Revisit my sad heart, auspicious SMILE!
As falls on closing flowers the lunar beam:
What time, in sickly mood, at parting day
I lay me down and think of happier years;
Of Joys, that glimmered in Hope's twilight ray,
Then left me darkling in a vale of tears.
O pleasant days of Hope—for ever gone!
Could I recall you!—But that thought is vain.
Availeth not Persuasion's sweetest tone
To lure the fleet-winged Travellers back again:
Yet fair, though faint, their images shall gleam
Like the bright Rainbow on a willowy stream.

IX.

PALE Roamer through the Night! thou poor Forlorn!
Remorse that man on his death-bed possess,
Who in the credulous hour of tenderness
Betrayed, then cast thee forth to Want and Scorn!
The world is pitiless: the Chaste one's pride
Mimic of Virtue scowls on thy distress:
Thy Loves and they, that envied thee, deride:
And Vice alone will shelter Wretchedness!
Oh! I am sad to think, that there should be
Cold-bosomed Lewd ones, who endure to place
Foul offerings on the shrine of Misery,
And force from FAMINE the caress of LOVE;
May He shed healing on thy sore disgrace,
He, the great COMFORTER that rules above!

X.

SWEET Mercy! how my very heart has bled
To see thee, poor OLD MAN! and thy gray hairs
Hoar with the snowy blast: while no one cares
To clothe thy shrivelled limbs and palsied head.
My Father! throw away this tattered vest
That mocks thy shivering! take my garment—use
A young man's arms! I'll melt these frozen dews
That hang from thy white beard and numb thy breast.
My SARA too shall tend thee, like a Child:
And thou shalt talk, in our fire-side's recess,
Of purple Pride, that scowls on Wretchedness.
He did not so, the GALILEAN mild,
Who met the Lazars turned from rich man's doors,
And called them Friends, and healed their noisome Sores!

XI.

THOU bleedest, my poor HEART! and thy distress
Reasoning I ponder with a scornful smile
And probe thy sore wound sternly, though the while
Swoln be mine eye and dim with heaviness.
Why didst thou listen to Hope's whisper bland?
Or, listening, why forget the healing tale,
When Jealousy with feverish fancies pale
Jarred thy true fibres with a maniac's hand?
Faint was that HOPE, and rayless!—Yet 'twas fair
And soothed with many a dream the hour of rest:
Thou shoulDst have loved it most, when most oppresst,
And nursed it with an agony of Care,
Even as a Mother her sweet infant heir
That wan and sickly droops upon her breast!

XII.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE "ROBBERS."

SCHILLER! that hour I would have wished to die,
If through the shuddering midnight I had sent
From the dark dungeon of the tower time-rent
That Fearful voice, a famished Father's cry—
Lest in some after moment aught more mean
Might stamp me mortal! A triumphant shout
Black HORROR screamed, and all her goblin rout
Diminished shrunk from the more withering scene!
Ah Bard tremendous in sublimity!
Could I behold thee in thy loftier mood
Wandering at eve with finely frenzied eye
Beneath some vast old tempest-swinging wood!
Awhile with mute awe gazing I would brood:
Then weep aloud in a wild ecstasy!

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

ERE Sin could blight or Sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to Heaven conveyed
And bade it blossom there.

LINES

IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

O PEACE, that on a lilied bank dost love
To rest thine head beneath an Olive Tree,
I would, that from the pinions of thy Dove
One quill withouten pain yplucked might be!
For O! I wish my SARA'S frowns to flee,
And fain to her some soothing song would write,
Lest she resent my rude discourtesy,
Who vowed to meet her ere the morning light,
But broke my plighted word—ah! false and recreant wight!

Last night as I my weary head did pillow
With thoughts of my dissevered Fair engrossed,
Chill Fancy drooped wreathing herself with willow,
As though my breast entombed a pining ghost.
"From some blest couch, young Rapture's bridal boast,

"Rejected SLUMBER! hither wing thy way;
"But leave me with the matin hour, at most!
"As night-closed Floweret to the orient ray,
"My sad heart will expand, when I the Maid survey."

But LOVE, who heard the silence of my thought,
Contrived a too successful wile, I ween:
And whispered to himself, with malice fraught—
"Too long our Slave the Damsel's *smiles* hath seen:
"To-morrow shall he ken her altered mien!"
He spake, and ambushed lay, till on my bed
The morning shot her dewy glances keen,
When as I 'gan to lift my drowsy head—
"Now, Bard! I'll work thee woe!" the laughing Elfin said.

SLEEP, softly-breathing God! his downy wing
Was fluttering now, as quickly to depart;
When twanged an arrow from LOVE'S mystic string,
With pathless wound it pierced him to the heart.
Was there some Magic in the Elfin's dart?
Or did he strike my couch with wizard lance?
For straight so fair a Form did upwards start
(No fairer decked the Bowers of old Romance)
That SLEEP enamoured grew, nor moved from his sweet Trance!

My SARA came, with gentlest Look divine;
Bright shone her Eye, yet tender was its beam:
I felt the pressure of her lip to mine!
Whispering we went, and Love was all our theme—
Love pure and spotless, as at first, I deem,
He sprang from Heaven! Such joys with Sleep did 'bide,
That I the living Image of my Dream
Fondly forgot. Too late I woke, and sigh'd—
"O! how shall I behold my Love at even-tide!"

IMITATED FROM OSSIAN.

THE stream with languid murmur creeps,
In LUMIN'S *flowery* vale:
Beneath the dew the Lily weeps
Slow-waving to the gale.

"Cease, restless gale! it seems to say,
"Nor wake me with thy sighing!
"The honours of my vernal day
"On rapid wing are flying.

"To-morrow shall the Traveller come
"Who late beheld me blooming:
"His searching eye shall vainly roam
"The *dreary* vale of LUMIN."

With eager gaze and wetted cheek
My wonted haunts along,
Thus, faithful Maiden ! *thou* shalt seek
The Youth of simplest song.

But I along the breeze shall roll
The voice of feeble power ;
And dwell, the Moon-beam of thy soul,
In Slumber's nightly hour.

THE COMPLAINT OF NINATHÓMA.

How long will ye round me be swelling,
O ye blue-tumbling waves of the Sea ?
Not always in Caves was my dwelling,
Nor beneath the cold blast of the Tree.
Through the high-sounding halls of Cathlóma
In the steps of my Beauty I strayed ;
The Warriors beheld Ninathóma,
And they blessed the white-bosomed Maid !

A GHOST ! by my Cavern it darted !
In moon-beams the Spirit was drest—
For lovely appear the DEPARTED
When they visit the dreams of my Rest !
But disturbed by the Tempest's commotion
Fleet the shadowy forms of Delight—
Ah cease, thou shrill blast of the Ocean !
To howl through my Cavern by Night.

TO AN INFANT.

AH cease thy Tears and Sobs, my little Life !
I did but snatch away the unclasped Knife :
Some safer Toy will soon arrest thine eye
And to quick Laughter change this peevish cry !
Poor Stumbler on the rocky coast of Woe,
Tutored by Pain each source of Pain to know !
Alike the foodful fruit and scorching fire
Awake thy eager grasp and young desire :
Alike the Good, the Ill offend thy sight,
And rouse the stormy Sense of shrill Affright !
Untaught, yet wise ! mid all thy brief alarms
Thou closely clingest to thy Mother's arms,
Nestling thy little face in that fond breast
Whose anxious Heavings lull thee to thy rest !

Man's breathing Miniature! thou mak'st me sigh—
A Babe art thou—and such a Thing am I!
To anger rapid and as soon appeased,
For trifles mourning and by trifles pleased,
Break Friendship's Mirror with a tetchy blow,
Yet snatch what coals of fire on Pleasure's altar glow!

O thou that rearest with celestial aim
The future Seraph in my mortal frame,
Thrice holy FAITH: whatever thorns I meet
As on I totter with unpractised feet,
Still let me stretch my arms and cling to thee,
Meek Nurse of Souls through their long Infancy!

IMITATED FROM THE WELSH.

If, while my passion I impart,
You deem my words untrue,
O place your hand upon my heart—
Feel how it throbs for *you!*

Ah no! reject the thoughtless claim
In pity to your Lover!
That thrilling touch would aid the flame
It wishes to discover.

WRITTEN AT SHURTON BARS, NEAR BRIDGEWATER, SEPTEMBER, 1795,

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER FROM BRISTOL.

Good verse *must* good, and bad verse then your letter
Received from absent friend by way of Letter.
For what so sweet can laboured lays impart
As one rude rhyme warm from a friendly heart?
Anon.

Nor travels my unremitting eye
The starry wilderness on high;
Nor now with curious sight
I mark the glow-worm, as I pass,
Move with "green radiance" through the grass,
An EMERALD of Light.

O ever present to my view!
My waftd spirit is with you,

And soothes your boding fears:
I see you all oppressed with gloom
Sit lonely in that cheerless room—
Ah me! You are in tears!

Beloved Woman! did you fly
Chilled Friendship's dark disliking eye,
Or Mirth's untimely din?
With cruel weight these trifles press
A temper sore with tenderness,
When aches the Void within.

But why with sable wand unblessed
Should Fancy rouse within my breast
Dim-visaged shapes of Dread?
Untenanting its beauteous clay
My SARA's soul has winged its way,
And hovers round my head!

I felt it prompt the tender Dream,
When slowly sunk the day's last gleam;
You roused each gentler sense
As sighing o'er the Blossom's bloom
Meek Evening wakes its soft perfume
With viewless influence.

And hark, my Love! The sea-breeze moans
Through yon reft house! O'er tolling stones
In bold ambitious sweep
The onward-surging tides supply
The silence of the cloudless sky
With mimic thunders deep.

Dark reddening from the channelled Isle *
(Where stands one solitary pile
Unslated by the blast)
The Watchfire, like a sullen star
Twinkles to many a dozing Tar
Rude cradled on the mast.

Even there—beneath that lighthouse tower—
In the tumultuous evil hour
Ere Peace with SARA came,
Time was, I should have thought it sweet
To count the echoings of my feet,
And watch the storm-vexed flame.

And there in black soul-jaundiced fit
A sad gloom-pampered Man to sit,

* The Holmes, in the Bristol Channel.

And listen to the roar :
When mountain Surges bellowing deep
With an uncouth monster leap
Plunged foaming on the shore.

Then by the Lightning's blaze to mark
Some toiling tempest-shattered bark ;
Her vain distress-guns hear ;
And when a second sheet of light
Flashed o'er the blackness of the night—
To see *no* Vessel there !

But Fancy now more gaily sings ;
Or if awhile she droop her wings,
As sky-larks 'mid the corn,
On summer fields she grounds her breast :
The oblivious Poppy o'er her nest
Nods, till returning morn.

O mark the smiling tears, that swell
The opened Rose ! From heaven they fell,
And with the sun-beam blend.
Blessed visitations from above,
Such are the tender woes of Love
Fostering the heart, they bend !

When stormy Midnight howling round
Beats on our roof with clattering sound,
To me your arms you'll stretch :
Great God ! you'll say—To us so kind,
O shelter from this loud bleak wind
The houseless, friendless wretch !

The tears that tremble down your cheek,
Shall bathe my kisses chaste and meek
In Pity's dew divine ;
And from your heart the sighs that steal
Shall kindly over rising bosom feel
The answering swell of mine !

[illegible]
[illegible] shall meet !
[illegible] dart
[illegible] in the [illegible],
And fancy, with a Hesperian's [illegible]
I press you to my [illegible] !

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] ;
[illegible]
[illegible] heart [illegible]
[illegible]

LINES

TO A FRIEND IN ANSWER TO A MELANCHOLY LETTER.

Away, those cloudy looks, that labouring sigh,
The peevish offspring of a sickly hour!
Nor meanly thus complain of Fortune's power,
When the blind Gamester throws a luckless die.

Yon setting Sun dashes a mournful gleam
Behind those broken clouds, his stormy train:
To-morrow shall the many-coloured main
In brightness roll beneath his orient beam!

Wild, as the autumnal gust, the hand of Time
Flies o'er his mystic lyre: in shadowy dance
The alternate groupes of Joy and Grief advance
Responsive to his varying strains sublime!

Bears on its wing each hour a load of Fate,
The swain, who, lulled by Seine's mild murmurs, led
His weary oxen to their nightly shed,
To-day may rule a tempest-troubled State.

Nor shall not Fortune with a vengeful smile
Survey the sanguinary Despot's might,
And haply hurl the Pageant from his height
Unwept to wander in some savage isle.

There shiv'ring sad beneath the tempest's frown
Round his tired limbs to wrap the purple vest;
And mixed with nails and beads, an equal jest!
Barter for food, the jewels of his crown.

RELIGIOUS MUSINGS;

A DESULTORY POEM, WRITTEN ON THE CHRISTMAS EVE OF 1794.

This is the time, when most divine to hear,
The voice of Adoration rouses me,
As with a Cherub's trump: and high upborne,
Yea, mingling with the Choir, I seem to view
The vision of the heavenly multitude,
Who hymned the song of Peace o'er Bethlehem's fields!
Yet thou more bright than all the Angel blaze,
That harbingered thy birth, Thou, Man of Woes!
Despised Galilean! For the Great
Invisible (by symbols only seen)
With a peculiar and surpassing light
Shines from the visage of the oppressed good Man,

When heedless of himself the scourged Saint
Mourns for the Oppressor. Fair the vernal Mead,
Fair the high Grove, the Sea, the Sun, the Stars;
True Impress each of their creating Sire!
Yet nor high Grove, nor many-coloured Mead,
Nor the green Ocean with his thousand Isles,
Nor the starred Azure, nor the sovran Sun,
E'er with such majesty of portraiture
Imaged the supreme beauty uncreate,
As thou, meek Saviour! at the fearful hour
When thy insulted Anguish winged the prayer
Heard by Archangels, when they sing of Mercy!
Which when the ALMIGHTY heard from forth his Throne,
Diviner light filled Heaven with ecstacy!
Heaven's hymnings paused; and Hell her yawning mouth
Closed a brief moment.

Lovely was the Death
Of Him whose Life was Love! Holy with power
He on the thought-benighted Sceptic beamed
Manifest Godhead, melting into day
What floating mists of dark Idolatry
Broke and misshaped the Omnipresent Sire:
And first by FEAR uncharmed the drowsed Soul,*
Till of its nobler Nature it 'gan feel
Dim recollections; and thence soared to HOPE,
Strong to believe whate'er of mystic good
The Eternal doons for his immortal Sons.
From HOPE and firmer FAITH to perfect LOVE
Attracted and absorbed: and centered there
GOD only to behold, and know, and feel,
Till by exclusive Consciousness of God
All self-annihilated it shall make
GOD its Identity: GOD all in all!
We and our Father ONE!

And blessed are they,
Who in this fleshly World, the elect of Heaven,
Their strong eye darting through the deeds of Men,
Adore with steadfast unpresuming gaze
Him Nature's Essence, Mind, and Energy!
And gazing, trembling, patiently ascend
Treading beneath their feet all visible things
As steps, that upward to their Father's Throne
Lead gradual—else nor glorified nor loved,
THEY nor Contempt embosom nor Revenge:
For THEY dare know of what may seem defect
The SUPREME FAIR sole Operant: in whose sight

* To N[illegible] [illegible] of [illegible]

[illegible]

All things are pure, his strong controlling Love
Alike from all educing perfect good.
Theirs too celestial courage, inly armed—
Dwarfing Earth's giant brood, what time they muse
On their great Father, great beyond compare!
And marching onward view high o'er their heads
His waving Banners of Omnipresence.

Who the Creator Love, created might
Dread not: within their tents no Terrors walk.
For they are Holy Things before the Lord
Aye unprofaned, though Earth should league with Hell;
God's Altar grasping with an eager hand
FEAR, the wild-visaged, pale, eye-starting wretch,
Sure-refuged hears his hot pursuing fiends
Yell at vain distance. Soon refreshed from Heaven
He calms the throb and tempest of his heart.
His countenance settles: a soft solemn bliss
Swims in his eye—his swimming eye upraised;
And Faith's whole armour glitters on his limbs!
And thus transfigured with a dreadless awe,
A solemn hush of soul, meek he beholds
All things of terrible seeming; yea, unmoved
Views e'en the immitigable ministers
That shower down vengeance on these latter days.
For kindling with intenser Deity
From the celestial MERCY-SEAT they come,
And at the renovating Wells of LOVE
Have filled their Vials with salutary Wrath,
To sickly Nature more medicinal
Than what soft balm the weeping good man pours
Into the lone despoiled traveller's wounds!

Thus from the Elect, regenerate through faith,
Pass the dark Passions and what thirsty Cares
Drink up the spirit and the dim regards
Self-centre. Lo they vanish! or acquire
New names, new features—by supernal grace
Enrobed with Light, and naturalized in Heaven.
As when a Shepherd on a vernal morn
Through some thick fog creeps timorous with slow foot,
Darkling he fixes on the immediate road
His downward eye: all else of fairest kind
Hid or deformed. But lo! the bursting Sun!
Touched by the enchantment of that sudden beam
Straight the black vapour melteth, and in globes
Of dewy glitter gems each plant and tree;
On every leaf, on every blade it hangs!
Dance glad the new-born intermingling rays,
And wide around the landscape streams with glory!

There is one Mind, one omnipresent Mind,

Omnipotence! His most holy name is LOVE.
Truth of sublimest import! with the wealth
Wherewith feeds and saturates his constant soul,
He from his small particular orbit flies
With blessed outstarting! From HIMSELF he flies,
Stands in the Sun, and with no partial gaze
Views all creation; and he loves it all,
And blesses it, and calls it very good!
This is indeed to dwell with the most High!
Cherubs and rapture-trembling Seraphim
Can press no nearer to the Almighty's Throne.
But that we roam unconscious, or with hearts
Unfeeling of our universal Sire,
And that in his vast family no Cain
Injures uninjured (in her best-aimed blow
Victorious MURDER a blind Suicide)
Haply for this some younger Angel now
Looks down on Human Nature: and, behold!
A sea of blood bestrewed with wrecks, where all
Embattling INTERESTS on each other rush
With unrelenting Rage!

'Tis the sublime of man,
Our noontide Majesty, to know ourselves
Parts and proportions of one wonderous whole!
This fraternizes man, this constitutes
Our charities and bearings. But 'tis God
Diffused through all, that doth make all one whole;
This the worst superstition, him except
Aught to desire, SUPREME REALITY!
The plenitude and permanence of bliss!
O Fiends of SUPERSTITION! not that oft
The erring Priest hath stained with Brother's blood
Your grisly idols, not for this may Wrath
Thunder against you from the Holy One!
But o'er some plain that steameth to the Sun,
Peopled with Death; or where more hideous TRADE
Loud-laughing packs his bales of human anguish;
I will raise up a mourning, O ye Fiends!
And curse your spells, that film the eye of Faith,
Hiding the present God; while superstitious lust,
The mental world's Cohera, we become
An Atomic of Spirits! frozen, hatched,
Motionless by fusion, distinct of soul,
No common centre. Man, no common sire
Knoweth! A wretched Infant lost in crowd,
Mid countless brethren and a family feast
Through courts and cities the smooth Savage roams,
Feeling himself, his own low self the whole;
When he by sacred sympathy might make
The whole OUR SELF! God, that no alien knows!
SELF, far diffused as Fancy's wing can travel!

SELF, spreading still! Oblivious of its own,
Yet all of all possessing! This is FAITH!
This the MESSIAH's destined victory!

But first offences needs must come! Even now*
(Black Hell laughs horrible—to hear the scoff!)
THEE to defend, meek Galilæan! THEE
And thy mild laws of Love unutterable,
Mistrust and Enmity have burst the bands
Of social Peace; and listening Treachery lurks
With *pious* fraud to snare a brother's life;
And childless widows o'er the groaning land
Wail numberless; and orphans weep for bread!
THEE to defend, dear Saviour of Mankind!
THEE, Lamb of God! THEE, blameless Prince of Peace!
From all sides rush the thirsty brood of War?
AUSTRIA, and that foul WOMAN of the NORTH,
The lustful Murderess of her wedded Lord!
And he, connatural Mind! whom (in their songs
So bards of elder time had haply feigned)
Some Fury fondled in her hate to man,
Bidding her serpent hair in mazy surge
Lick his young face, and at his mouth inbreathe
Horrible sympathy! And leagued with these
Each petty German princeling, nursed in gore!
Soul-hardened barterers of human blood!
Death's prime Slave-merchants! Scorpion-whips of Fate!
Nor least in savagery of holy zeal,
Apt for the yoke, the race degenerate,
Whom Britain erst had blushed to call her son!
THEE to defend the Moloch Priest prefers
The prayer of hate, and bellows to the herd
That Deity, ACCOMPLICE Deity
In the fierce jealousy of wakened wrath
Will go forth with our armies and our fleets
To scatter the red ruin on their foes!
O blasphemy! to mingle fiendish deeds
With blessedness!

Lord of unsleeping Love,†

* January 21st, 1794, in the debate on the Address to his Majesty, on the speech from the Throne, the Earl of Guildford moved an Amendment to the following effect: "That the House hoped his Majesty would seize the earliest opportunity to conclude a peace with France, &c." This motion was opposed by the Duke of Portland, who "considered the war to be merely grounded on one principle the preservation of the CHRISTIAN RELIGION." May 30th, 1794, the Duke of Bedford moved a number of Resolutions, with a view to the Establishment of a Peace with France. He was opposed (among others) by Lord Abingdon in these remarkable words: "The best road to Peace, my Lords, is WAR! and WAR carried on in the same manner in which we are taught to worship our CREATOR, namely, with all our souls, and with all our minds, and with all our hearts, and with all our strength."

† Art thou not from everlasting, O Lord, mine Holy One? We shall not die. O Lord, thou hast ordained them for Judgment, &c.—*Habakkuk.*

From everlasting Thou! We shall not die.
These, even these, in mercy didst thou form,
Teachers of Good through Evil, by brief wrong
Making Truth lovely, and her future might
Magnetic o'er the fixed untrembling heart.

In the primeval age a dateless while
The vacant Shepherd wandered with his flock
Pitching his tent where'er the green grass wave d.
But soon Imagination conjured up
An host of new desires: with busy aim,
Each for himself, Earth's eager children toiled.
So PROPERTY began, twy-streaming fount,
Whence Vice and Virtue flow, honey and gall.
Hence the soft couch, and many-coloured robe,
The timbrel, and arched dome and costly feast,
With all the inventive arts, that nursed the soul
To forms of beauty, and by sensual wants
Unsensualized the mind, which in the means
Learnt to forget the grossness of the end,
Best pleasured with its own activity.
And hence Disease that withers manhood's arm,
The daggered Envy, spirit-quenching Want,
Warriors, and Lords, and Priests—all the sore ills
That vex and desolate our mortal life.
Wide-wasting ills! yet each the immediate source
Of mightier good. Their keen necessities
To ceaseless action goading human thought
Have made Earth's reasoning animal her Lord;
And the pale-featured Sage's trembling hand
Strong as an host of armed Deities,
Such as the blind Ionian fabled erst.

From Avarice thus, from Luxury and War
Sprang heavenly Science; and from Science Freedom.
O'er wakened realms Philosophers and Bards
Spread in concentric circles: they whose souls,
Conscious of their high dignities from God,
Brook not Wealth's rivalry! and they who long
Enamoured with the charms of order hate
The unseemly disproportion: and whoe'er
Turn with mild sorrow from the victor's car
And the low puppetry of thrones, to muse
On that blest triumph, when the PATRIOT SAGE
Called the red lightnings from the o'er-rushing cloud
And dashed the beauteous Terrors on the earth
Smiling majestic. Such a phalanx ne'er
Measured firm paces to the calming sound
Of Spartan flute! These on the fated day,
When, stung to rage by Pity, eloquent men
Have roused with pealing voice the unnumbered tribes
That toil and groan and bleed, hungry and blind.

These hushed awhile with patient eye serene
Shall watch the mad careering of the storm;
Then o'er the wild and wavy chaos rush
And tame the outrageous mass, with plastic might
Moulding Confusion to such perfect forms,
As erst were wont, bright visions of the day!
To float before them, when, the Summer noon,
Beneath some arched romantic rock reclined
They felt the sea breeze lift their youthful locks;
Or in the month of blossoms, at mild eve,
Wandering with desultory feet inhaled
The wafted perfumes, and the flocks and woods
And many-tinted streams and setting Sun
With all his gorgeous company of clouds
Ecstatic gazed! then homeward as they strayed
Cast the sad eye to earth, and inly mused
Why there was Misery in a world so fair.
Ah far removed from all that glads the sense,
From all that softens or ennobles Man,
The wretched Many! Bent beneath their loads
They gape at pageant Power, nor recognise
Their lots' transmuted plunder! From the tree
Of Knowledge, ere the vernal sap had risen
Rudely disbranched! *Blessed* Society!
Fitliest depictured by some sun-scorched waste,
Where oft majestic through the tainted noon
The SIMOOM sails, before whose purple pomp
Who falls not prostrate dies! And where, by night,
Fast by each precious fountain on green herbs
The lion couches; or hyæna dips
Deep in the lucid stream his bloody jaws;
Or serpent plants his vast moon glittering bulk,
Caught in whose monstrous twine Behemoth * yells,
His bones loud-crashing!

O ye numberless,
Whom foul Oppression's ruffian gluttony
Drives from life's plenteous feast! O thou poor Wretch
Who nursed in darkness and made wild by want
Roamest for prey, yea thy unnatural hand
Dost lift to deeds of blood! O pale-eyed Form,
The victim of seduction, doomed to know
Polluted nights and days of blasphemy;
Who in loathed orgies with lewd wassailers
Must gaily laugh, while thy remembered Home
Gnaws like a viper at thy secret heart!
O aged Women! ye who weekly catch
The morsel tossed by law-forced Charity,

* Behemoth, in Hebrew, signifies wild beasts in general. Some believe it is the elephant, some the hippopotamus; some affirm it is the wild bull. Poetically, it designates any large quadruped.

And die so slowly, that none call it murder!
O loathly Suppliants! ye, that unreceived
Totter heart-broken from the closing gates
Of the full Lazar-house; or, gazing, stand
Sick with despair! O ye to Glory's field
Forced or ensnared, who, as ye gasp in death,
Bleed with new wounds beneath the Vulture's beak!
O thou poor Widow, who in dreams dost view
Thy Husband's mangled corse, and from short doze
Start'st with a shriek: or in thy half-thatched cot
Waked by the wintry night-storm, wet and cold,
Cow'rst o'er thy screaming baby! Rest awhile,
Children of Wretchedness! More groans must rise,
More blood must stream, or ere your wrongs be full.
Yet is the day of Retribution nigh:
The Lamb of God hath opened the fifth seal:
And upward rush on swiftest wing of fire
The innumerable multitude of Wrongs
By man on man inflicted! Rest awhile,
Children of Wretchedness! The hour is nigh;
And lo! the Great, the Rich, the Mighty Men,
The Kings and the Chief Captains of the World,
With all that fixed on high like stars of Heaven
Shot baleful influence, shall be cast to earth,
Vile and down-trodden, as the untimely fruit
Shook from the fig-tree by a sudden storm.
Even now the storm begins:* each gentle name,
Faith and meek Piety, with fearful joy
Tremble far-off—for lo! the Giant FRENZY
Uprooting empires with his whirlwind arm
Mocketh high Heaven; burst hideous from the cell
Where the old Hag, unconquerable, huge,
Creation's eyeless drudge, black RUIN, sits
Nursing the impatient earthquake.

O return!
Pure FAITH! meek PIETY! The abhorred Form
Whose scarlet robe was stiff with earthly pomp,
Who drank Infinity in cups of Gold,
Whose names were many and all blasphemous,
Hath met the horrible judgment! Whence that cry?
The mighty army of fond Spirits shrieked
Disherited of earth! For she hath fallen
On whose black front was written MYSTERY;
She that reeled heavily, whose wine was blood;
She that sat down whoredom with the DEMONS POWER
And hot the dark embrace all evil things
Brought forth, and nurtured: mitred ATHEISM;
And patient FOLLY who on bended knee

* Alluding to the French Revolution.

Gives back the steel that stabbed him; and pale FEAR
Hunted by ghastlier shapings than surround
Moon-blasted Madness when he yells at midnight!
Return pure FAITH! return meek PIETY!
The kingdoms of the world are yours: each heart
Self governed, the vast family of Love
Raised from the common earth by common toil
Enjoy the equal produce. Such delights
As float to earth, permitted visitants!
When in some hour of solemn jubilee
The massy gates of Paradise are thrown
Wide open, and forth come in fragments wild
Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies,
And odours snatched from beds of Amaranth,
And they, that from the crystal river of life
Spring up on freshened wing, ambrosial gales!
The favoured good man in his lonely walk
Perceives them, and his silent spirit drinks
Strange bliss which he shall recognise in heaven.
And such delights, such strange beatitude
Seize on my young anticipating heart
When that blest future rushes on my view!
For in his own and in his Father's might
The SAVIOUR comes! While as the THOUSAND YEARS
Lead up their mystic dance, the DESERT shouts!
Old OCEAN claps his hands! The mighty Dead
Rise to new life, whoe'er from earliest time
With conscious zeal had urged Love's wondrous plan,
Coadjutors of God. To MILTON'S trump
The high Groves of the renovated Earth
Unbosom their glad echoes: inly hushed,
Adoring NEWTON his serener eye
Raises to heaven: and he of mortal kind
Wisest, he* first who marked the ideal tribes
Up the fine fibres through the sentient brain.
Lo! PRIESTLEY there, Patriot, and Saint, and Sage,
Him, full of years, from his loved native land
Statesmen blood-stained and Priests idolatrous
By dark lies maddening the blind multitude
Drove with vain hate. Calm, pitying he retired,
And mused expectant on these promised years.

O Years! the blest preeminence of Saints!
Ye sweep athwart my gaze, so heavenly-bright,
The wings that veil the adoring Seraph's eyes,
What time he bends before the Jasper Throne †
Reflect no lovelier hues! yet ye depart,

---

* David Hartley.

† Rev. chap. iv., v. 2, and 3: And immediately I was in the Spirit: and behold, a Throne, was set in Heaven, and one sat on the Throne. And he that sat was to look upon like a jasper and sardine stone, &c.

And all beyond is darkness! Heights most strange,
Whence Fancy falls, fluttering her idle wing.
For who of woman born may paint the hour,
When seized in his mid course, the Sun shall wane
Making noon ghastly! Who of woman born
May image in the workings of his thought,
How the black-visaged, red-eyed Fiend outstretched *
Beneath the unsteady feet of Nature groans,
In feverish slumbers—destined then to wake,
When fiery whirlwinds thunder his dread name
And Angels shout, DESTRUCTION! How his arm
The last great Spirit lifting high in air
Shall swear by Him, the ever-living ONE,
TIME IS NO MORE!

Believe thou, O my soul,
Life is a vision shadowy of Truth;
And vice, and anguish, and the wormy grave,
Shapes of a dream! The veiling clouds retire,
And lo! the Throne of the redeeming God
Forth flashing unimaginable day
Wraps in one blaze earth, heaven, and deepest hell.

Contemplant Spirits! ye that hover o'er
With untired gaze the immeasurable fount
Ebullient with creative Deity!
And ye of plastic power, that interfused
Roll through the grosser and material mass
In organizing surge! Holies of God!
(And what if Monads of the infinite mind)
I haply journeying my immortal course
Shall sometime join your mystic choir? Till then
I discipline my young noviciate thought
In ministeries of heart-stirring song,
And aye on Meditation's heavenward wing
Soaring aloft I breathe the empyreal air
Of LOVE, omnific, omnipresent LOVE,
Whose day-spring rises glorious in my soul
As the great Sun, when he his influence
Sheds on the frost-bound waters. The glad stream
Flows to the ray and warbles as it flows.

* The final Destruction [illegible]

THE DESTINY OF NATIONS.

A VISION.

AUSPICIOUS REVERENCE! Hush all meaner song,
Ere we the deep preluding strain have poured
To the GREAT FATHER, only RIGHTFUL KING,
ETERNAL FATHER! KING OMNIPOTENT!
THE WILL, THE WORD, THE BREATH,—THE LIVING GOD.

Such symphony requires best instrument.
Seize, then, my soul! from Freedom's trophied dome
The Harp which hangeth high between the Shields
Of Brutus and Leonidas! With that
Strong music, that soliciting spell, force back
Earth's free and stirring spirit that lies entranced.

For what is Freedom, but the unfettered use
Of all the powers which God for use had given?
But chiefly this, him First, him Last to view
Through meaner powers and secondary things
Effulgent, as through clouds that veil his blaze.
For all that meets the bodily sense I deem
Symbolical, one mighty alphabet
For infant minds; and we in this low world
Placed with our backs to bright Reality,
That we may learn with young unwounded eyes
The substance from its shadow. Infinite Love,
Whose latence is the plenitude of All,
Thou with retracted Beams, and Self-eclipse
Veiling, revealest thine eternal Sun.

But some there are who deem themselves most free
When they within this gross and visible sphere
Chain down the winged thought, scoffing ascent
Proud in their meanness: and themselves they cheat
With noisy emptiness of learned phrase,
Their subtle fluids, impacts, essences,
Self-working tools, uncaused effects, and all
Those blind Omniscients, those Almighty Slaves,
Untenanting creation of its God.

But properties are God: the naked mass
(If mass there be, fantastic Guess or Ghost)
Acts only by its inactivity.
Here we pause humbly. Others boldlier think
That as one body seems the aggregate
Of Atoms numberless, each organized;
So by a strange and dim similitude
Infinite myriads of self-conscious minds
Are one all-conscious Spirit, which informs

With absolute ubiquity of thought
(His one eternal self-affirming Act!)
All his involved Monads, that yet seem
With various province and apt agency
Each to pursue its own self-centering end.
Some nurse the infant diamond in the mine;
Some roll the genial juices through the oak;
Some drive the mutinous clouds to clash in air,
And rushing on the storm with whirlwind speed,
Yoke the red lightning to their volleying car.
Thus these pursue their never-varying course,
No eddy in their stream. Others, more wild,
With complex interests weaving human fates,
Duteous or proud, alike obedient all,
Evolve the process of eternal good.

And what if some rebellious, o'er dark realms
Arrogate power? yet these train up to God,
And on the rude eye, unconfirmed for day,
Flash meteor-lights better than total gloom.
As ere from Lieule-Oaive's vapoury head
The Laplander beholds the far-off Sun
Dart his slant beam on unobeying snows,
While yet the stern and solitary Night
Brooks no alternate sway, the Boreal Morn
With mimic lustre substitutes its gleam,
Guiding his course or by Niemi lake
Or Balda-Zhiok,* or the mossy stone
Of Solfar-kapper,† while the snowy blast
Drifts arrowy by, or eddies round his sledge,
Making the poor babe at its mother's back ‡
Scream in its scanty cradle: he the while
Wins gentle solace as with upward eye
He marks the streamy banners of the North,
Thinking himself those happy spirits shall join
Who there in floating robes of rosy light
Dance sportively. For Fancy is the Power

* [illegible] the [illegible] in [illegible]

† [illegible] Solfar-kapper, [illegible] Solfar-kapper [illegible] *Dr. Leyden's note.*

‡ [illegible] *Dr. Leyden's note.*

That first unsensualizes the dark mind,
Giving it new delights; and bids it swell
With wild activity; and peopling air,
By obscure fears of Beings invisible,
Emancipates it from the grosser thrall
Of the present impulse, teaching Self-control,
Till Superstition with unconscious hand
Seat Reason on her throne. Wherefore not vain,
Nor yet without permitted power impressed,
I deem those legends terrible, with which
The polar ancient thrills his uncouth throng:
Whether of pitying Spirits that make their moan
O'er slaughtered infants, or that Giant Bird
VUOKHO, of whose rushing wings the noise
Is Tempest, when the unutterable* shape
Speeds from the mother of Death, and utters once
That shriek, which never Murderer heard, and lived.
Or if the Greenland Wizard in strange trance
Pierces the untravelled realms of Ocean's bed
(Where live the innocent as far from cares
As from the storms and overwhelming waves
Dark tumbling on the surface of the deep),
Over the abysm, even to that uttermost cave
By mis-shaped prodigies beleaguered, such
As Earth ne'er bred, nor Air, nor the upper Sea.

There dwells the Fury Form, whose unheard name
With eager eye, pale cheek, suspended breath,
And lips half-opening with the dread of sound,
Unsleeping SILENCE guards, worn out with fear
Lest haply escaping on some treacherous blast
The fateful word let slip the Elements
And frenzy Nature. Yet the wizard her,
Armed with Torngarsuck's† power, the Spirit of Good,
Forces to unchain the foodful progeny
Of the Ocean stream.—Wild phantasies! yet wise,
On the victorious goodness of high God
Teaching Reliance, and Medicinal Hope,
Till from Bethabra northward, heavenly Truth
With gradual steps winning her difficult way,
Transfer their rude Faith perfected and pure.

If there be Beings of higher class than Man,

* Tulume Aibmo.

† They call the Good Spirit Torngarsuck. The other great but malignant spirit is a nameless Female: she dwells under the sea in a great house, where she can detain in captivity all the animals of the ocean by her magic power. When a dearth befalls the Greenlanders, an Angekok or magician must undertake a journey thither. He passes through the kingdom of souls, over an horrible abyss into the Palace of this phantom, and by his enchantments causes the captive creatures to ascend directly to the surface of the ocean.

See CRANZ' *Hist. of Greenland*, vol. i. 206.

I deem no nobler province they possess,
Than by disposal of apt circumstance
To rear up Kingdoms: and the deeds they prompt,
Distinguishing from mortal agency,
They chuse their human ministers from such states
As still the Epic Song half fears to name,
Repelled from all the Minstrelsies that strike
The Palace-Roof and sooth the Monarch's pride.

And such, perhaps, the Spirit, who (if words
Witnessed by answering deeds may claim our Faith)
Held commune with that warrior-maid of France
Who scourged the Invader. From her infant days,
With Wisdom, Mother of retired Thoughts,
Her soul had dwelt; and she was quick to mark
The good and evil thing, in human lore
Undisciplined. For lowly was her Birth,
And Heaven had doomed her early years to Toil
That pure from Tyranny's least deed, herself
Unfeared by Fellow-natures, she might wait
On the poor Labouring man with kindly looks,
And minister refreshment to the tired
Way-wanderer, when along the rough-hewn Bench
The sweltry man had stretched him, and aloft
Vacantly watched the rudely pictured board
Which on the Mulberry-bough with welcome creak
Swung to the pleasant breeze. Here, too, the Maid
Learnt more than Schools could teach: Man's shifting mind,
His Vices and his Sorrows! And full oft
At Tales of cruel Wrong and strange Distress
Had wept and shivered. To the tottering Eld
Still as a Daughter would she run: she placed
His cold Limbs at the sunny Door, and loved
To hear him story, in his garrulous sort,
Of his eventful years, all come and gone.

So twenty seasons passed. The Virgin's Form,
Active and tall, nor Sloth nor Luxury
Had shrunk or pulled. Her front sublime and broad,
Her flexile eye-brows wildly haired and low,
And her full eye, now bright, now unillumed,
Spake more than Woman's Thought; and all her face
Was moulded to such Features as declared
That Pity there had oft and strongly worked,
And sometimes Indignation too. Bold her mien,
And like an haughty Huntress of the woods
She moved: yet sure she was a gentle maid!
And in each note of her most innocent soul
Beamed forth so lovingly, that who saw would say
Guilt was a strange, strange ill to her! [illegible]
Nightly would [illegible] and lived

In this bad World, as in a place of Tombs
And touched not the pollutions of the Dead.

'Twas the cold season when the Rustic's eye
From the drear desolate whiteness of his fields
Rolls for relief to watch the skiey tints
And clouds slow-varying their huge imagery;
When now, as she was wont, the healthful Maid
Had left her pallet ere one beam of day
Slanted the fog-smoke. She went forth alone
Urged by the indwelling angel-guide, that oft,
With dim inexplicable sympathies
Disquieting the Heart, shapes out Man's course
To the predoomed adventure. Now the ascent
She climbs of that steep upland, on whose top
The Pilgrim-Man, who long since eve had watched
The alien shine of unconcerning Stars,
Shouts to himself, there first the Abbey-lights
Seen in Neufchatel's vale; now slopes adown
The winding sheep-track valeward: when, behold
In the first entrance of the level road
An unattended Team! The foremost horse
Lay with stretched limbs; the others, yet alive
But stiff and cold, stood motionless, their manes
Hoar with the frozen night-dews. Dismally
The dark-red dawn new glimmered; but its gleams
Disclosed no face of man. The maiden paused,
Then hailed who might be near. No voice replied.
From the thwart wain at length there reached her ear
A sound so feeble that it almost seemed
Distant: and feebly, with slow effort pushed,
A miserable man crept forth: his limbs
The silent frost had eat, seathing like fire.
Faint on the shafts he rested. She, mean time,
Saw crowded close beneath the coverture
A mother and her children—lifeless all,
Yet lovely! not a lineament was marred—
Death had put on so slumber-like a form!
It was a piteous sight; and one, a babe,
The crisp milk frozen on its innocent lips,
Lay on the woman's arm, its little hand
Stretched on her bosom.

Mutely questioning,
The Maid gazed wildly at the living wretch.
He, his head feebly turning, on the group
Looked with a vacant stare, and his eyes spoke
The drowsy calm that steals on worn-out anguish.
She shuddered; but, each vainer pang subdued,
Quick disentangling from the foremost horse
The rustic bands, with difficulty and toil
The stiff cramped team forced homeward. There arrived,

Anxiously tends him she with healing herbs,
And weeps and prays—but the numb power of Death
Spreads o'er his limbs; and ere the noon-tide hour,
The hovering spirits of his Wife and Babes
Hail him immortal! Yet amid his pangs,
With interruptions long from ghastly throes,
His voice had faltered out this simple tale.

The Village, where he dwelt an Husbandman,
By sudden inroad had been seized and fired
Late on the yester-evening. With his wife
And little ones he hurried his escape.
They saw the neighbouring Hamlets flame, they heard
Uproar and shrieks! and terror-struck drove on
Through unfrequented roads, a weary way!
But saw nor house nor cottage. All had quenched
Their evening hearth-fire: for the alarm had spread.
The air clipt keen, the night was fanged with frost,
And they provisionless! The weeping wife
Ill hushed her children's moans; and still they moaned,
Till Fright and Cold and Hunger drank their life.
They closed their eyes in sleep, nor knew 'twas Death.
He only, lashing his o'er-wearied team,
Gained a sad respite, till beside the base
Of the high hill his foremost horse dropped dead.
Then hopeless, strengthless, sick for lack of food,
He crept beneath the coverture, entranced,
Till wakened by the maiden.—Such his tale.

Ah! suffering to the height of what was suffered,
Stung with too keen a sympathy, the Maid
Brooded with moving lips, mute, startful, dark!
And now her flushed tumultuous features shot
Such strange vivacity, as fires the eye
Of misery Fancy-crazed! and now once more
Naked, and void, and fixed, and all within
The unquiet silence of confused thought
And shapeless feelings. For a mighty hand
Was strong upon her, till in the heat of soul
To the high hill-top tracing back her steps,
Aside the beacon, up whose smouldered stones
The tender ivy-trails crept thinly, there,
Unconscious of the driving element,
Yea, swallowed up in the ominous dim, the air,
Ghastly as blood-eyed Slumber! a dim anguish
Breathed from her look! and still with pant and sob,
Inly she toiled to the, and still subdued,
Felt an inevitable Presence near.

Thus as she toiled in troublous ecstasy,
An horror of great darkness swaypt her round,
And a voice uttered from unearthly tones,

Calming her soul,—" O Thou of the Most High
" Chosen, whom all the perfected in Heaven
" Behold expectant——

[The following fragments were intended to form part of the Poem when finished.]

" Maid beloved of Heaven!
(To her the tutelary Power exclaimed)
" Of CHAOS the adventurous progeny
" Thou seest; foul missionaries of foul sire,
" Fierce to regain the losses of that hour
" When LOVE rose glittering, and his gorgeous wings
" Over the abyss fluttered with such glad noise,
" As what time after long and pestful calms,
" With slimy shapes and mis-created life
" Poisoning the vast Pacific, the fresh breeze
" Wakens the merchant-sail uprising. Night
" An heavy unimaginable moan
" Sent forth, when she the PROTOPLAST beheld
" Stand beauteous on Confusion's charmed wave.
" Moaning she fled, and entered the Profound
" That leads with downward windings to the Cave
" Of darkness palpable, Desert of Death
" Sunk deep beneath GEHENNA'S massy roots.
" There many a dateless age the beldame lurked
" And trembled; till engendered by fierce HATE,
" Fierce HATE and gloomy HOPE, a DREAM arose.
" Shaped like a black cloud marked with streaks of fire.
" It roused the Hell-Hag: she the dew-damp wiped
" From off her brow, and through the uncouth maze
" Retraced her steps; but ere she reached the mouth
" Of that drear labyrinth, shuddering she paused,
" Nor dared re-enter the diminished Gulph.
" As through the dark vaults of some mouldered Tower
" (Which, fearful to approach, the evening Hind
" Circles at distance in his homeward way)
" The winds breathe hollow, deemed the plaining groan
" Of prisoned spirits; with such fearful voice
" NIGHT murmured, and the sound through Chaos went.
" Leaped at her call her hideous-fronted brood!
" A dark behest they heard, and rushed on earth;
" Since that sad hour, in Camps and Courts adored,
" Rebels from God, and Monarchs o'er Mankind!"

—

From his obscure haunt
Shrieked FEAR, of Cruelty the ghastly Dam,
Feverish yet freezing, eager-paced yet slow,
As she that creeps from foth her swampy reeds,
Ague, the biform Hag! when early Spring
Beams on the marsh-bred vapours.

—

"Even so" (the exulting Maiden said)
"The sainted Heralds of Good Tidings fell,
"And thus they witnessed God! But now the clouds
"Treading, and storms beneath their feet, they soar
"Higher, and higher soar, and soaring sing
"Loud songs of Triumph! O ye spirits of God,
"Hover around my mortal agonies!"
She spake, and instantly faint melody
Melts on her ear, soothing and sad, and slow,
Such measures, as at calmest midnight heard
By aged Hermit in his holy dream,
Foretell and solace death; and now they rise
Louder, as when with harp and mingled voice
The white-robed* multitude of slaughtered saints
At Heaven's wide-opened portals gratulant
Receive some martyr'd Patriot. The harmony
Entranced the Maid, till each suspended sense
Brief slumber seized, and confused ecstasy.

At length awakening slow, she gazed around:
And through a Mist, the relict of that trance,
Still thinning as she gazed, an Isle appeared,
Its high, o'er-hanging, white, broad-breasted cliffs,
Glassed on the subject ocean. A vast plain
Stretched opposite, where ever and anon
The Plough-man following sad his meagre team
Turned up fresh sculls unstartled, and the bones
Of fierce hate-breathing combatants, who there
All mingled lay beneath the common earth,
Death's gloomy recollement! O'er the field
Stept a fair form, repairing all she might,
Her temples olive-wreathed; and where she trod,
Fresh flowerets rose, and many a foodful herb.
But wan her cheek, her foot-steps insecure,
And anxious pleasure beamed in her faint eye,
As she had newly left a couch of pain,
Pale Convalescent! (Yet some time to rule
With power exclusive o'er the willing world,
That blessed prophetic immediate then fulfilled
PEACE be on Earth!) An happy while, but brief,
She seemed to wander with assiduous feet,
And healed the recent harm of cliff and blight,
And nursed each plant that fair and virtuous grew.

But soon a deep pace in the vortal mounted hollow:
Black rose the clouds, and lo, (as in a dream)

* Revel. vii. 11. "And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held. And white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a season, until their fellow-servants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled."

Their reddening shapes, transformed to Warrior-hosts,
Coursed o'er the Sky, and battled in mid-air.
Nor did not the large blood-drops fall from Heaven
Portentous! while aloft were seen to float,
Like hideous features booming on the mist,
Wan Stains of ominous Light! Resigned, yet sad,
The fair Form bowed her olive-crowned Brow,
Then o'er the plain with oft reverted eye
Fled till a Place of Tombs she reached, and there
Within a ruined Sepulchre obscure
Found Hiding-place.

The delegated Maid
Gazed through her tears, then in sad tones exclaimed
"Thou mild-eyed FORM! wherefore, ah! wherefore fled?"
"The power of JUSTICE like a name all Light,
"Shone from thy brow; but all they, who unblamed
"Dwelt in thy dwellings, call thee HAPPINESS.
"Ah! why, uninjured and unprofited,
"Should multitudes against their brethren rush?
"Why sow they guilt, still reaping Misery?
"Lenient of care, thy songs, O PEACE! are sweet,
"As after showers the perfumed gale of eve,
"That flings the cool drops on a feverous cheek:
"And gay thy grassy altar piled with fruits.
"But boasts the shrine of Dæmon War one charm,
"Save that with many an orgic strange and foul,
"Dancing around with interwoven arms,
"The Maniac SUICIDE and Giant MURDER
"Exult in their fierce union! I am sad,
"And know not why the simple Peasants crowd
"Beneath the Chieftains' standard!" Thus the Maid.

To her the tutelary Spirit replied:
"When Luxury and Lust's exhausted stores
"No more can rouse the appetites of KINGS;
"When the low flattery of their reptile Lords
"Falls flat and heavy on the accustomed ear;
"When Eunuchs sing, and Fools buffoonery make,
"And Dancers writhe their harlot-limbs in vain;
"Then WAR and all its dread vicissitudes
"Pleasingly agitate their stagnant Hearts;
"Its hopes, its fears, its victories, its defeats,
"Insipid Royalty's keen condiment!
"*Therefore*, uninjured and unprofited,
"(Victims at once and Executioners)
"The congregated Husbandmen lay waste
"The Vineyard and the Harvest. As along
"The Bothnic coast, or southward of the Line,
"Though hushed the Winds and cloudless the high Noon,
"Yet if LEVIATHAN, weary of ease,
"In sports unwieldy toss his Island-bulk,

"Ocean behind him billows, and before
"A storm of waves breaks foamy on the strand.
"And hence, for times and seasons bloody and dark,
"Short Peace shall skin the wounds of causeless War,
"And War, his strained sinews knit anew,
"Still violate the unfinished works of Peace.
"But yonder look! for more demands thy view!"
He said: and straightway from the opposite Isle
A Vapour sailed, as when a cloud, exhaled
From Egypt's fields that steam hot pestilence,
Travels the sky for many a trackless league,
'Till o'er some Death-doomed land, distant in vain,
It broods incumbent. Forthwith from the Plain,
Facing the Isle, a brighter cloud arose,
And steered its course which way the Vapour went.

The Maiden paused, musing what this might mean.
But long time passed not, ere that brighter Cloud
Returned more bright; along the Plain it swept;
And soon from forth its bursting sides emerged
A dazzling form, broad-bosomed, bold of eye,
And wild her hair, save where with laurels bound.
Not more majestic stood the healing God,
When from his bow the arrow sped that slew
Huge Python. Shriek'd AMBITION'S giant throng,
And with them hissed the Locust-fiends that crawle!
And glittered in CORRUPTION'S slimy track.
Great was their wrath, for short they knew their reign;
And such commotion made they, and uproar,
As when the mad Tornado bellows through
The guilty islands of the western main,
What time departing from their native shores,
Eboe, or * Koromantyn's plain of Palms,
The infuriate spirits of the Murdered make

* The Negroes in the West Indies consider death as a passport to their native country. This sentiment is thus expressed in the introduction to a Greek Poem on the Slave Trade, of which the ideas are better than the language in which they are conveyed.

Ωκεανου τολμας, Θανατε, προλιπων
Εις γαιας στιβους, υποχθονιον ειν Αιδ'
Ου ξενιστικης γενων σπαραγμους,
Ουδ' ολολυγμους,

Αλλα και κεκλυσι χρωτι τυσι
Κ'κτεινατε, χαιρε φειρας μιν εσι,
Αλλ' ωμας Ελευθερια συνοικεις
Δουλε Τυραν!

Δεσποτα, ειπε, τι μ' ηγεσι σοι
Α! δυλ' ρτιν καθ' ωπι, ειδω
Αιθεριαν τις ο τοι πεδ' ωκεν
Πεδιον ε' ειδον.

Fierce merriment, and vengeance ask of Heaven.
Warmed with new influence, the unwholesome Plain
Sent up its foulest fogs to meet the Morn :
The Sun that rose on FREEDOM, rose in BLOOD !

"Maiden beloved, and Delegate of Heaven!"
(To her the tutelary Spirit said)
"Soon shall the Morning struggle into Day,
"The stormy Morning into cloudless Noon.
"Much hast thou seen, nor all canst understand—
"But this be thy best Omen - SAVE THY COUNTRY!"
Thus saying, from the answering Maid he passed,
And with him disappeared the Heavenly Vision.

"Glory to Thee, Father of Earth and Heaven !
"All conscious PRESENCE of the Universe!
"Nature's vast Ever-acting ENERGY !
"In Will, in Deed, IMPULSE of All to All!
"Whether thy Love with unrefracted Ray
"Beam on the PROPHET'S purged eye, or if
"Diseasing Realms the ENTHUSIAST, wild of Thought,
"Scatter new Frenzies on the infected Throng,
"Thou Both inspiring and predooming Both,
"FitINSTRUMENTS and best, of perfect End :
"Glory to Thee, Father of Earth and Heaven!"

And first a Landscape rose,
More wild and waste and desolate than where
The white bear, drifting on a field of ice,
Howls to her sundered cubs with piteous rage
And savage agony.

Ενθα μαν Ερασαι Ερωμενησιν
Αμφι πηγησιν κιτρινων υπ' αλσων,
Οσσ' υπο βροτοις εταθον βροτοι, τα
Δεινα λεγοντι.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Leaving the Gats of Darkness, O Death! hasten thou to a Race yoked with Misery! Thou wi not be received with lacerations of cheeks, nor with funereal ululation—but wit circling dances and the joy of songs. Thou art terrible indeed, yet thou dwellest with LIBERTY, stern GENIUS! Borne on thy dark pinions over the swiling of Ocean, they return to their native country. There, by the side of Fountains beneath Citron-groves, the lovers tell to their beloved what horrors, being Men, they had endured from Men.

SIBYLLINE LEAVES.

I.—POEMS OCCASIONED BY POLITICAL EVENTS OR FEELINGS CONNECTED WITH THEM.

When I have borne in memory what has tamed
Great nations, how commanding thoughts depart
When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed
I had, my country! Am I to be blamed?
But, when I think of Thee, and what Thou art,
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
But dearly must we prize thee; we who find
In thee a bulwark of the cause of men;
And I by my affection was beguiled:
What wonder if a poet, now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind,
Felt for thee as a Lover or a Child.

WORDSWORTH.

ODE TO THE DEPARTING YEAR.*

Ἰοὺ, ἰοὺ, ὦ ὦ κακά.
Τί τ' αὖ με δεινὰς ὀρθομαντικὰς πόνους
Στρέφει, παρασσων φροιμίοις, ἐφημίοις;
*
Τὸ μελλὸν ἥξει. Καὶ σὺ μὴν παρεῖ παρὼν
Ἄγαν γ' ἀληθόμαντιν μ' ἐρεῖς.

ÆSCHYL. *Agam.* 1215.

ARGUMENT.

The Ode commences with an Address to the Divine Providence, that regulates into one vast harmony all the events of time, however calamitous some of them may appear to mortals. The second Strophe calls on men to suspend their private joys and sorrows, and devote them for a while to the cause of human nature in general. The first Epode speaks of the Empress of Russia, who died of an apoplexy on the 17th of November, 1796; having just concluded a subsidiary treaty with the Kings combined against France. The first and second Antistrophe describe the Image of the Departing Year, &c., as in a vision. The second prophesies, in anguish of spirit, the downfall of this country.

I.

Spirit who sweepest the wild Harp of Time!
It is most hard, with an untroubled ear

* This Ode was composed on the 29th, 30th, and 31st days of December, 1796; and was first published on the last day of that year.

Thy dark inwoven harmonies to hear!
Yet, mine eye fixed on Heaven's unchanging clime,
Long had I listened, free from mortal fear,
With inward stillness, and submitted mind;
When lo! its folds far waving on the wind,
I saw the train of the DEPARTING YEAR!
Starting from my silent sadness
Then with no unholy madness
Ere yet the entered cloud foreclosed my sight,
I raised the impetuous song, and solemnized his flight.

II.

Hither, from the recent Tomb,
From the Prison's direr gloom,
From Distemper's midnight anguish;
And thence, where Poverty doth waste and languish;
Or where, his two bright torches blending,
Love illumines Manhood's maze;
Or where o'er cradled infants bending
Hope has fixed her wishful gaze.
Hither, in perplexed dance,
Ye Woes! ye young-eyed Joys! advance!
By Time's wild harp, and by the hand
Whose indefatigable sweep
Raises its fateful strings from sleep,
I bid you haste, a mixed tumultuous band!
From every private bower,
And each domestic hearth,
Haste for one solemn hour;
And with a loud and yet a louder voice,
O'er Nature struggling in portentous birth,
Weep and rejoice!
Still echoes the dread NAME that o'er the earth
Let slip the storm, and woke the brood of Hell.
And now advance in saintly Jubilee
Justice and Truth! They too have heard thy spell,
They too obey thy name, Divinest LIBERTY!

III.

I marked Ambition in his war-array!
I heard the mailed Monarch's troublous cry—
"Ah! wherefore does the Northern Conqueress stay?
"Groans not her chariot on its onward way?"
Fly, mailed Monarch, fly!
Stunned by Death's twice mortal mace,
No more on Murder's lurid face
The insatiate hag shall gloat with drunken eye!
Manes of the unnumbered slain!
Ye that gasped on WARSAW's plain!
Ye that erst at ISMAIL's tower,
When human ruin choked the streams,

Fell in conquest's glutted hour,
Mid women's shrieks and infants' screams!
Spirits of the uncoffined slain,
Sudden blasts of triumph swelling,
Oft, at night, in misty train,
Rush around her narrow dwelling!
The exterminating fiend is fled —
(Foul her life, and dark her doom)
Mighty armies of the dead
Dance like death-fires round her tomb!
Then with prophetic song relate,
Each some tyrant-murderer's fate!

IV.

Departing Year! 'twas on no earthly shore
My soul beheld thy vision! Where alone,
Voiceless and stern, before the cloudy throne,
Aye MEMORY sits: thy robe inscribed with gore,
With many an unimaginable groan
Thou storied'st thy sad hours! Silence ensued,
Deep silence o'er the ethereal multitude,
Whose locks with wreaths, whose wreaths with glories shone.
Then, his eye wild ardours glancing,
From the choired Gods advancing,
The SPIRIT of the EARTH made reverence meet,
And stood up, beautiful, before the cloudy seat.

V.

Throughout the blissful throng,
Hushed were harp and song:
Till wheeling round the throne the LAMPADS seven,
(The mystic Words of Heaven)
Permissive signal make:
The fervent Spirit bowed, then spread his wings and spake!
"Thou in stormy blackness throning
"Love and uncreated Light,
"By the Earth's unsolaced groaning,
"Seize thy terrors, Arm of might!
"By Peace, with proffered insult scared,
"Masked Hate and envying Scorn!
"By Years of Havoc yet unborn!
"And Hunger's bosom to the frost-winds bared!
"But chief by Afric's wrongs,
"Stranger Lorrible, and foul!
"By what deep guilt belongs
"To the deaf Synod, 'full of gifts and lies!'
"By Wealth's insensate laugh! by Torture's howl!
"Avenger, rise!
"Or ever shall the thankless Island scowl,
"Her quiver full, and with unbroken bow?
"Speak! from thy storm-black Heaven O speak aloud!

"And on the darkling foe
"Open thine eye of fire from some uncertain cloud!
"O dart the flash! O rise and deal the blow!
"The Past to thee, to thee the Future cries!
"Hark! how wide Nature joins her groans below!
"Rise, God of Nature! rise."

VI.

The voice had ceased, the vision fled;
Yet still I gasped and reeled with dread,
And ever, when the dream of night
Renews the phantom to my sight,
Cold sweat-drops gather on my limbs;
My ears throb hot; my eye-balls start;
My brain with horrid tumult swims;
Wild is the tempest of my heart;
And my thick and struggling breath
Imitates the toil of Death!
No stranger agony confounds
The Soldier on the war-field spread,
When all foredone with toil and wounds,
Death-like he dozes among heaps of dead!
(The strife is o'er, the day-light fled,
And the night-wind clamours hoarse!
See! the starting wretch's head
Lies pillowed on a brother's corse!)

VII.

Not yet enslaved, not wholly vile,
O Albion! O my mother Isle!
Thy vallies, fair as Eden's bowers,
Glitter green with sunny showers;
Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells
Echo to the bleat of flocks;
(Those grassy hills, those glittering dells
Proudly ramparted with rocks)
And OCEAN mid his uproar wild
Speaks safety to his ISLAND-CHILD!
Hence for many a fearless age
Has social Quiet loved thy shore;
Nor ever proud Invader's rage
Or sacked thy towers, or stained thy fields with gore.

VIII.

Abandoned of Heaven! mad Avarice thy guide,
At cowardly distance, yet kindling with pride—
Mid thy herds and thy corn-fields secure thou hast stood,
And joined the wild yelling of Famine and Blood!
The nations curse thee! They with eager wondering
Shall hear DESTRUCTION, like a Vulture, scream!
Strange-eyed DESTRUCTION! who with many a dream

Of central fires through nether seas upthundering
  Soothes her fierce solitude ; yet as she lies
By livid fount, or red volcanic stream,
  If ever to her lidless dragon-eyes,
  O Albion ! thy predestined ruins rise,
The fiend-hag on her perilous couch doth leap,
Muttering distempered triumph in her charmed sleep.

IX.

Away, my soul, away !
  In vain, in vain the Birds of warning sing—
And hark ! I hear the famished brood of prey
Flap their lank pennons on the groaning wind !
  Away, my soul, away !
  I unpartaking of the evil thing,
    With daily prayer and daily toil
    Soliciting for food my scanty soil,
  Have wailed my country with a loud Lament.
Now I recentre my immortal mind
  In the deep sabbath of meek self-content ;
Cleansed from the vaporous passions that bedim
God's Image, sister of the Seraphim.

FRANCE.

AN ODE.

I.

Ye Clouds ! that far above me float and pause,
  Whose pathless march no mortal may controul !
Ye Ocean-Waves ! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,
Yield homage only to eternal laws !
Ye Woods ! that listen to the night-bird's singing,
  Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
Save when your own imperious branches swinging
  Have made a solemn music of the wind !
Where, like a man beloved of God,
Through glooms, which never woodman trod,
    How oft, pur-suing fancies holy,
My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,
    Inspired, beyond the guess of folly,
By each rude shape and wild unconquerable sound !
O ye loud Waves ! and O ye Forests high !
  And O ye Clouds that far above me soared !
Thou rising Sun ! thou blue rejoicing Sky !
  Yea, every thing that is and will be free !
  Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
  With what deep worship I have still adored
    The spirit of divinest Liberty.

II.

When France in wrath her giant-limbs upreared,
And with that oath, which smote air, earth and sea,
Stamped her strong foot and said she would be free,
Bear witness for me, how I hoped and feared!
With what a joy my lofty gratulation
Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band:
And when to whelm the disenchanted nation,
Like fiends embattled by a wizard's wand,
The Monarchs marched in evil day,
And Britain joined the direarray;
Though dear her shores and circling ocean,
Though many friendships, many youthful loves
Had swoln the patriot emotion
And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and groves;
Yet still my voice, unaltered, sang defeat
To all that braved the tyrant-quelling lance,
And shame too long delayed and vain retreat!
For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim
I dimmed thy light or damped thy holy flame;
But blessed the paeans of delivered France,
And hung my head and wept at Britain's name.

III.

"And what," I said, "though Blasphemy's loud scream
"With that sweet music of deliverance strove!
"Though all the fierce and drunken passions wove
"A dance more wild than e'er was maniac's dream!
"Ye storms, that round the dawning east assembled,
"The Sun was rising, though ye hid his light!"
And when, to sooth my soul, that hoped and trembled,
The dissonance ceased, and all seemed calm and bright;
When France her front deep-scar'd and gory
Concealed with clustering wreaths of glory;
When, insupportably advancing,
Her arm made mockery of the warrior's tramp;
While timid looks of fury glancing,
Domestic treason, crushed beneath her fatal stamp,
Writhed like a wounded dragon in his gore;
Then I reproached my fears that would not flee;
"And soon," I said, "shall Wisdom teach her lore
"In the low huts of them that toil and groan!
"And, conquering by her happiness alone,
"Shall France compel the nations to be free,
"Till Love and Joy look round, and call the Earth their own."

IV.

Forgive me, Freedom! O forgive those dreams!
I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,
From bleak Helvetia's icy caverns sent
I hear thy groans upon her blood-stained streams!

Heroes, that for your peaceful country perished,
And ye that, fleeing, spot your mountain-snows
With bleeding wounds; forgive me, that I cherished
One thought that ever blessed your cruel foes!
To scatter rage, and traitorous guilt,
Where Peace her jealous home had built;
A patriot-race to disinherit
Of all that made their stormy wilds so dear;
And with inexpiable spirit
To taint the bloodless freedom of the mountaineer—
O France, that mockest Heaven, adulterous, blind,
And patriot only in pernicious toils!
Are these thy boasts, Champion of human kind;
To mix with Kings in the low lust of sway,
Yell in the hunt, and share the murderous prey;
To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils
From freemen torn; to tempt and to betray?

V.

The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,
Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad game
They burst their manacles and wear the name
Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain!
O Liberty! with profitless endeavour
Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour;
But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain, nor ever
Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power.
Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee,
(Not prayer, nor boastful name delays thee)
Alike from Priestcraft's harpy minions,
And factious Blasphemy's obscener slaves,
Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,
The guide of homeless winds, and playmate of the waves!
And there I felt thee!—on that sea-cliff's verge,
Whose pines, scarce travelled by the breeze above,
Had made one murmur with the distant surge!
Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,
And shot my being through earth, sea and air,
Possessing all things with intensest love,
O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there.

February, 1797.

FEARS IN SOLITUDE.

WRITTEN IN APRIL, 1798, DURING THE ALARM OF AN INVASION.

A green and silent spot, amid the hills,
A small and still dell! O'er stiller place
No singing skylark ever poised himself.
The hills are heathy, save that swelling slope,

Which hath a gay and gorgeous covering on,
All golden with the never-bloomless furze,
Which now blooms most profusely: but the dell,
Bathed by the mist, is fresh and delicate
As vernal corn-field, or the unripe flax,
When, through its half-transparent stalks, at eve,
The level Sunshine glimmers with green light.
Oh! 'tis a quiet spirit-healing nook!
Which all, methinks, would love; but chiefly he,
The humble man, who, in his youthful years,
Knew just so much of folly, as had made
His early manhood more securely wise!
Here he might lie on fern or withered heath,
While from the singing-lark (that sings unseen
The minstrelsy that solitude loves best,)
And from the Sun, and from the breezy Air,
Sweet influences trembled o'er his frame;
And he, with many feelings, many thoughts,
Made up a meditative joy, and found
Religious meanings in the forms of nature!
And so, his senses gradually wrapt
In a half sleep, he dreams of better worlds,
And dreaming hears thee still, O singing-lark,
That singest like an angel in the clouds!

My God! it is a melancholy thing
For such a man, who would full fain preserve
His soul in calmness, yet perforce must feel
For all his human brethren—O my God!
It weighs upon the heart, that he must think
What uproar and what strife may now be stirring
This way or that way o'er these silent hills—
Invasion, and the thunder and the shout,
And all the crash of onset; fear and rage,
And undetermined conflict—even now,
Even now, perchance, and in his native isle:
Carnage and groans beneath this blessed Sun!
We have offended, Oh! my countrymen!
We have offended very grievously,
And been most tyrannous. From east to west
A groan of accusation pierces Heaven!
The wretched plead against us; multitudes
Countless and vehement, the Sons of God,
Our brethren! Like a cloud that travels on,
Steamed up from Cairo's swamps of pestilence,
Even so, my countrymen! have we gone forth
And borne to distant tribes slavery and pangs,
And, deadlier far, our vices, whose deep taint
With slow perdition murders the whole man,
His body and his soul! Meanwhile, at home,
All individual dignity and power
Engulfed in Courts, Committees, Institutions,

Associations and Societies,
A vain, speech-mouthing, speech-reporting Guild,
One BENEFIT-CLUB for mutual flattery,
We have drunk up, demure as at a grace,
Pollutions from the brimming cup of wealth;
Contemptuous of all honourable rule,
Yet bartering freedom and the poor man's life
For gold, as at a market! The sweet words
Of Christian promise, words that even yet
Might stem destruction, were they wisely preached,
Are muttered o'er by men, whose tones proclaim
How flat and wearisome they feel their trade:
Rank scoffers some, but more too indolent
To deem them falsehoods or to know their truth.
Oh! blasphemous! the book of life is made
A superstitious instrument, on which
We gabble o'er the oaths we mean to break;
For all must swear—all and in every place
College and wharf, council and justice-court;
All, all must swear, the briber and the bribed,
Merchant and lawyer, senator and priest,
The rich, the poor, the old man and the young;
All, all make up one scheme of perjury,
That faith doth reel; the very name of God
Sounds like a juggler's charm; and, bold with joy,
Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-place,
(Portentous sight!) the owlet, ATHEISM,
Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close
And hooting at the glorious Sun in Heaven,
Cries out, "Where is it?"

Thankless too for peace,
(Peace long preserved by fleets and perilous seas)
Secure from actual warfare, we have loved
To swell the war-loop, passionate for war!
Alas! for ages ignorant of all
Its ghastlier workings, (famine or blue plague,
Battle, or siege, or flight through the night of snow,
We, this whole people, have been clamorous
For war and bloodshed; animating sports,
The which we pay for as a thing to talk of,
Spectators and not combatants! No Quaker
Anticipative of a wrong unseen,
No speculation or contingency,
However dim and vague, too vague and dim
To yield a justifying cause; and forth,
(Stuffed out with big pompous phrase, holy names,
And adjurations of the God in Heaven,)
We send our mandates for the certain death
Of thousands and tens of thousands! Boys and girls,
And women, that would groan to see a child

Pull off an insect's leg, all read of war,
The best amusement for our morning meal!
The poor wretch, who has learnt his only prayers
From curses, who knows scarcely words enough
To ask a blessing from his Heavenly Father,
Becomes a fluent phraseman, absolute
And technical in victories and deceit,
And all our dainty terms for fratricide;
Terms which we trundle smoothly o'er our tongues
Like mere abstractions, empty sounds to which
We join no feeling and attach no form!
As if the soldier died without a wound;
As if the fibres of this godlike frame
Were gorged without a pang; as if the wretch,
Who fell in battle, doing bloody deeds,
Passed off to Heaven, translated and not killed;—
As though he had no wife to pine for him,
No God to judge him! Therefore, evil days
Are coming on us, O my countrymen!
And what if all-avenging Providence,
Strong and retributive, should make us know
The meaning of our words, force us to feel
The desolation and the agony
Of our fierce doings!

Spare us yet awhile,
Father and God! Oh! spare us yet awhile!
Oh! let not English women drag their flight
Fainting beneath the burthen of their babes,
Of the sweet infants, that but yesterday
Laughed at the breast! Sons, brothers, husbands, all
Who ever gazed with fondness on the forms
Which grew up with you round the same fire-side,
And all who ever heard the sabbath-bells
Without the infidel's scorn, make yourselves pure!
Stand forth! be men! repel an impious foe,
Impious and false, a light yet cruel race,
Who laugh away all virtue, mingling mirth
With deeds of murder; and still promising
Freedom, themselves too sensual to be free,
Poison life's amities, and cheat the heart
Of faith and quiet hope, and all that soothes
And all that lifts the spirit! Stand we forth;
Render them back upon the insulted ocean,
And let them toss as idly on its waves
As the vile sea-weed, which some mountain-blast
Swept from our shores! And oh! may we return
Not with a drunken triumph, but with fear,
Repenting of the wrongs with which we stung
So fierce a foe to frenzy!

I have told
O Britons! O my brethren! I have told

Most bitter truth, but without bitterness.
Nor deem my zeal or factious or mis-timed;
For never can true courage dwell with them,
Who, playing tricks with conscience, dare not look
At their own vices. We have been too long
Dupes of a deep delusion! Some, belike,
Groaning with restless enmity, expect
All change from change of constituted power;
As if a Government had been a robe,
On which our vice and wretchedness were tagged
Like fancy-points and fringes, with the robe
Pulled off at pleasure. Fondly these attach
A radical causation to a few
Poor drudges of chastising Providence,
Who borrow all their hues and qualities
From our own folly and rank wickedness,
Which gave them birth and nursed them. Others, meanwhile,
Dote with a mad idolatry; and all
Who will not fall before their images,
And yield them worship, they are enemies
Even of their country!

Such have I been deemed—
But, O dear Britain! O my Mother Isle!
Needs must thou prove a name most dear and holy
To me, a son, a brother, and a friend,
A husband, and a father! who revere
All bonds of natural love, and find them all
Within the limits of thy rocky shores.
O native Britain! O my Mother Isle!
How shouldst thou prove aught else but dear and holy
To me, who from thy lakes and mountain-hills,
Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks and seas,
Have drunk in all my intellectual life,
All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,
All adoration of the God in Nature,
All lovely and all honourable things,
Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel
The joy and greatness of its future being?
There lives nor form nor feeling in my soul
Unborrowed from my country. O divine
And beauteous island! thou hast been my sole
And most magnificent temple, in the which
I walk with awe, and sing my stately songs,
Loving the God that made me!

May my fears,
My filial fears, be vain! and may the vaunts
And menance of the vengeful enemy
Pass like the gust, that roared and died away
In the distant tree: which heard, and only heard
In this low dell, bows not the delicate grass.

But now the gentle dew-fall sends abroad
The fruit-like perfume of the golden furze:
The light has left the summit of the hill,
Though still a sunny gleam lies beautiful,
Aslant the ivied beacon. Now farewell,
Farewell, awhile, O soft and silent spot!
On the green sheep-track, up the heathy hill,
Homeward I wind my way; and lo! recalled
From bodings that have well nigh wearied me,
I find myself upon the brow, and pause
Startled! And after lonely sojourning
In such a quiet and surrounded nook,
This burst of prospect, here the shadowy Main,
Dim tinted, there the mighty majesty
Of that huge amphitheatre of rich
And elmy Fields, seems like society—
Conversing with the mind, and giving it
A livelier impulse and a dance of thought!
And now, beloved Stowey! I behold
Thy church-tower, and, methinks, the four huge elms
Clustering, which mark the mansion of my friend;
And close behind them, hidden from my view,
Is my own lowly cottage, where my babe
And my babe's mother dwell in peace! With light
And quickened footsteps thitherward I tend,
Remembering thee, O green and silent dell!
And grateful, that by nature's quietness
And solitary musings, all my heart
Is softened, and made worthy to indulge
Love, and the thoughts that yearn for human kind.

Nether Stowey, April 28, 1798.

FIRE, FAMINE, AND SLAUGHTER.

A WAR ECLOGUE.

APOLOGETIC PREFACE.

At the house of a gentleman, who by the principles and corresponding virtues of a sincere Christian consecrates a cultivated genius and the favourable accidents of birth, opulence, and splendid connexions, it was my good fortune to meet, in a dinner-party, with more men of celebrity in science or polite literature, than are commonly found collected round the same table. In the course of conversation, one of the party reminded an illustrious Poet, then present, of some verses which he had recited that morning, and which had appeared in a newspaper under the name of a War-Eclogue, in which Fire, Famine, and Slaughter, were introduced as the speakers. The gentleman so addressed replied, that he was rather surprised that none of us should have noticed or heard of the poem, as it had been, at the time, a good deal talked of in Scotland. It may be easily supposed, that my feelings were at this moment not of the most comfortable kind. Of all present, one only knew, or suspected me to be the author; a man who would have established himself in the first rank of England's living Poets, if the Genius of our

country had not deserved that he should rather be the first in the first rank of its Philosophers and scientific Benefactors. It appeared the general wish to hear the lines. As my friend chose to remain silent, I chose to follow his example, and Mr. **** recited the Poem. This *he* could do with the better grace, being known to have ever been not *only* a firm and active Anti-Jacobin and Anti-Gallican, but likewise a zealous admirer of Mr. Pitt, both as a good man and a great Statesman. As a Poet exclusively, he had been amused with the Eclogue; as a Poet, he recited it; and in a spirit, which made it evident, that he would have read and repeated it with the same pleasure, had his own name been attached to the imaginary object or agent.

After the recitation, our amiable host observed, that in his opinion Mr. **** had over-rated the merits of the poetry; but had they been tenfold greater, they could not have compensated for that malignity of heart, which could alone have prompted sentiments so atrocious. I perceived that my illustrious friend became greatly distressed on my account; but fortunately I was able to preserve fortitude and presence of mind enough to take up the subject without exciting even a suspicion, how nearly and painfully it interested me.

What follows, is substantially the same as I then replied, but dilated and in language less colloquial. It was not my intention, I said, to justify the publication, whatever its author's feelings might have been at the time of composing it. That they are calculated to call forth so severe a reprobation from a good man, is not the worst feature of such poems. Their moral deformity is aggravated in proportion to the pleasure which they are capable of affording to vindictive, turbulent, and unprincipled readers. Could it be supposed, though for a moment, that the author seriously wished what he has thus wildly imagined, even the attempt to palliate an inhumanity so monstrous would be an insult to the hearers. But it seemed to me worthy of consideration, whether the mood of mind, and the general state of sensations, in which a Poet produces such vivid and fantastic images, is likely to coexist, or is even compatible with, that gloomy and deliberate ferocity which a serious wish to *realize* them would pre-suppose. It had been often observed, and all my experience tended to confirm the observation, that prospects of pain and evil to others, and in general, all deep feelings of revenge, are commonly expressed in a few words, ironically tame, and mild. The mind under so direful and fiend-like an influence seems to take a morbid pleasure in contrasting the intensity of its wishes and feelings, with the slightness or levity of the expressions by which they are hinted; and indeed feelings so intense and solitary, if they were not precluded (as in almost all cases they would be) by a constitutional activity of fancy and association, and by the specific joyousness combined with it, would assuredly themselves preclude such activity. Passion, in its own quality, is the antagonist of action; though in an ordinary and natural degree the former alternates with the latter, and thereby revives and strengthens it. But the more intense and insane the passion is, the fewer and the more fixed are the correspondent forms and notions. A rooted hatred, an inveterate thirst of revenge, is a sort of madness, and still eddies round its favourite object, and exercises as it were a perpetual tautology of mind in thoughts and words, which admit of no adequate substitutes. Like a fish in a globe of glass, it moves restlessly round and round the scanty circumference, which it cannot leave without losing its vital element.

There is a second character of such imaginary representations as spring from a real and earnest desire of evil to another, which we often see in real life, and might even anticipate from the nature of the mind. The images, I mean, that a vindictive man places before his imagination, will most often be taken from the realities of life: they will be images of pain and suffering which he has himself seen inflicted on other men, and which he can fancy himself as inflicting on the object of his hatred. I will suppose that we had heard at different times two common sailors, each speaking of some one who had wronged or offended them; that the first with apparent vehemence had devoted every part of his adversary's body and soul to all the horrid phantoms and fantastic places that ever Quevedo dreamt of, and this in a rapid flow of those outré and wildly combined execrations, which too often with our lower classes serve for escape-valves to carry off the excess of their passions, as so much superfluous steam that would endanger the vessel if it were retained. The other, on the contrary, with that sort of calmness of tone which is to the ear what the paleness of anger is to the eye, shall simply say, "If I chance to be made boatswain, as I hope I soon shall, and can but once get that fellow under my hand (and I shall be upon the watch for him) I'll tickle his pretty skin! I won't hurt him! oh no! I'll only cut the ——— to the *liver*!" I dare appeal to all present, which of the two they would regard as the least

deceptive symptom of deliberate malignity? nay, whether it would surprise them to see the first fellow, an hour or two afterward, cordially shaking hands with the very man, the fractional parts of whose body and soul he had been so charitably disposing of; or even perhaps risking his life for him. What language Shakespear considered characteristic of malignant disposition, we see in the speech of the good-natured Gratiano, who spoke "an infinite deal of nothing more than any man in all Venice;"

——"Too wild, too rude and bold of voice!"

the skipping spirit, whose thoughts and words reciprocally ran away with each other;

——"O be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accused!"

and the wild fancies that follow, contrasted with Shylock's tranquil "*I stand here for Law.*"

Or, to take a case more analogous to the present subject, should we hold it either fair or charitable to believe it to have been Dante's serious wish, that all the persons mentioned by him, many recently departed, and some even alive at the time,) should actually suffer the fantastic and horrible punishments, to which he has sentenced them in his *Hell and Purgatory*? Or what shall we say of the passages in which Bishop Jeremy Taylor anticipates the state of those who, vicious themselves, have been the cause of vice and misery to their fellow-creatures. Could we endure for a moment to think that a spirit, like Bishop Taylor's, burning with Christian love; that a man constitutionally overflowing with pleasurable kindliness; who scarcely even in a casual illustration introduces the image of woman, child, or bird, but he embalms the thought with so rich a tenderness, as makes the very words seem beauties and fragments of poetry from an Euripides or Simonides;—can we endure to think, that a man *so* natured and so disciplined, did at the time of composing this horrible picture, attach a sober feeling of reality to the phrases? or that he would have described in the same tone of justification, in the same luxuriant flow of phrases, the tortures about to be inflicted on a living individual by a verdict of the Star-Chamber? or the still more atrocious sentences executed on the Scotch anti-prelatists and schismatics, at the command, and in some instances under the very eye of the Duke of Lauderdale, and of that wretched bigot who afterwards dishonoured and forfeited the throne of Great Britain? Or do we not rather feel and understand, that these violent words were mere bubbles, flashes and electrical apparitions, from the magic cauldron of a fervid and ebullient fancy, constantly fuelled by an unexampled opulence of language?

Were I now to have read by myself for the first time the Poem in question, my conclusion, I fully believe, would be, that the writer must have been some man of warm feelings and active fancy; that he had painted to himself the circumstances that accompany war in so many vivid and yet fantastic forms, as proved that neither the images nor the feelings were the result of observation, or in any way derived from realities. I should judge, that they were the product of his own seething imagination, and therefore impregnated with that pleasurable exultation which is experienced in all energetic exertion of intellectual power; that in the same mood he had generalized the causes of the war, and then personified the abstract and christened it by the name which he had been accustomed to hear most often associated with its management and measures. I should guess that the minister was in the author's mind at the moment of composition, as completely ἀπαθής, ἀναιμόσαρκος, as Anacreon's grasshopper, and that he had as little notion of a real person of flesh and blood,

"Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,"

as Milton had in the grim and terrible phantoms (half person, half allegory) which he has placed at the gates of Hell. I concluded by observing, that the Poem was not calculated to excite *passion* in *any* mind, or to make any impression except on *poetic* readers; and that from the culpable levity, betrayed at the close of the Eclogue by the grotesque union of epigrammatic wit with allegoric personification, in the allusion to the most fearful of thoughts, I should conjecture that the "rantin' Bardie," instead of really believing, much less wishing, the fate spoken of in the last line, in application to any human individual, would shrink

from passing the verdict even on the Devil himself, and exclaim with poor Burns,

> But fare ye weel, auld Nickie ben!
> Oh! wad ye tak a thought an' mend!
> Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
> Still hae a stake—
> I'm wae to think upon yon den,
> Ev'n for your sake!

I need not say that these thoughts, which are here dilated, were in such a company only rapidly suggested. Our kind host smiled, and with a courteous compliment observed, that the defence was too good for the cause. My voice faltered a little, for I was somewhat agitated; though not so much on my own account as for the uneasiness that so kind and friendly a man would feel from the thought that he had been the occasion of distressing me. At length I brought out these words: "I must now confess, Sir! that I am author of that Poem. It was written some years ago. I do not attempt to justify my past self, young as I then was: but as little as I would now write a similar poem, so far was I even then from imagining, that the lines would be taken as more or less than a sport of fancy. At all events, if I knew my own heart, there was never a moment in my existence in which I should have been more ready, had Mr. Pitt's person been in hazard, to interpose my own body, and defend his life at the risk of my own."

I have prefaced the Poem with this anecdote, because to have printed it without any remark might well have been understood as implying an unconditional approbation on my part, and this after many years of mature reflection. But if it be asked why I republished it at all? I answer, that the Poem had been attributed at different times to different other persons; and what I had dared beget, I thought it neither manly nor honest to dare father. From the same motives I should have published perfect copies of two Poems, the one entitled *The Devil's Thoughts*, and the other *The Two Round Spaces on the Tombstone*, but that the three first stanzas of the former, which were worth all the rest of the poem, and the best stanza of the remainder, were written by a friend of deserved celebrity; and because there are passages in both, which might have given offence to the religious feelings of certain readers. I myself indeed see no reason why vulgar superstitions, and absurd conceptions that defile the pure faith of a Christian, should possess a greater immunity from ridicule, than the stories of witches, or the fables of Ovid and Rome. But there are those who deem it profaneness and irreverence to call an ape an ape, if it but wear a monk's cowl on its head; and I would rather reason with these weaknesses than offend it.

The passage from Jeremy Taylor to which I referred, is found in his second Sermon on Christ's Advent to Judgment; which is likewise the second in his year's course of sermons. Among many remarkable passages of the same character in those discourses, I have selected this as the most so. "But when "this Lion of the tribe of Judah shall appear, then Justice shall strike and "Mercy shall not hold her hands; she shall strike some strokes, and Pity shall "not break the blow. As there are treasures of good things, so hath God a "treasure of wrath and fury, and scourges and scorpions; and then shall be pro"duced the shame of lust and the malice of Envy, and the groans of the "oppressed and the persecutions of the saints, and the cares of covetousness and "the troubles of Vanity, *and the rewards of pride and the vanities of* "*pride*, and the rage of anger and the unsatiableness of malice, and the restless"ness of unhallowed Ambition, and by this time the ill masters and diseases will be "numerous and intolerable, when God's heavy hand shall press the *vanities* and "the *ordered lenes*, the *delicate* and the unreasonableness, the amazement and "the dizziness, the smart and the sorrow, the grief and the punishment, cast from "our souls, and pour them into one chalice, and mingle them with an infinite "wrath, and lay the wicked drink of all the venom and gall of it down "the throats of those with whom we have served devils and damned spirits."

That this Part of our church liturgy has the unmeaning rather than the intention of the composer for that, in fact, this passage and others of the same kind are *literally true*, as they will deny at the present day. It would doubtless have more becomed the gravity of the divine, if in what is written on a subject in which Eternity is supposed to be involved, the mere negative, but the *positive* Opposite of Life, as such, the refuge, which must of necessity be undesirable to the human understanding in our present state. But I can

neither find nor believe, that it ever occurred to any reader to ground on such passages a charge against BISHOP TAYLOR's humanity, or goodness of heart. I was not a little surprized therefore to find, in the Pursuits of Literature and other works, so horrible a sentence passed on MILTON's moral character, for a passage in *his* prose-writings, as nearly parallel to this of Taylor's as two passages can well be conceived to be. All his merits, as a poet, forsooth—all the glory of having written the PARADISE LOST, are light in the scale, nay, kick the beam, compared with the atrocious malignity of heart expressed in the offensive paragraph. I remembered, in general, that Milton had concluded one of his works on Reformation, written in the fervour of his youthful imagination, in a high poetic strain, that wanted metre only to become a lyrical poem. I remembered that in the former part he had formed to himself a perfect ideal of human virtue, a character of heroic, disinterested zeal and devotion for Truth, Religion, and public Liberty, in Act and in Suffering, in the day of Triumph and in the hour of Martyrdom. Such spirits, as more excellent than others, he describes as having a more excellent reward, and as distinguished by a transcendent glory: and this reward and this glory he displays and particularizes with an energy and brilliance that announced the Paradise Lost as plainly, as ever the bright purple clouds in the east announced the coming of the Sun. Milton then passes to the gloomy contrast, to such men as from motives of selfish ambition and the lust of personal aggrandizement should, against their own light, persecute truth and the true religion, and wilfully abuse the powers and gifts entrusted to them, to bring vice, blindness, misery and slavery, on their native country, on the very country that had trusted, enriched, and honored them. Such beings, after that speedy and appropriate removal from their sphere of mischief which all good and humane men must of course desire, will, he takes for granted by parity of reason, meet with a punishment, an ignominy, and a retaliation, as much severer than other wicked men, as their guilt and its consequences were more enormous. His description of this imaginary punishment presents more distinct *pictures* to the fancy than the extract from Jeremy Taylor; but the *thoughts* in the latter are incomparably more exaggerated and horrific. All this I knew; but I neither remembered, nor by reference and careful re-perusal could discover, any other meaning, either in Milton or Taylor, but that good men will be rewarded, and the impenitent wicked punished, in proportion to their dispositions and intentional acts in this life; and that if the punishment of the least wicked be fearful beyond conception, all words and descriptions must be so far true, that they must fall short of the punishment that awaits the transcendently wicked. Had Milton stated either his ideal of virtue, or of depravity, as an individual or individuals actually existing? Certainly not! Is this representation worded historically, or only hypothetically? Assuredly the latter! Does he express it as his own *wish*, that after death they *should* suffer these tortures? or as a general consequence, deduced from reason and revelation, that such *will* be their fate? Again, the latter only! His wish is expressly confined to a speedy stop being put by Providence to their power of inflicting misery on others! But did he name or refer to any persons, living or dead? No! But the calumniators of Milton *dareay* (for what will calumny not dare say?) that he had LAUD and STAFFORD in his mind, while writing of remorseless persecution, and the enslavement of a free country, from motives of selfish ambition. Now, what if a stern anti-prelatist should *dareay*, that in speaking of the *insolencies of traitors and the violences of rebels*, Bishop Taylor must have individualized in his mind, HAMPDEN, HOLLIS, PYM, FAIRFAX, IRETON, and MILTON? And what if he should take the liberty of concluding, that, in the after description, the Bishop was feeding and feasting his party-hatred, and with those individuals before the eyes of his imagination enjoying, trait by trait, horror after horror, the picture of their intolerable agonies? Yet this Bigot would have an equal right thus to criminate the one good and great man, as these men have to criminate the other. Milton has said, and I doubt not but that Taylor with equal truth could have said it, "that in his whole life he never spake against a man even that his skin should be grazed." He asserted this when one of his opponents (either Bishop Hall or his nephew) had called upon the women and children in the streets to take up stones and stone *him* (Milton). It is known that Milton repeatedly used his interest to protect the royalists; but even at a time when all lies would have been meritorious against him, no charge was made, no story pretended, that he had ever directly or indirectly engaged or assisted in their persecution. Oh! methinks there are other and far better feelings, which should be acquired by the perusal of our great elder writers. When I have before me on the same table, the works of Hammond and Baxter; when I reflect with what joy and dearness their

blessed spirits are now loving each other: it seems a strange thing that their names should be perverted to an occasion of bitterness among men, who are enjoying that happy mean which the *hatred* of both extremes on both sides was perhaps necessary to produce. "The tangle of delusions which stifled and distorted the growing tree of our well being has been torn away; the parasite-weeds that fed on its very roots have been plucked up with a salutary violence. To us there remain only quiet duties, the constant care, the gradual improvement, the cautious unhazardous labours of the industrious though entente gardener—to prune, to strengthen, to engraft, and one by one to remove from its leaves and fresh shoots the slug and the caterpillar. But far be it from us to undervalue with light and senseless detraction the conscientious hardihood of our predecessors, or even to condemn in them that vehemence, to which the blessings it won for us leave us now neither temptation nor pretext. We antedate the *feelings*, in order to criminate the *authors*, of our present Liberty, Light and Toleration." (THE FRIEND, p. 54.)

If ever two great men might seem, during their whole lives, to have moved in direct opposition, though neither of them has at any time introduced the name of the other, Milton and Jeremy Taylor were they. The former commenced his career by attacking the Church-Liturgy and all set forms of prayer. The latter, but far more successfully, by defending both. Milton's next work was then against the Prelacy and the then existing Church-Government—Taylor's, in vindication and support of them. Milton became more and more a stern republican, or rather an advocate for that religious and moral freedom which, in his day, was called republicanism, and which, even more than religious itself, is the direct antipode of modern jacobinism. Taylor, as more and more sceptical concerning the fitness of men in general for power, became more and more attached to the prerogatives of monarchy. From Calvinism, with a still decreasing respect for Fathers, Councils, and for Church-Antiquity in general, Milton seems to have ended in an indifference, if not a dislike, to *all* forms of ecclesiastic government, and to have retreated wholly into the inward and spiritual church-communion of his own spirit with the Light, that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. Taylor, with a growing reverence for antiquity, an increasing sense of the insufficiency of the Scriptures without the aids of tradition and the consent of authorized interpreters, advanced (as far in his approaches to Popery, but) to Catholicism, as a conscientious minister of the English Church could well venture. Milton would lie, and would utter the same, to all, on all occasions: he would tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Taylor would lie to all men, if by any means he might benefit any: hence he availed himself, in his *practical* writings, of opinions and representations which stand often in striking contrast with the doubts and convictions expressed in his more philosophical works. He appears, indeed, not *too severely* to have blamed that *mendacium ex* of truth *in non publicandum dispensativum*) authorized and exemplified by almost all the fathers: Integrum omnino Doctoribus et cultus Christiani Antistitibus esse, ut dolos versent, falsa veris intermisceant et inprimis religionis hostes fallant, dummodo veritatis commodis et utilitati inserviant.

The same antithesis might be carried on with the elements of their several intellectual powers. Milton, austere, condensed, imaginative, supporting his truth by direct enumeration of lofty moral sentiment and by distinct visual representations, and in the same spirit overwhelming what he deemed falsehood by moral denunciation and a succession of pictures appalling or repulsive. In his prose, so many metaphors, so many architectural miniatures. Taylor, eminently discursive, ocean-like, and (to use one of his own words) *diffusively intuitive*; still more rich in images than Milton himself, but images of Fancy, and presented to the common and passive eye, rather than to the eye of the imagination. Whether supporting or assailing, he makes his way either by argument or by appeals to the affections, unsurpassed even by the Schoolmen in subtlety, agility and logic wit, and unrivalled by the most ardent of the fathers in the copiousness and vividness of his expressions and illustrations. Here words that convey feelings, and words that kindle images, and words of abstract notion, flow together, and at once will a lucid and awful stream, at times rapid and full of eddies; and yet still mirror the heaven and those who sweat amid the deep sea of the water, with some pure image of earth or sky, landscape or living creature of quiet beauty.

Differing, then, so widely, and almost on transcendency, wherein do these great men agree? where, in all their remarkable excellences? In Genius, in Learning, in unchained Liberty, in Eloquence, in Purity of Life, and in the excellent aspirations and purposes for the moral and religious improvement of their fellow creatures! Both of them wrote a Latin Accidence, to render education more easy and less painful

to children; both of them composed hymns and psalms proportioned to the capacity of common congregations; both, nearly at the same time, set the glorious example of publicly recommending and supporting general Toleration, and the Liberty both of the Pulpit and the Press! In the writings of neither shall we find a single sentence, like those *meek deliverances to God's mercy*, with which LAUD accompanied his votes for the mutilations and loathsome dungeoning of Leighton and others!—no where such a pious prayer as we find in Bishop Hall's memoranda of his own Life, concerning the subtle and witty Atheist that so grievously perplexed and gravelled him at Sir Robert Drury's till *he prayed to the Lord to remove him*, and behold! his prayers were heard; for shortly afterwards this philistine-combatant went to London, and there perished of the plague in great misery! In short, no where shall we find the least approach, in the lives and writings of John Milton or Jeremy Taylor, to that guarded gentleness, to that sighing reluctance, with which the holy Brethren of the Inquisition deliver over a condemned heretic to the civil magistrate, recommending him to mercy, and *hoping* that the magistrate will treat the erring brother with all possible mildness! the magistrate, who too well knows what would be his own fate, if he dared offend them by acting on their recommendation.

The opportunity of diverting the reader from myself to characters more worthy of his attention, has led me far beyond my first intention; but it is not unimportant to expose the false zeal which has occasioned these attacks on our elder patriots. It has been too much the fashion, first to personify the Church of England, and then to speak of different individuals, who in different ages have been rulers in that church, as if in some strange way *they* constituted its personal identity. Why should a clergyman of the present day feel interested in the defence of Laud or Sheldon? Surely it is sufficient for the warmest partizan of our establishment, that he can assert with truth, when our Church presented, it was on mistaken principles held in common by all Christendom; and at all events, far less culpable was this intolerance in the Bishops, who were maintaining the existing laws, than the persecuting spirit afterwards shewn by their successful opponents, who had no such excuse, and who should have been taught mercy by their own sufferings, and wisdom by the utter failure of the experiment in their own case. We can say, that our Church, apostolical in its faith, primitive in its ceremonies, unequalled in its liturgical forms; that our Church, which has kindled and displayed more bright and burning lights of Genius and Learning, than all other protestant churches since the reformation, was (with the single exception of the times of Laud and Sheldon) least intolerant, when all Christians unhappily deemed a species of intolerance their religious duty; that Bishops of our church were among the first that contended against this error; and finally, that since the reformation, when tolerance became a fashion, the Church of England, in a tolerating age, has shewn herself eminently tolerant, and far more so, both in Spirit and in Fact, than many of her most bitter opponents, who profess to deem toleration itself an insult on the rights of mankind! As to myself, who not only know the Church-Establishment to be tolerant, but who see in it the greatest, if not the sole safe *bulwark* of Toleration, I feel no necessity of defending or palliating oppressions under the two Charleses, in order to exclaim with a full and fervent heart, ESTO PERPETUA!

The Scene a desolated Tract in La Vendée. FAMINE *is discovered lying on the ground; to her enter* FIRE *and* SLAUGHTER.

FAMINE.

SISTERS! sisters! who sent you here?

SLAUGHTER *(to Fire).*

I will whisper it in her ear.

FIRE.

No! no! no!
Spirits hear what spirits tell:
'Twill make an holiday in Hell.

No! no! no!
Myself, I named him once below,
And all the souls, that damned be,
Leaped up at once in anarchy,
Clapped their hands and danced for glee.
They no longer heeded me;
But laughed to hear Hell's burning rafters
Unwillingly re-echo laughters!
No! no! no!
Spirits hear what spirits tell:
'Twill make an holiday in Hell!

FIRST.

Whisper it, sister! so and so!
In a dark hint, soft and slow.

SLAUGHTER.

Letters four do form his name—
And who sent you?

BOTH.

The same! the same!

SLAUGHTER.

He came by stealth, and unlocked my den,
And I have drank the blood since then
Of thrice three hundred thousand men.

BOTH.

Who bade you do?

SLAUGHTER.

The same! the same!
Letters four do form his name.
He let me loose, and cried Halloo!
To him alone the praise is due.

FAMINE.

Thanks, sisters, thanks! the men have bled,
Their wives and their children faint for bread.
I stood in a swampy field of battle;
With bones and skulls I made a rattle,
To frighten the wolf and carrion-crow
And the homeless dog—but they would not go.
So off I flew: for how could I bear
To see them gorge their dainty fare?
I heard a groan and a peevish squall,
And through the chink of a cottage-wall—
Can you guess what I saw there?

BOTH.

Whisper it, sister! in our ear.

FAMINE.

A baby beat its dying mother :
I had starved the one and was starving the other !

BOTH.

Who bade you do 't ?

FAMINE.

The same ! the same !
Letters four do form his name.
He let me loose, and cried, Halloo !
To him alone the praise is due.

FIRE.

Sisters ! I from Ireland came !
Hedge and corn-fields all on flame,
I triumphed o'er the setting sun !
And all the while the work was done,
On as I strode with my huge strides,
I flung back my head and I held my sides,
It was so rare a piece of fun
To see the sweltered cattle run
With uncouth gallop through the night,
Scared by the red and noisy light !
By the light of his own blazing cot
Was many a naked Rebel shot :
The house-stream met the flame and hissed,
While crash ! fell in the roof, I wist,
On some of those old bed-rid nurses,
That deal in discontent and curses.

BOTH.

Who bade you do 't ?

FIRE.

The same ! the same !
Letters four do form his name.
He let me loose, and cried, Halloo !
To him alone the praise is due.

ALL.

He let us loose, and cried Halloo !
How shall we yield him honour due ?

FAMINE.

Wisdom comes with lack of food.
I'll gnaw, I'll gnaw the multitude,
Till the cup of rage o'erbrim :
They shall seize him and his brood—

SLAUGHTER.

They shall tear him limb from limb !

FIRE.

O thankless beldames and untrue !

And is this all that you can do
For him, who did so much for you?
Ninety months he, by my troth!
Hath richly catered for you both;
And in an hour would you repay
An eight years' work?—Away! Away!
I alone am faithful! I
Cling to him everlastingly.

1796.

RECANTATION.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE STORY OF THE MAD OX.

An Ox, long fed with musty hay,
And work'd with yoke and chain,
Was turn'd out on an April day,
When fields are in their best array,
And growing grasses sparkle gay,
At once with sun and rain.

The grass was fine, the sun was bright,
With truth I may aver it,
The Ox was glad, as well he might,
Thought a green meadow no bad sight,
And frisk'd to show his huge delight,
Much like a beast of spirit.

Stop, neighbours! stop! why these alarms?
The Ox is only glad—
But still they pour from cots and farms,
Halloo! the parish is up in arms,
(A *hoaxing* hunt has always charms)
Halloo! the Ox is mad!

The frighted beast scamper'd about,
Plunge! through the hedge he drove—
The mob pursue with hideous rout,
A bull-dog fastens on his snout,
He gores the dog, his tongue hangs out—
He's mad, he's mad, by Jove!

"Stop, neighbours, stop!" aloud did call
A sage of sober hue.
But all at once on him they fall,
Old women shriek and children squall,
"What, would you have him toss us all!
And damme! who are you?"

"You'd have him gore the parish-priest
And run against the altar—

You fiend!" The sage his warnings ceased,
And north and south and west and east,
Halloo! they follow the poor beast—
Mat, Dick, Tom, Bob, and Walter.

The frighted beast ran through the town
All followed, boy and dad,
Bull-dog, parson, shopman, clown,
The publican rushed from the "Crown,"
Halloo! hamstring him! cut him down!
They drove the poor Ox mad.

Should you a rat to madness teaze,
Why, even a rat would plague you:
There's no philosopher but sees
That rage and fear are *one* disease—
Though that may burn and this may freeze,
They're both alike the ague.

And so, this Ox, in frantic mood,
Faced round like any Bull—
The mob turn'd tail and he pursued
Till they with fright and fear were stew'd,
And not a chick of all this brood
But had his belly-full.

Old Nick's astride the beast, 'tis clear—
Old Nicholas to a tittle!
But all agree, he'd disappear,
Would but the parson venture near,
And through his teeth right o'er the steer,
Squirt out some fasting spittle.*

Through gardens, lanes, and fields new-plough'd,
Through *his* hedge and through *her* hedge,
He plung'd and toss'd and bellow'd loud,
Till in his madness he grew proud,
To see this helter-skelter crowd
That had more wrath than courage.

But here once more to view did pop
The man that kept his senses,
And now he cried, "Stop, neighbours, stop!
The Ox is mad, I would not swop,
No, not a school-boy's farthing top
For all the parish fences.

"The Ox is mad! Ho! Dick, Bob, Mat!
What means this coward fuss?

* According to a superstition of the West Countries, if you meet the Devil, you may either cut him in half with a straw, or you may cause him instantly to disappear by spitting over his horns.

Ho! stretch this rope across the plat,
'Twill trip him up,—or if not that,
Why, danme! we must lay him flat—
See, here's my blunderbuss!"

"A lying dog! Just now he said
The Ox was only glad,
Let's break his presbyterian head!"—
"Hush!" quoth the sage, "you've been misled,
No quarrels now, let's all make head—
You drove the poor Ox mad!"

As thus I sat in careless chat,
With the morning's wet newspaper,
In eager haste, without his hat,
As blind and blundering as a bat,
In came that fierce aristocrat,
Our pursy woollen-draper.

And so my Muse perforce drew bit,
As in he rushed and panted;—
"Well, have you heard?"—"No, not a whit."
"What, han't you heard?"—"Come, out with it!"
"That Tierney votes for Mister Pitt,
And Sheridan's recanted!"

II.—LOVE POEMS.

Quas humilis tenero stylus olim effudit in ævo.
Perlegis hic lacrymas, et quod pharetratus acutâ
Ille puer puero fecit mihi cuspide vulnus,
Omnia paulatim consumit longior ætas,
Vivendoque simul morimur, rapimurque manendo.
Ipse mihi collatus enim non ille videbor:
Frons alia'est, moresque alii, nova mentis imago,
Voxque aliud sonat—
Pectore nunc gelido calidos miseremur amantes,
Jamque arsisse pudet. Veteres tranquilla tumultus
Mens horret retegensque alium putat ista locutum.

PETRARCH.

INTRODUCTION TO THE TALE OF THE DARK LADIE.

In Coleridge's early publication, and in the French edition copied from it, these verses were united with those now printed separately called "Love," beginning "*All thoughts, all passions, all delights,*" and the whole was called as above, with the following note prefixed:

(The following poem is intended as the introduction to a somewhat longer one. The use of the old ballad word *Ladie* for Lady is the only piece of obsoleteness in it: and as it is professedly a tale of ancient times, I trust that the affectionate lovers of venerable antiquity (as Camden says) will grant me their pardon, and perhaps be induced to admit a force and propriety in it. A heavier objection

may be adduced against the author, that in these times of fear and expectation, when novelties *explode* around us in all directions, he should presume to offer to the public a silly tale of old-fashioned love; and five years ago, I own I should have felt the force of this objection. But alas, explosion has succeeded explosion so rapidly, that novelty itself ceases to appear new, and it is possible that now even a simple story, wholly uninspired with politics or personality, may find some attention amid the hubbub of revolutions, as to those who have remained a long time by the falls of Niagara, the lowest whispering becomes distinctly audible.)

S. T. C.

Dec. 21, 1799.

O LEAVE the lily on its step,
  O leave the rose upon the spray;
O leave the elder-bloom, fair maids!
  And listen to my lay.

A cypress and a myrtle bough
  This morn around my harp you twined,
Because it fashioned mournfully
  Its murmurs to the wind.

And now a tale of Love and Woe,
  A woeful tale of Love I sing;
Hark, gentle maidens, hark! it sighs
  And trembles on the string.

But most my own dear Genevieve,
  It sighs and trembles most for thee!
O come and hear what cruel wrongs
  Befel the Dark Ladie.

* * * * *

And now once more a tale of woe,
  A woeful tale of Love I sing;
For thee, my Genevieve! it sighs,
  And trembles on the string.

When last I sang the cruel scorn
  That crazed this bold and lonely Knight,
And how he roamed the mountain-woods,
  Nor rested day or night,

I promised thee a sister tale
  Of man's perfidious cruelty;
Come, then, and hear what cruel wrong
  Befel the Dark Ladie.

LEWTI, OR THE CIRCASSIAN LOVE-CHAUNT.

AT midnight by the stream I roved,
To forget the form I loved.
Image of Lewti! from my mind
Depart; for Lewti is not kind.

The Moon was high, the moonlight gleam
  And the shadow of a star
Heaved upon Tamaha's stream;
  But the rock shone brighter far,
The rock half sheltered from my view
By pendent boughs of tressy yew—
So shines my Lewti's forehead fair,
Gleaming through her sable hair.
Image of Lewti! from my mind
Depart, for Lewti is not kind.

I saw a cloud of palest hue,
  Onward to the Moon it passed;
Still brighter and more bright it grew,
With floating colours not a few,
  Till it reached the Moon at last:
Then the cloud was wholly bright,
With a rich and amber light!
And so with many a hope I seek
  And with such joy I find my Lewti;
And even so my pale wan cheek
  Drinks in as deep a flush of beauty!
Nay, treacherous image! leave my mind,
If Lewti never will be kind.

The little cloud—it floats away,
  Away it goes: away so soon?
Alas! it has no power to stay:
Its hues are dim, its hues are grey—
  Away it passes from the Moon!
How mournfully it seems to fly,
  Ever fading more and more,
To joyless regions of the sky—
  And now 'tis whiter than before!
As white as my poor cheek will be,
  When, Lewti! on my couch I lie,
A dying man for love of thee.
Nay, treacherous image! leave my mind—
And yet, thou dreadest not look unkind.

  I saw a star in the sky,
  Thin, and [illegible], and very high;
Lower beneath it seem'd a cloud:
  Both [illegible] that can fly
  Now below and now above,
Have sought the [illegible] lawny knoll
  Of lady fair that died for love.
For maids, as well as youths, have perished
From fruitless love too fondly cherished.
Nay, treacherous image! leave my mind—
For Lewti never will be kind.

Hush! my heedless feet from under
  Slip the crumbling banks for ever:
Like echoes to a distant thunder,
  They plunge into the gentle river.
The river-swans have heard my tread,
And startle from their reedy bed.
O beauteous Birds! methinks ye measure
  Your movements to some heavenly tune!
O beauteous Birds! 'tis such a pleasure
  To see you move beneath the Moon,
I would it were your true delight
To sleep by day and wake all night.

I know the place where Lewti lies,
When silent night has closed her eyes:
  It is a breezy jasmine-bower,
The Nightingale sings o'er her head:
  VOICE of the Night! had I the power
That leafy labyrinth to thread,
And creep, like thee, with soundless tread,
I then might view her bosom white
Heaving lovely to my sight,
As these two swans together heave
On the gently swelling wave.

Oh! that she saw me in a dream,
  And dreamt that I had died for care!
All pale and wasted I would seem,
  Yet fair withal, as spirits are!
I'd die indeed, if I might see
Her bosom heave, and heave for me!
Soothe, gentle image! soothe my mind!
To-morrow Lewti may be kind.

1795

THE PICTURE, OR THE LOVER'S RESOLUTION.

THROUGH weeds and thorns, and matted underwood
I force my way; now climb, and now descend
O'er rocks, or bare or mossy, with wild foot
Crushing the purple whorts; while oft unseen,
Hurrying along the drifted forest-leaves,
The scared snake rustles. Onward still I toil,
I know not, ask not whither! A new joy,
Lovely as light, sudden as summer-gust,
And gladsome as the first-born of the spring,
Beckons me on, or follows from behind,
Playmate, or guide! The master-passion quelled,
I feel that I am free. With dun-red bark
The fir-trees, and the unfrequent slender oak,
Forth from this tangle wild of bush and brake

Soar up, and form a melancholy vault
High o'er me, murmuring like a distant sea.

Here Wisdom might resort, and here Remorse;
Here too the love-lorn Man who, sick in soul
And of this busy human heart aweary,
Worships the spirit of unconscious life
In tree or wild-flower. —Gentle Lunatic!
If so he might not wholly cease to be,
He would far rather not be that, he is;
But would be something, that he knows not of,
In winds or waters, or among the rocks!

But hence, fond wretch! breathe not contagion here!
No myrtle-walks are these: these are no groves
Where Love dare loiter! If in sullen mood
He should stray hither, the low stumps shall gore
His dainty feet, the briar and the thorn
Make his plumes haggard. Like a wounded bird
Easily caught, ensnare him, O ye Nymphs,
Ye Oreads chaste, ye dusky Dryades!
And you, ye EARTH-WINDS! you that make at morn
The dew-drops quiver on the spiders' webs!
You, O ye wingless ATKS! that creep between
The rigid stems of heath and bitten furze,
Within whose scanty shade, at summer-noon,
The mother-sheep hath worn a hollow bed—
Ye, that now cool her fleece with dropless Damp,
Now pant and murmur with her feeding lamb.
Chase, chase him, all ye Fays, and elfin Gnomes!
With prickles sharper than his darts bemock
His little Godship, making him perforce
Creep through a thorn-bush on yon hedgehog's back.

This is my hour of triumph! I can now
With my own fancies play the merry fool,
And laugh away worse folly, being free.
Here will I seat myself, beside this old,
Hollow, and weedy oak, which ivy-twine
Clothes as with net-work: here will I couch my limbs,
Close by this river, in this silent shade,
As safe and sacred from the step of man
As an invisible world—unheard, unseen,
And listening only to the pebbly brook
That murmurs with a dead, yet bell-like sound
Tinkling, or bees, that in the neighbouring trunk
Make honey-hoards. The breeze, that visits me,
Was never Love's accomplice, never raised
The tendril ringlets from the maiden's brow,
And the blue, delicate veins above her cheek;
Ne'er played the wanton—never half disclosed
The maiden's snowy bosom, scattering thence

Eye-poisons for some love-distempered youth,
Who ne'er henceforth may see an aspen-grove
Shiver in sunshine, but his feeble heart
Shall flow away like a dissolving thing.

Sweet breeze! thou only, if I guess aright,
Liftest the feathers of the robin's breast,
That swells its little breast, so full of song,
Singing above me, on the mountain-ash.
And thou too, desert Stream! no pool of thine,
Though clear as lake in latest summer-eve,
Did e'er reflect the stately virgin's robe,
The face, the form divine, the downcast look
Contemplative! Behold! her open palm
Presses her cheek and brow! her elbow rests
On the bare branch of half-uprooted tree,
That leans towards its mirror! Who, erewhile
Who from her countenance turned, or looked by stealth,
(For fear is true love's cruel nurse,) he now,
With steadfast gaze and unoffending eye,
Worships the watery idol, dreaming hopes
Delicious to the soul, but fleeting, vain,
E'en as that phantom-world on which he gazed,
But not unheeded gazed: for see, ah! see,
The sportive tyrant with her left hand plucks
The heads of tall flowers that behind her grow,
Lychnis, and willow-herb, and fox-glove bells:
And suddenly, as one that toys with time,
Scatters them on the pool! Then all the charm
Is broken—all that phantom-world so fair
Vanishes, and a thousand circlets spread,
And each mis-shape the other. Stay awhile,
Poor youth, who scarcely darest lift up thine eyes!
The stream will soon renew its smoothness, soon
The visions will return! And lo! he stays:
And soon the fragments dim of lovely forms
Come trembling back, unite, and now once more
The pool becomes a mirror; and behold
Each wildflower on the marge inverted there,
And there the half-uprooted tree—but where,
O where the virgin's snowy arm, that leaned
On its bare branch? He turns, and she is gone!
Homeward she steals through many a woodland maze
Which he shall seek in vain. Ill-fated youth!
Go, day by day, and waste thy manly prime
In mad Love-yearning by the vacant brook,
Till sickly thoughts bewitch thine eyes, and thou
Behold'st her shadow still abiding there,
The Naiad of the Mirror!

Not to thee,
O wild and desert Stream! belongs this tale:

Gloomy and dark art thou—the crowded firs
Spire from thy shores, and stretch across thy bed,
Making thee doleful as a cavern-well:
Save when the shy king-fishers build their nest
On thy steep banks, no loves hast thou, wild stream!

This be my chosen haunt—emancipate
From passion's dreams, a freeman, and alone,
I rise and trace its devious course. O lead,
Lead me to deeper shades and lonelier glooms.
Lo! stealing through the canopy of firs
How fair the sunshine spots that mossy rock,
Isle of the river, whose disparted waves
Dart off asunder with an angry sound,
How soon to re-unite! And see! they meet,
Each in the other lost and found: and see
Placeless, as spirits, one soft water-sun
Throbbing within them, Heart at once and Eye!
With its soft neighbourhood of filmy clouds,
The stains and shadings of forgotten tears,
Dimness o'erswum with lustre! Such the hour
Of deep enjoyment, following love's brief feuds;
And hark, the noise of a near waterfall!
I pass forth into light—I find myself
Beneath a weeping birch (most beautiful
Of forest-trees, the Lady of the woods,)
Hard by the brink of a tall weedy rock
That overbrows the cataract. How bursts
The landscape on my sight! Two crescent hills
Fold in behind each other, and so make
A circular vale, and land-locked, as might seem,
With brook and bridge, and grey stone cottages,
Half hid by rocks and fruit-trees. At my feet,
The whortle-berries are bedewed with spray,
Dashed upwards by the furious waterfall.
How solemnly the pendent ivy-mass
Swings in its winnow! All the air is calm.
The smoke from cottage-chimneys, tinged with light,
Rises in columns: from this house alone,
Close by the waterfall, the column slants,
And feels its ceaseless breeze. But what is this?
That cottage, with its slanting chimney-smoke,
And close beside its porch a sleeping child,
His dear head pillowed on a sleeping dog—
One arm between its fore legs, and the hand
Holds loosely its small handful of wild-flowers,
Unfilletted, and of unequal lengths.
A curious picture, with a master's haste
Sketched on a strip of pinky-silver skin,
Peeled from the birchen bark! Divinest mind!
You bark her canvas, and those purple berries
Her pencil! See, the juice is scarcely dried

On the fine skin! She has been newly here;
And lo! yon patch of heath has been her couch—
The pressure still remains! O blessed couch!
For this mayst thou flower early, and the Sun,
Slanting at eve, rest bright, and linger long
Upon thy purple bells! O Isabel!
Daughter of genius! stateliest of our maids!
More beautiful than whom Alcæus wooed
The Lesbian woman of immortal song!
O child of genius! stately, beautiful,
And full of love to all, save only me,
And not ungentle even to me! My heart,
Why beats it thus? Through yonder coppice-wood
Needs must the pathway turn, that leads straightway
On to her father's house. She is alone!
The night draws on—such ways are hard to hit—
And fit it is I should restore this sketch,
Dropt unawares no doubt. Why should I yearn
To keep the relique? 'twill but idly feed
The passion that consumes me. Let me haste!
The picture in my hand which she has left;
She cannot blame me that I followed her:
And I may be her guide the long wood through.

THE NIGHT-SCENE:

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

SANDOVAL.

You loved the daughter of Don Manrique?

Earl HENRY.

Loved?

SANDOVAL.

Did you not say you wooed her?

Earl HENRY.

Once I loved
Her whom I dared not woo!

SANDOVAL.

And wooed, perchance,
One whom you loved not!

Earl HENRY.

Oh! I were most base,
Not loving Oropeza. True, I wooed her,
Hoping to heal a deeper wound; but she
Met my advances with impassioned pride,
That kindled love with love. And when her sire,

Who in his dream of hope already grasped
The golden circlet in his hand, rejected
My suit with insult, and in memory
Of ancient fends poured curses on my head,
Her blessings overtook and baffled them!
But thou art stern, and with unkindly countenance
Art inly reasoning whilst thou listenest to me.

SANDOVAL.

Anxiously, Henry! reasoning anxiously.
But Oropeza—

Earl HENRY.

Blessings gather round her!
Within this wood there winds a secret passage,
Beneath the walls, which opens out at length
Into the gloomiest covert of the Garden—
The night ere my departure to the army,
She, nothing trembling, led me through that gloom,
And to that covert by a silent stream,
Which, with one star reflected near its marge,
Was the sole object visible around me.
No leaflet stirred; the air was almost sultry;
So deep, so dark, so close, the umbrage o'er us!
No leaflet stirred;—yet pleasure hung upon
The gloom and stillness of the balmy night-air.
A little further on an arbour stood,
Fragrant with flowering trees—I well remember
What an uncertain glimmer in the darkness
Their snow-white blossoms made—thither she led me,
To that sweet bower! Then Oropeza trembled—
I heard her heart beat—if 'twere not my own.

SANDOVAL.

A rude and searing note, my friend!

Earl HENRY.

Oh! no!
I have small memory of aught but pleasure.
The inquietudes of fear, like lesser streams
Still flowing, still were lost in those of love:
So love grew mightier from the fear, and Nature,
Fleeing from Pain, sheltered herself in Joy.
The stars above our heads were dim and steady,
Like eyes suffused with rapture. Life was in us:
We were all life, each atom of our frames
A living soul—I vowed to die for her:
With the faint voice of one who, having spoken,
Relapses into blessedness, I vowed it:
That solemn vow, a whisper scarcely heard,
A murmur breathed against a lady's ear.
Oh! there is joy above the name of pleasure,
Deep self-possession, an intense repose.

SANDOVAL (*with a sarcastic smile*).

No other than as eastern sages paint,
The God, who floats upon a Lotos leaf,
Dreams for a thousand ages ; then awaking,
Creates a world, and smiling at the bubble,
Relapses into bliss.

Earl HENRY.

Ah ! was that bliss
Feared as an alien, and too vast for man ?
For suddenly, impatient of its silence,
Did Oropeza, starting, grasp my forehead.
I caught her arms : the veins were swelling on them.
Through the dark bower she sent a hollow voice,
Oh ! what if all betray me ? what if thou ?
I swore, and with an inward thought that seemed
The purpose and the substance of my being,
I swore to her, that were she red with guilt,
I would exchange my unblenched state with hers.—
Friend ! by that winding passage, to that bower
I now will go—all objects there will teach me
Unwavering love, and singleness of heart.
Go, Sandoval ! I am prepared to meet her—
Say nothing of me—I myself will seek her—
Nay, leave me, friend ! I cannot bear the torment
And keen inquiry of that scanning eye.—

[*Earl* HENRY *retires into the wood.*

SANDOVAL (*alone.*)

O Henry ! always striv'st thou to be great
By thine own act—yet art thou never great
But by the inspiration of great passion.
The whirl-blast comes, the desert-sands rise up
And shape themselves : from Earth to Heaven they stand,
As though they were the pillars of a temple,
Built by Omnipotence in its own honour !
But the blast pauses, and their shaping spirit
Is fled : the mighty columns were but sand,
And lazy snakes trail o'er the level ruins !

TO AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN,

WHOM THE AUTHOR HAD KNOWN IN THE DAYS OF HER INNOCENCE.

MYRTLE-LEAF that, ill besped,
Pinest in the gladsome ray,
Soiled beneath the common tread,
Far from thy protecting spray !

When the Partridge o'er the sheaf
  Whirred along the yellow vale,
Sad I saw thee, heedless leaf!
  Love the dalliance of the gale.

Lightly didst thou, foolish thing!
  Heave and flutter to his sighs,
While the flatterer, on his wing,
  Wooed and whispered thee to rise.

Gaily from thy mother-stalk
  Wert thou danced and wafted high—
Soon on this unsheltered walk
  Flung to fade, to rot and die.

TO AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN AT THE THEATRE.

MAIDEN, that with sullen brow
  Sittest behind those virgins gay,
Like a scorched and mildewed bough,
  Leafless 'mid the blooms of May!

Him who lured thee and forsook,
  Oft I watched with angry gaze,
Fearful saw his pleading look,
  Anxious heard his fervid phrase.

Soft the glances of the youth,
  Soft his speech, and soft his sigh;
But no sound like simple truth,
  But no true love in his eye.

Loathing thy polluted lot,
  Hie thee, Maiden, hie thee hence!
Seek thy weeping Mother's cot,
  With a wiser innocence.

Thou hast known deceit and folly,
  Thou hast felt that vice is woe:
With a musing melancholy
  Inly armed, go, Maiden! go.

Mother sage of Self-dominion,
  Firm thy steps, O Melancholy!
The strongest plume in wisdom's pinion
  Is the memory of past folly.

Mute the sky-lark and forlorn,
  While she moults the firstling plumes,
That had skimmed the tender corn,
  Or the bean-field's odorous blooms.

Soon with renovated wing
  Shall she dare a loftier flight,
Upward to the day-star spring
  And embathe in heavenly light.

LINES COMPOSED IN A CONCERT-ROOM.

Nor cold, nor stern, my soul! yet I detest
  These scented Rooms, where, to a gaudy throng,
Heaves the proud Harlot her distended breast,
  In intricacies of laborious song.

These feel not Music's genuine power, nor deign
  To melt at Nature's passion-warbled plaint;
But when the long-breathed singer's uptrilled strain
  Bursts in a squall—they gape for wonderment.

Hark! the deep buzz of Vanity and Hate!
  Scornful, yet envious, with self-torturing sneer
My lady eyes some maid of humbler state
  While the pert Captain, or the primmer Priest,
  Prattles accordant scandal in her ear.
O give me, from this heartless scene released,
  To hear our old musician, blind and grey,
(Whom stretching from my nurse's arms I kissed,)
  His Scottish tunes and warlike marches play,
By moonshine, on the balmy summer-night,
  The while I dance amid the tedded hay
With merry maids, whose ringlets toss in light.

Or lies the purple evening on the bay
Of the calm glossy lake, O let me hide
  Unheard, unseen, behind the alder-trees
For round their roots the fisher's boat is tied,
  On whose trim seat doth Edmund stretch at ease,
And while the lazy boat sways to and fro,
  Breathes in his flute sad airs, so wild and slow,
That his own cheek is wet with quiet tears.

But O, dear Anne! when midnight wind careers,
And the gust pelting on the out-house shed
  Makes the cock shrilly on the rain-storm crow,
  To hear thee sing some ballad full of woe,
Ballad of ship-wrecked sailor floating dead,
  Whom his own true-love buried in the sands!

Thee, gentle woman, for thy voice remeasures
Whatever tones and melancholy pleasures
  The Things of Nature utter ; birds or trees
Or moan of ocean-gale in weedy caves,
Or where the stiff grass mid the heath-plant waves,
  Murmur and music thin of sudden breeze.

THE KEEP-SAKE.

THE tedded hay, the first fruits of the soil,
The tedded hay and corn-sheaves in one field,
Shew summer gone, ere come. The foxglove tall
Sheds its loose purple bells, or in the gust,
Or when it bends beneath the up-springing lark,
Or mountain-finch alighting. And the rose
(In vain the darling of successful love)
Stands, like some boasted beauty of past years,
The thorns remaining, and the flowers all gone.
Nor can I find, amid my lonely walk
By rivulet, or spring, or wet road-side,
That blue and bright-eyed floweret of the brook,
Hope's gentle gem, the sweet FORGET-ME-NOT !*
So will not fade the flowers which Emmeline
With delicate fingers on the snow-white silk
Has worked, (the flowers which most she knew I loved,)
And, more beloved than they, her auburn hair.

In the cool morning twilight, early waked
By her full bosom's joyless restlessness,
Softly she rose, and lightly stole along,
Down the slope coppice to the woodbine bower,
Whose rich flowers, swinging in the morning breeze,
Over their dim fast-moving shadows hung,
Making a quiet image of disquiet
In the smooth, scarcely moving river-pool.
There, in that bower where first she owned her love,
And let me kiss my own warm tear of joy
From off her glowing cheek, she sate and stretched
The silk upon the frame, and worked her name
Between the MOSS-ROSE and FORGET-ME-NOT—
Her own dear name, with her own auburn hair !
That forced to wander till sweet spring return,
I yet might ne'er forget her smile, her look,
Her voice, (that even in her mirthful mood
Has made me wish to steal away and weep,)

* One of the names (and meaning to be the only one) of the *Myosotis Scorpioides Palustris*, a flower from six to twelve inches high, with blue blossom and bright yellow eye. It has the same name over the whole Empire of Germany (*Vergissmein nicht*) and we believe, in Denmark and Sweden.

Nor yet the entrancement of that maiden kiss
With which she promised, that when spring returned,
She would resign one half of that dear name,
And own thenceforth no other name but mine!

TO A YOUNG LADY.

ON HER RECOVERY FROM A FEVER.

WHY need I say, Louisa dear!
How glad I am to see you here,
A lovely convalescent;
Risen from the bed of pain, and fear,
And feverish heat incessant.

The sunny Showers, the dappled Sky,
The little Birds that warble high,
Their vernal loves commencing,
Will better welcome you than I
With their sweet influencing.

Believe me, while in bed you lay,
Your danger taught us all to pray:
You made us grow devouter!
Each eye looked up and seemed to say,
How can we do without her?

Besides, what vexed us worse, we knew,
They have no need of such as you
In the place where you were going:
This World has angels all too few,
And Heaven is overflowing!

TO A LADY.

WITH FALCONER'S "SHIPWRECK."

AH! not by Cam or Isis, famous streams,
In arched groves, the youthful poet's choice;
Nor while half-listening, mid delicious dreams,
To harp and song from lady's hand and voice;

Nor yet while gazing in sublimer mood
On cliff, or cataract, in Alpine dell;
Nor in dim cave with bladdery sea-weed strewed,
Framing wild fancies to the ocean's swell;

Our sea-bard sang this song! which still he sings,
  And sings for thee, sweet friend! Hark, Pity, hark!
Now mounts, now totters on the Tempest's wings,
  Now groans, and shivers, the replunging Bark!

"Cling to the shrouds!" In vain! The breakers roar—
  Death shrieks! With two alone of all his clan
Forlorn the poet paced the Grecian shore,
  No classic roamer, but a ship-wrecked man!

Say then, what muse inspired these genial strains,
  And lit his spirit to so bright a flame?
The elevating thought of suffered pains,
  Which gentle hearts shall mourn; but chief, the name

Of Gratitude! Remembrances of Friend,
  Or absent or no more! Shades of the Past,
Which Love makes Substance! Hence to thee I send,
  O dear as long as life and memory last!

I send with deep regards of heart and head,
  Sweet maid, for friend-ship formed! this work to thee:
And thou, the while thou canst not choose but shed
  A tear for FALCONER, wilt remember ME.

HOME-SICK.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY.

'Tis sweet to him, who all the week
  Through city-crowds must push his way,
To stroll alone through fields and woods,
  And hallow thus the Sabbath-Day.

And sweet it is, in summer bower,
  Sincere, affectionate and gay,
One's own dear children feasting round,
  To celebrate one's marriage-day.

But what is all, to his delight,
  Who having long been doomed to roam,
Throws off the bundle from his back,
  Before the door of his own home?

Home-sickness is a wasting pang;
  This feel I hourly more and more:
There's Healing only in thy wings,
  Thou Breeze that playest on Albion's shore!

SOMETHING CHILDISH, BUT VERY NATURAL.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY.

If I had but two little wings,
And were a little feathery bird,
To you I'd fly, my dear!
But thoughts like these are idle things,
And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly:
I'm always with you in my sleep!
The world is all one's own.
But then one wakes, and where am I?
All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids:
So I love to wake ere break of day:
For though my sleep be gone,
Yet, while 'tis dark, one shuts one's lids,
And still dreams on.

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Do you ask what the birds say? The Sparrow, the Dove,
The Linnet and Thrush say, "I love and I love!"
In the winter they're silent—the wind is so strong;
What it says, I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,
And singing, and loving—all come back together.
But the Lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings; and for ever sings he—
"I love my Love, and my Love loves me!"

THE VISIONARY HOPE.

Sad lot, to have no Hope! Though lowly kneeling
He fain would frame a prayer within his breast,
Would fain entreat for some sweet breath of healing,
That his sick body might have ease and rest;
He strove in vain! the dull sighs from his chest
Against his will the stifling load revealing,
Though Nature forced; though like some captive guest,
Some royal prisoner at his conqueror's feast,
An alien's restless mood but half concealing,
The sternness on his gentle brow confessed
Sickness within and miserable feeling:

Though obscure pangs made curses of his dreams,
And dreaded sleep, each night repelled in vain,
Each night was scattered by its own loud screams:
Yet never could his heart command, though fain,
One deep full wish to be no more in pain.

That HOPE, which was his inward bliss and boast,
Which waned and died, yet ever near him stood,
Though changed in nature, wander where he would—
For Love's Despair is but Hope's pining Ghost!
For this one hope he makes his hourly moan,
He wishes and *can* wish for this alone!
Pierced, as with light from Heaven, before its gleams
(So the love-stricken visionary deems)
Disease would vanish, like a summer shower,
Whose dews fling sunshine from the noon-tide bower!
Or let it stay! yet this one Hope should give
Such strength that he would bless his pains and live.

THE HAPPY HUSBAND.

A FRAGMENT.

OFT, oft methinks, the while with Thee
I breathe, as from the heart, thy dear
And dedicated name, I hear
A promise and a mystery,
A pledge of more than passing life,
Yea, in that very name of Wife!

A pulse of love, that ne'er can sleep!
A feeling that upbraids the heart
With happiness beyond desert,
That gladness half requests to weep!
Nor bless I not the keener sense
And unalarming turbulence

Of transient joys, that ask no sting
From jealous fears, or coy denying;
But born beneath Love's brooding wing,
And into tenderness soon dying,
Wheel out their giddy moment, then
Resign the soul to love again.

A more precipitated vein
Of notes, that eddy in the flow
Of smoothest song, they come, they go,
And leave their sweeter understrain
Its own sweet self—a love of Thee
That seems, yet cannot greater be!

ON RE-VISITING THE SEA-SHORE, AFTER LONG ABSENCE,

UNDER STRONG MEDICAL RECOMMENDATION NOT TO BATHE.

God be with thee, gladsome Ocean!
  How gladly greet I thee once more!
Ships and waves, and ceaseless motion,
  And men rejoicing on thy shore.

Dissuading spake the mild Physician,
  "Those briny waves for thee are Death!"
But my soul fulfilled her mission,
  And lo! I breathe untroubled breath!

Fashion's pining Sons and Daughters,
  That seek the crowd they seem to fly,
Trembling they approach thy waters;
  And what cares Nature, if they die?

Me a thousand hopes and pleasures,
  A thousand recollections bland,
Thoughts sublime, and stately measures,
  Revisit on thy echoing strand:

Dreams, (the Soul herself forsaking,)
  Tearful raptures, boyish mirth;
Silent adorations, making
  A blessed shadow of this Earth!

O ye hopes, that stir within me,
  Health comes with you from above!
God is with me, God is in me!
  I cannot die, if Life be Love.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LOVE.

I.

How warm this woodland wild Recess!
  Love surely hath been breathing here.
  And this sweet bed of heath, my dear!
Swells up, then sinks with faint caress,
  As if to have you yet more near.

II.

Eight springs have flown, since last I lay
  On sea-ward Quantock's heathy hills,
  Where quiet sounds from hidden rills
Float here and there, like things astray,
  And high o'er head the sky-lark shrills.

III.

No voice as yet had made the air
  Be music with your name; yet why
  That asking look? that yearning sigh?
That sense of promise every where?
  Beloved! flew your spirit by?

IV.

As when a mother doth explore
  The rose-mark on her long-lost child,
  I met, I loved you, maiden mild!
As whom I long had loved before—
  So deeply, had I been beguiled.

V.

You stood before me like a thought,
  A dream remembered in a dream.
  But when those meek eyes first did seem
To tell me, Love within you wrought—
  O Greta, dear domestic stream!

VI.

Has not, since then, Love's prompture deep,
  Has not Love's whisper evermore,
  Been ceaseless, as thy gentle roar?
Sole voice, when other voices sleep,
  Dear under-song in Clamor's hour.

THE COMPOSITION OF A KISS.

CUPID, if storying legends tell aright,
Once framed a rich elixir of delight.
A chalice o'er love-kindled flames he fix'd,
And in it nectar and ambrosia mix'd:
With these the magic dews which evening brings,
Brush'd from the Italian star by faery wings:
Each tender pledge of sacred faith he join'd,
Each gentler pleasure of the unspotted mind—
Day-dreams, whose tints with sportive brightness glow,
And Hope, the blameless parasite of Woe.

The eyeless Chemist heard the process rise,
The steamy chalice bubbled up in sighs;
Sweet sounds transpired as when th' enamor'd dove
Pours the soft murmuring of responsive love.
The finish'd work might Envy vainly blame,
And "Kisses" was the precious compound's name.
With half, the god his Cyprian mother blest,
And spread on Sara's lovelier lips the rest!

III.—MEDITATIVE POEMS,

IN BLANK VERSE.

Yea, he deserves to find himself deceived,
Who seeks a Heart in the unthinking Man.
Like shadows on a stream, the forms of life
Impress their characters on the smooth forehead:
Nought sinks into the Bosom's silent depth.
Quick sensibility of Pain and Pleasure
Moves the light fluids lightly; but no soul
Warmth the inner frame.

SCHILLER.

HYMN BEFORE SUN-RISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNY.

Besides the Rivers, Arve and Arveiron, which have their sources in the foot of Mont Blanc, five conspicuous torrents rush down its sides: and within a few paces of the Glaciers, the Gentiana Major grows in immense numbers, with its "flowers of loveliest blue."

HAST thou a charm to stay the Morning-Star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran BLANC!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form!
Risest from forth thy silent Sea of Pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy chrystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my Thought,
Yea, with my Life and Life's own secret Joy:
Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty Vision passing—there
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my Heart, awake!
Green Vales and icy Cliffs, all join my Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the Vale!
O struggling with the Darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:
Companion of the Morning Star at Dawn,
Thyself Earth's ROSY STAR, and of the Dawn
Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in Earth?
Who filled thy Countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee Parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged Rocks
For ever shattered and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came,)
Here let the Billows stiffen, and rest Rest?

Ye Ice-falls! ye that from the Mountain's brow
Adown enormous Ravines slope amain —
Torrents, methinks, heard I a mighty Voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless Torrents! silent Cataracts!
Who made you glad when all the Gates of Heaven
Beneath the Incumbent Moon? Who bade the Sun
Clothe you with Rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet? —
GOD! let the Torrents, like a Shout of Nations
Answer! and let the Ice-plains echo, GOD!
GOD! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
Ye Pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, you piles of Snow,
And in their purity shall thunder, GOD!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal Frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the Eagle's nest!
Ye Eagles, playmates of the Mountain Storm!
Ye Lightnings, the dread arrows of the Clouds!
Ye Signs and wonders of the Element!
Utter forth GOD, and fill the Hills with Praise!

[illegible] thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft [illegible] Ye Pinnacles and Cliffs,
Sleep [illegible] through the pure Serene
Inal[illegible] thy Locks —
The [illegible] Mountains! thou
That [illegible]
[illegible]

Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of Incense, from the Earth!
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread Ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent Sky,
And tell the Stars, and tell yon rising Sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises GOD.

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM AT ELBINGERODE, IN THE HARTZ FOREST.

I STOOD on Brocken's* sovran height, and saw
Woods crowding upon woods, hills, over hills,
A surging scene, and only limited
By the blue distance. Heavily my way
Downward I dragged through fir groves evermore,
Where bright green moss heaves in sepulchral forms
Speckled with sunshine; and, but seldom heard,
The sweet bird's song became an hollow sound;
And the breeze, murmuring indivisibly,
Preserved its solemn murmur most distinct
From many a note of many a waterfall,
And the brook's chatter; 'mid whose islet stones
The dingy kidling with its tinkling bell
Leaped frolicsome, or old romantic goat
Sat, his white beard slow waving. I moved on
In low and languid mood:† for I had found
That outward Forms, the loftiest, still receive
Their finer influence from the Life within:
Fair Cyphers of vague import, where the Eye
Traces no spot, in which the Heart may read
History or Prophecy of Friend, or Child,
Or gentle Maid, our first and early love,
Or Father, or the venerable name
Of our adored Country! O thou Queen,
Thou delegated Deity of Earth,
O dear, dear England! how my longing eye

* The highest mountain in the Hartz, and indeed in North Germany.

† . . . . . When I have gazed
From some high eminence on goodly vales,
And cots and villages embowered below,
The thought would rise that all to me was strange
Amid the scenes so fair, nor one small spot
Where my tired mind might rest, and call it home.
SOUTHEY's *Hymn to the Penates.*

Turned westward, shaping in the steady clouds
Thy sacred and high white cliffs!

My native Land!
Filled with the thought of thee this heart was proud,
Yea, mine eye swam with tears: that all the view
From sovran Brocken, woods and woody hills,
Floated away, like a departing dream,
Feeble and dim! Stranger, these impulses
Blame thou not lightly; nor will I profane,
With hasty judgment or injurious doubt,
That man's sublimer spirit, who can feel
That God is everywhere! the God who framed
Mankind to be one mighty Family,
Himself our Father, and the World our Home.

THE EOLIAN HARP.

COMPOSED AT CLEVEDON, SOMERSETSHIRE.

My pensive Sara! thy soft cheek reclined
Thus on mine arm, most soothing sweet it is
To sit beside our cot, our cot o'ergrown
With white-flowered Jasmin, and the broad-leaved Myrtle,
(Meet emblems they of Innocence and Love!)
And watch the clouds, that late were rich with light,
Slow saddening round, and mark the star of eve
Serenely brilliant (such should wisdom be)
Shine opposite! How exquisite the scents
Snatched from yon bean-field! and the world so hushed!
The stilly murmur of the distant Sea
Tells us of Silence.

And that simplest Lute,
Placed lengthways in the clasping casement, hark!
How by the desultory breeze caressed,
Like some coy maid half yielding to her lover,
It pours such sweet upbraiding, as must needs
Tempt to repeat the wrong! And now, its strings
Boldlier swept, the long sequacious notes
Over delicious surges sink and rise,
Such a soft floating witchery of sound
As twilight Elfins make, when they at eve
Voyage on gentle gales from Fairy-Land,
Where melodies round honey-dropping flowers,
Footless and wild, like birds of Paradise,
Nor pause, nor perch, hovering on untamed wing!
O the one life within us and abroad,
Which meets all motion and becomes its soul,
A light in sound, a sound like power in light
Rhythm in all thought, and joyance everywhere—

Methinks, it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a world so filled;
Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still air,
Is Music slumbering on her instrument.

And thus, my love! as on the midway slope
Of yonder hill I stretch my limbs at noon,
Whilst through my half-closed eye-lids I behold
The sunbeams dance, like diamonds, on the main,
And tranquil muse upon tranquillity;
Full many a thought uncalled and undetained,
And many idle flitting phantasies,
Traverse my indolent and passive brain,
As wild and various as the random gales
That swell and flutter on this subject lute!

And what if all of animated nature
Be but organic harps diversely framed,
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
At once the Soul of each, and God of All?

But thy more serious eye a mild reproof
Darts, O beloved woman! nor such thoughts
Dim and unhallowed dost thou not reject,
And biddest me walk humbly with my God.
Meek daughter in the family of Christ!
Well hast thou said and holily dispraised
These shapings of the unregenerate mind;
Bubbles that glitter as they rise and break
On vain Philosophy's aye-babbling spring.
For never guiltless may I speak of him,
The Incomprehensible! save when with awe
I praise him, and with Faith that inly feels;
Who with his saving mercies healed me,
A sinful and most miserable Man,
Wildered and dark, and gave me to possess
Peace, and this Cot, and thee, heart-honoured Maid!

ON OBSERVING A BLOSSOM ON THE FIRST OF FEBRUARY, 1796.

Sweet Flower! that peeping from thy russet stem
Unfoldest timidly, (for in strange sort
This dark, frieze-coated, hoarse, teeth-chattering Month
Hath borrowed Zephyr's voice, and gazed upon thee
With blue voluptuous eye) alas, poor Flower!
These are but flatteries of the faithless year.
Perchance, escaped its unknown polar cave,
E'en now the keen North-East is on its way.

Flower that must perish! shall I liken thee
To some sweet girl of too too rapid growth
Nipped by Consumption 'mid untimely charms?
Or to Bristowa's Bard,* the wondrous boy!
An Amaranth, which Earth scarce seemed to own,
Blooming 'mid poverty's drear wintry waste,
Till Disappointment came, and pelting wrong
Beat it to Earth? or with indignant grief
Shall I compare thee to poor Poland's Hope,
Bright flower of Hope killed in the opening bud?
Farewell, sweet blossom! better fate be thine
And mock my boding! Dim similitudes
Weaving in moral strains, I've stolen one hour
From anxious SELF, Life's cruel Task-Master!
And the warm wooings of this sunny day
Tremble along my frame and harmonize
The attempered organ, that even saddest thoughts
Mix with some sweet sensations, like harsh tunes
Played deftly on a soft-toned instrument.

REFLECTIONS ON HAVING LEFT A PLACE OF RETIREMENT.

Sermoni propriora.—HOR.

LOW was our pretty Cot: our tallest Rose
Peeped at the chamber-window. We could hear
At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,
The Sea's faint murmur. In the open air
Our Myrtles blossomed; and across the Porch
Thick jasmins twined: the little landscape round
Was green and woody, and refreshed the eye.
It was a spot which you might aptly call
The VALLEY of SECLUSION! Once I saw
(Hallowing his Sabbath-day by quietness)
A wealthy son of commerce saunter by,
Bristowa's citizen: methought, it calmed
His thirst of idle gold, and made him muse
With wiser feelings: for he paused, and looked
With a pleased sadness, and gazed all around,
Then eyed our Cottage, and gazed round again,
And sighed, and said, it was a Blessed Place.
And we were blessed. Oft with patient ear
Long-listening to the viewless sky-lark's note
(Viewless, or haply for a moment seen
Gleaming on sunny wings) in whispered tones
I've said to my beloved, "Such, sweet girl!
"The inobtrusive song of Happiness,

* Chatterton.

" Unearthly minstrelsy! then only heard
" When the soul seeks to hear; when all is hushed,
" And the Heart listens!"

But the time, when first
From that low Dell, steep up the stony Mount
I climbed with perilous toil and reached the top,
Oh! what a goodly scene! *Here* the Bleak Mount,
The bare bleak Mountain speckled thin with sheep;
Grey clouds, that shadowing spot the sunny fields;
And River, now with bushy rocks o'erl rowed,
Now winding bright and full, with naked banks;
And Seats, and Lawns, the Abbey, and the Wood,
And Cots, and Hamlets, and faint City-spire:
The Channel *there*, the Islands and white Sails,
Dim Coasts, and cloud-like Hills, and shoreless Ocean—
It seemed like Omnipresence! God, methought,
Had built him there a Temple: the whole World
Seemed imaged in its vast circumference.
No *wish* profaned my overwhelmed Heart.
Blest hour! It was a Luxury,—to be!

Ah! quiet dell! dear cot, and mount sublime!
I was constrained to quit you. Was it right,
While my unnumbered brethren toiled and bled,
That I should dream away the entrusted hours
On rose-leaf Beds, pampering the coward Heart
With feelings all too delicate for use?
Sweet is the tear that from some Howard's eye
Drops on the cheek of One he lifts from Earth:
And He that works me good with unmoved face,
Does it but half: he chills me while he aids,
My Benefactor, not my Brother Man!
Yet even this, this cold Beneficence
Praise, praise it, O my Soul! oft as thou scann'st
The Sluggard Pity's vision-weaving Tribe!
Who sigh for Wretchedness, yet shun the wretched,
Nursing in some delicious solitude
Their slothful loves and dainty Sympathies!
I therefore go, and join head, heart, and hand,
Active and firm, to fight the bloodless fight
Of Science, Freedom, and the Truth in Christ.

Yet oft when after honourable toil
Rests the tired mind, and waking loves to dream,
My spirit shall revisit thee, dear Cot!
Thy Jasmin and thy window-peeping Rose,
And Myrtles fearless of the mild sea-air.
And I shall sigh fond wishes—sweet Abode!
Ah!—had none greater! And that all had such!
It might be so—but the time is not yet.
Speed it, O Father! Let thy Kingdom come!

TO THE REV. GEORGE COLERIDGE OF OTTERY ST. MARY, DEVON.

WITH SOME POEMS.

> Natus in fratres aliud paternum.
> Hor., Carm. lib. 1. 2.

A BLESSED lot hath he, who having passed
His youth and early manhood in the stir
And turmoil of the world, retreats at length,
With cares that move, not agitate the Heart,
To the same Dwelling where his Father dwelt;
And haply views his tottering little ones
Embrace those aged knees and climb that lap,
On which first kneeling his own Infancy
Lisped its brief prayer. Such, O my earliest Friend!
Thy lot, and such thy brothers too enjoy.
At distance did ye climb Life's uphill road,
Yet cheered and cheering: now fraternal Love
Hath drawn you to one centre. Be your days
Holy, and blest and blessing may ye live!

To me the Eternal Wisdom hath dispensed
A different fortune and more different mind—
Me from the spot where first I sprang to light
Too soon transplanted, ere my soul had fixed
Its first domestic loves; and hence through Life
Chasing chance-started Friendships. A brief while
Some have preserved me from Life's pelting ills;
But, like a Tree with leaves of feeble stem,
If the clouds lasted, and a sad breeze
Ruffled the boughs, they on my head at once
Dropped the collected shower; and some most false,
False and fair foliaged as the Manchineel,
Have tempted me to slumber in their shade
E'en mid the storm; then breathing subtlest damps,
Mixed their own venom with the rain from Heaven,
That I woke poisoned! But, all praise to Him
Who gives us all things, more have yielded me
Permanent shelter; and I hail thee, Friend,
Beneath the ample and overshadowing Oak,
I've raised a lowly bed, and know the name
Of Husband and of Father; not unheeding
Of that divine and middle-whispering Voice,
Which from my childhood to maturer years
Spake to me of pale mute and withered wreaths,
Bright with no fading colours!

Yet at times
My soul is sad, that I have roamed through life
Still most a Stranger, most with naked heart

At mine own home and birth-place: chiefly then,
When I remember thee, my earliest Friend!
Thee, who didst watch my boyhood and my youth;
Didst trace my wanderings with a Father's eye;
And boding evil yet still hoping good
Rebuked each fault, and over all my woes
Sorrowed in Silence! He who counts alone
The beatings of the solitary heart,
That Being knows, how I have loved thee ever
Loved as a brother, as a Son revered thee!
Oh! 'tis to me an ever new delight,
To talk of thee and thine: or when the blast
Of the shrill winter, rattling our rude sash,
Endears the cleanly hearth and social board;
Or when as now, on some delicious eve,
We in our sweet sequestered Orchard-Plot
Sit on the Tree crooked earth-ward; whose old boughs,
That hang above us in an arborous roof,
Stirred by the faint gale of departing May,
Send their loose blossoms slanting o'er our heads!

Nor dost not *thou* sometimes recall those hours,
When with the joy of hope thou gavest thine ear
To my wild firstling-lays. Since then my song
Hath sounded deeper notes, such as beseem
Or that sad wisdom folly leaves behind,
Or such as, tuned to these tumultuous times,
Cope with the tempest's swell!

These various strains,
Which I have framed in many a various mood,
Accept, my Brother! and (for some perchance
Will strike discordant on thy milder mind)
If aught of Error or intemperate Truth
Should meet thine ear, think thou that riper age
Will calm it down, and let thy Love forgive it!

INSCRIPTION FOR A FOUNTAIN ON A HEATH.

This Sycamore, oft musical with Bees,
Such Tents the Patriarchs loved! O long unharmed
May all its aged Boughs o'er-canopy
The small round Basin, which this jutting stone
Keeps pure from falling leaves! Long may the Spring,
Quietly as a sleeping Infant's breath,
Send up cold waters to the Traveller
With soft and even Pulse! Nor ever cease
Yon tiny Cone of Sand its soundless Dance,
Which at the Bottom, like a Fairy's Page,
As merry and no taller, dances still,
Nor wrinkles the smooth Surface of the Fount.

Here Twilight is and Coolness: here is Moss,
A soft Seat, and a deep and ample Shade,
Thou may'st toil far and find no second Tree.
Drink, Pilgrim, here! Here rest! and if thy Heart
Be innocent, here too shalt thou refresh
Thy Spirit, listening to some gentle Sound,
Or passing Gale or Hum of murmuring Bees!

A TOMBLESS EPITAPH.

'Tis true, Holochastes Satyrane!
(So call him, for so mingling Blame with Praise
And smiles with anxious looks, his earliest friends,
Masking his birth-name, wont to character
His wild-wood fancy and impetuous zeal,)
'Tis true that, passionate for ancient truths
And honouring with religious love the Great
Of elder times, he hated to excess,
With an unquiet and intolerant scorn,
The hollow puppets of an hollow Age,
Ever-volatious, and changing ever
Its worthless Idols! Learning, Power, and Time,
(Too much of all) thus wasting in vain war
Of fervid colloquy. Sickness, 'tis true,
Whole years of weary days, besieged him close,
Even to the gates and inlets of his life!
But it is true, no less, that strenuous, firm,
And with a natural gladness, he maintained
The Citadel unconquered, and in joy
Was strong to follow the delightful Muse.
For not a hidden Path, that to the Shades
Of the beloved Parnassian forest leads,
Lurked undiscovered by him; not a rill
There issues from the fount of Hippocrene,
But he had traced it upward to its source,
Through open glade, dark glen, and secret dell,
Knew the gay wild flowers on its banks, and culled
Its medicinable herbs. Yea, oft alone,
Piercing the long neglected holy cave,
The haunt obscure of old Philosophy,
He bade with lifted torch its starry walls
Sparkle, as erst they sparkled to the flame
Of odorous Lamps tended by Saint and Sage.
O framed for calmer times and nobler hearts!
O studious Poet, eloquent for truth!
Philosopher! contemning wealth and death,
Yet docile, childlike, full of Life and Love!
Here, rather than on monumental stone,
This record of thy worth thy Friend inscribe,
Thoughtful, with quiet tears upon his cheek.

THIS LIME-TREE BOWER MY PRISON.

In the June of 1797, some long-expected Friends paid a visit to the Author's Cottage; and on the morning of their arrival, he met with an accident, which disabled him from walking during the whole time of their stay. One Evening, when they had left him for a few hours, he composed the following lines in the Garden-Bower.

WELL, they are gone, and here must I remain,
This Lime-Tree Bower my Prison! I have lost
Beauties and Feelings, such as would have been
Most sweet to my remembrance even when age
Had dimmed mine eyes to blindness! They, meanwhile,
Friends, whom I never more may meet again,
On springy heath, along the hill top edge,
Wander in gladness, and wind down, perchance,
To that still roaring dell, of which I told;
The roaring dell, o'erwooded, narrow, deep,
And only speckled by the mid-day Sun;
Where its slim trunk the Ash from rock to rock
Flings arching like a bridge;—that branchless Ash,
Unsunned and damp, whose few poor yellow leaves
Ne'er tremble in the gale, yet tremble still,
Fanned by the water-fall! and there my friends
Behold the dark green file of long lank Weeds,*
That all at once (a most fantastic sight!)
Still nod and drip beneath the dripping edge
Of the blue clay-stone.

Now, my Friends emerge
Beneath the wide wide Heaven—and view again
The many-steepled track magnificent
Of hilly fields and meadows, and the sea,
With some fair bark, perhaps, whose Sails light up
The slip of smooth clear blue betwixt two Isles
Of purple shadow! Yes! they wander on
In gladness all; but thou, methinks, most glad,
My gentle-hearted Charles! for thou hast pined
And hungered after Nature, many a year,
In the great City pent, winning thy way
With sad yet patient soul, through evil and pain
And strange calamity! Ah! slowly sink
Behind the western ridge, thou glorious Sun!
Shine in the slant beams of the sinking orb
Ye purple heath-flowers! richlier burn, ye clouds!
Live in the yellow light, ye distant groves!
And kindle, thou blue Ocean! So my Friend
Struck with deep joy may stand, as I have stood,
Silent with swimming sense; yea, gazing round

* OF LONG LANK WEEDS.] The Asplenium Scolopendrium, called in some countries the Adder's Tongue, in other the Hart's tongue: but Withering gives the Adder's Tongue as the trivial name of the Ophioglossum only.

On the wide landscape, gaze till all doth seem
Less gross than bodily; and of such laws
As veil the Almighty Spirit, when he makes
Spirits perceive his presence.

A delight
Comes sudden on my heart, and I am glad
As I myself were there! Nor in this bower,
This little lime-tree bower, have I not marked
Much that has soothed me. Pale beneath the blaze
Hung the transparent foliage; and I watched
Some broad and sunny leaf, and loved to see
The shadow of the leaf and stem above
Dappling its sunshine! And that Walnut-tree
Was richly tinged, and a deep radiance lay
Full on the ancient Ivy, which usurps
Those fronting elms, and now with blackest mass
Makes their dark branches gleam a lighter hue
Through the late twilight: and though now the Bat
Wheels silent by, and not a Swallow twitters,
Yet still the solitary humble Bee
Sings in the bean-flower! Henceforth I shall know
That Nature ne'er deserts the wise and pure;
No Plot so narrow, be but Nature there,
No waste so vacant, but may well employ
Each faculty of sense, and keep the heart
Awake to Love and Beauty! and sometimes
'Tis well to be bereft of promised good,
That we may lift the Soul, and contemplate
With lively joy the joys we cannot share.
My gentle-hearted Charles! when the last Rook
Beat its straight path along the dusky air
Homewards, I blest it! deeming, its black wing
(Now a dim speck, now vanishing in light)
Had crossed the mighty Orb's dilated glory,
While thou stood'st gazing; or when all was still,
Flew creaking o'er thy head, and had a charm
For thee, my gentle-hearted Charles, to whom
No Sound is dissonant which tells of Life.

TO A FRIEND

WHO HAD TH[illegible] INTENTION OF WRITING NO MORE POETRY.

Dear Charles! whilst yet thou wert a babe I ween
That Genius plunged thee in that wizard fount

[illegible] Charles! Some months after I had written this line, it gave me pleasure to observe that Barham had observed the same circumstance of the Cormorant Crew. "With these Birds in the evening, in bright weather, their strokes are slow, moderate, and regular; and even when at a considerable distance or high above us, we plainly hear the sound of their strokes, and we's upon one another crackin' their jokes over what, of a calm day, is a tranquillous sea."

Hight Castalie; and (sureties of thy faith)
That Pity and Simplicity stood by,
And promised for thee, that thou shouldst renounce
The world's low cares and lying vanities,
Steadfast and rooted in the heavenly Muse,
And washed and sanctified to Poesy.
Yes—thou wert plunged, but with forgetful hand
Held, as by Thetis erst her warrior Son:
And with those recreant unbaptized Heels
Thou'rt flying from thy bounden Ministeries—
So sore it seems and burthensome a task
To weave unwithering flowers! But take thou heed:
For thou art vulnerable, wild-eyed Boy,
And I have arrows* mystically dipped,
Such as may stop thy speed. Is thy Burns dead?
And shall he die unwept, and sink to Earth
"Without the meed of one melodious tear?"
Thy Burns, and Nature's own beloved Bard,
Who to the "Illustrious† of his native Land
"So properly did look for Patronage."
Ghost of Mæcenas! hide thy blushing face!
They snatched him from the Sickle and the Plough,—
To gauge Ale-Firkins.

Oh! for shame return!
On a bleak Rock, midway the Aonian mount,
There stands a lone and melancholy tree,
Whose aged branches to the midnight blast
Make solemn music: pluck its darkest bough,
Ere yet the unwholesome Night-dew be exhaled,
And weeping wreath it round thy Poet's Tomb.
Then in the outskirts, where pollutions grow,
Pick the rank henbane and the dusky flowers
Of night-shade, or its red and tempting fruit.
These with stopped nostril and glove-guarded hand
Knit in nice intertexture, so to twine
The Illustrious Brow of Scotch Nobility.

1796.

TO A GENTLEMAN.

W. WORDSWORTH.)

COMPOSED ON THE NIGHT AFTER HIS RECITATION OF A POEM ON THE GROWTH OF AN INDIVIDUAL MIND.

FRIEND of the Wise! and Teacher of the Good!
Into my heart have I received that Lay
More than historic, that prophetic Lay

---

* Vide Pind. Olym. ii. r. 156.
† Verbatim from Burns's dedication of his Poem to the Nobility and Gentry of the Caledonian Hunt.

Wherein (high theme by thee first sung aright)
Of the foundations and the building up
Of the Human Spirit, thou hast dared to tell
What may be told, to the understanding mind
Revealable; and what within the mind
By vital Breathings, like the secret soul
Of vernal growth, oft quickens in the Heart
Thoughts all too deep for words!—

Theme hard as high!
Of smiles spontaneous, and mysterious fears
(The first-born they of Reason and twin-birth)
Of tides obedient to external force,
And currents self-determined, as might seem,
Or by some inner Power; of moments awful,
Now in thy inner life, and now abroad,
When Power streamed from thee, and thy soul received
The light reflected, as a light bestowed—
Of Fancies fair, and milder hours of youth,
Hyblean murmurs of Poetic Thought
Industrious in its Joy, in Vale and Glen,
Native or outland, Lakes and famous Hills!
Or on the lonely High-road, when the Stars
Were rising; or by secret Mountain-streams,
The Guides and the Companions of thy way!

Of more than Fancy, of the Social Sense
Distending wide, and Man beloved as Man,
Where France in all her Towns lay vibrating
Even as a Bark by the Breath of the First
Of Heaven's immense Tempest, when no Cloud
Is visible, or shadow on the Main.
For thou wert there, thine own brows glowing with
Amid the tremor of a realm rejoicing,
Amid a mighty nation jubilant,
When from the general Heart of Human Kind
Hope sprang forth like a full-born Deity!
—Of that dear Hope afflicted and struck down,
So suddenly [illegible] Spirit! [illegible] and pure
From the [illegible] Sun,
With light [illegible] to [illegible]
Fare-[illegible]
The Angel of the [illegible] (Then (alas! [illegible])
Of Duty, chosen [illegible] Thy choice,
Action and Joy! An [illegible] indeed,
A song divine of high [illegible] the light,
To [illegible] Man [illegible]!

[illegible]!
[illegible]
[illegible]
Or [illegible]

Have all one age, and from one visible space
Shed influence! They, both in power and act,
Are permanent, and Time is not with *them*,
Save as it worketh *for* them, they *in* it.
Nor less a sacred Roll, than those of old,
And to be placed, as they, with gradual fame
Among the Archives of Mankind, thy work
Makes audible a linked lay of Truth,
Of Truth profound a sweet continuous lay,
Not learnt, but native, her own natural notes!
Ah! as I listened with a heart forlorn
The pulses of my Being beat anew:
And even as Life returns upon the Drowned,
Life's joy rekindling roused a throng of Pains—
Keen Pangs of Love, awakening as a babe
Turbulent, with an outcry in the heart;
And Fears self-willed, that shunned the eye of Hope;
And Hope that scarce would know itself from Fear:
Sense of past Youth, and Manhood come in vain,
And Genius given, and Knowledge won in vain;
And all which I had culled in Wood-walks wild,
And all which patient toil had reared, and all,
Commune with *thee* had opened out—but Flowers
Strewed on my corse, and borne upon my Bier,
In the same Coffin, for the self-same Grave!

That way no more! and ill beseems it me,
Who came a welcomer in Herald's Guise,
Singing of Glory, and Futurity,
To wander back on such unhealthful road,
Plucking the poisons of self-harm! And ill
Such intertwine beseems triumphal wreaths
Strewed before *thy* advancing!

Nor do thou,
Sage Bard! impair the memory of that hour
Of thy communion with my nobler mind
By Pity or Grief, already felt too long!
Nor let my words import more blame than needs.
The tumult rose and ceased: for Peace is nigh
Where wisdom's voice has found a listening heart.
Amid the howl of more than wintry storms,
The Halcyon hears the voice of vernal Hours
Already on the wing.

Eve following eve,
Dear tranquil time, when the sweet sense of Home
Is sweetest! moments for their own sake hailed
And more desired, more precious for thy song,
In silence listening, like a devout child,
My soul lay passive, by thy various strain
Driven as in surge now beneath the stars,

With momentary Stars of my own birth,
Fair constellated Foam,* still darting off
Into the darkness; now a tranquil sea,
Outspread and bright, yet swelling to the Moon.

And when—O Friend! my comforter and guide!
Strong in thyself, and powerful to give strength!—
Thy long-sustained Song finally closed,
And thy deep voice had ceased—yet thou thyself
Wert still before my eyes, and round us both
That happy vision of beloved Faces—
Scarce conscious, and yet conscious of its close
I sate, my being blended in one thought
(Thought was it? or Aspiration? or Resolve?)
Absorbed, yet hanging still upon the sound—
And when I rose, I found myself in prayer.

THE NIGHTINGALE:

A CONVERSATION POEM.

WRITTEN IN APRIL, 1798.

No cloud, no relique of the sunken day
Distinguishes the West, no long thin slip
Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.
Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge!
You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
But hear no murmuring: it flows silently,
O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still,
A balmy night! and though the stars be dim,
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
And hark! the Nightingale begins its song,
"Most musical, most melancholy" Bird! †
A melancholy Bird? Oh! idle thought!
In nature there is nothing melancholy.
But some night-wandering man, whose heart was pierced
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,

* "A [illegible] of fire [illegible] at intervals [illegible] side of the Vessel was a [illegible], and [illegible] of flame [illegible] and sparkles [illegible] went out in it; and by-and-by [illegible] and then light detachments [illegible] of this white [illegible] like fragments [illegible] off from the vessel [illegible], each with its own small constellation over the Sea, and [illegible] out of sight like a Parterre [illegible] over a Wilderness." THE FRIEND, [illegible].

† "Most musical, most melancholy" Bird! This passage in Milton [illegible] an excellent [illegible] of mere description. It is spoken in the character of the melancholy man, and has therefore a dramatic propriety. The author [illegible] from the charge of having alluded with levity [illegible] in Milton [illegible] than will [illegible] could be more painful to him, except perhaps a doubt of having misled his Reader.

Or slow distemper, or neglected love,
(And so poor Wretch! filled all things with himself
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrow) he, and such as he,
First named these notes a melancholy strain:
And many a poet echoes the conceit;
Poet who hath been building up the rhyme
When he had better far have stretched his limbs
Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell,
By Sun or Moon-light, to the influxes
Of shapes and sounds and shifting elements
Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song
And of his fame forgetful! so his fame
Should share in Nature's immortality,
A venerable thing! and so his song
Should make all Nature lovelier, and itself
Be loved like Nature! But 'twill not be so;
And youths and maidens most poetical,
Who lose the deepening twilights of the spring
In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still
Full of meek sympathy must hear their sighs
O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strain.

My Friend, and thou, our Sister! we have learnt
A different lore: we may not thus profane
Nature's sweet voices, always full of love
And joyance! 'Tis the merry Nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music!

And I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
Which the great lord inhabits not; and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
Thin grass and king-cups grow within the paths.
But never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many Nightingales; and far and near,
In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,
They answer and provoke each other's song,
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical and swift jug jug,
And one low piping Sound more sweet than all—
Stirring the air with such an harmony,
That should you close your eyes, you might almost
Forget it was not day! On Moonlight bushes,
Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclosed,
You may perchance behold them on the twigs,

Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and full,
Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the shade
Lights up her love-torch.

A most gentle Maid,
Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
Hard by the castle, and at latest eve
(Even like a Lady vowed and dedicate
To something more than Nature in the grove)
Glides through the pathways; she knows all their notes,
That gentle Maid! and oft a moment's space,
What time the Moon was lost behind a cloud,
Hath heard a pause of silence; till the Moon
Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky
With one sensation, and these wakeful Birds
Have all burst forth in Choral minstrelsy,
As if some sudden Gale had swept at once
An hundred airy harps! And she hath watched
Many a Nightingale perched giddily
On blossomy twig still swinging from the breeze,
And to that motion tune his wanton song
Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head.

Farewell, O Warbler! till to-morrow eve,
And you, my friends! farewell, a short farewell!
We have been loitering long and pleasantly,
And now for our dear homes.—That strain again?
Full fain it would delay me! My dear babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
How he would place his hand beside his ear,
His little hand, the small forefinger up,
And bid us listen! And I deem it wise
To make him Nature's Play-mate. He knows well
The evening-star; and once, when he awoke
In most distressful mood (some inward pain
Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream)
I hurried with him to our orchard-plot,
And he beheld the Moon, and, hushed at once,
Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
While his fair eyes, that swam with undropped tears
Did glitter in the yellow moonbeam! Well!
It is a father's tale: But if that Heaven
Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
Familiar with these songs, that with the night
He may associate joy! Once more farewell,
Sweet Nightingale! Once more my friends! farewell.

FROST AT MIDNIGHT.

THE Frost performs its secret ministry,
Unhelped by any wind. The owlet's cry
Came loud—and hark, again! loud as before.
The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,
Have left me to that solitude, which suits
Abstruser musings: save that at my side
My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
'Tis calm indeed! so calm, that it disturbs
And vexes meditation with its strange
And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and wood,
This populous village! Sea, and hill, and wood,
With all the numberless goings on of life,
Inaudible as dreams! the thin blue flame
Lies on my low burnt fire, and quivers not;
Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature
Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
Making it a companionable form,
To which the living spirit in our frame,
That loves not to behold a lifeless thing,
Transfuses its own pleasures, its own will.

How oft, at school, with most believing mind,
Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars,
To watch that fluttering *stranger!* and as oft
With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt
Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church-tower,
Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang
From morn to evening, all the hot Fair-day,
So sweetly, that they stirred and haunted me
With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear
Most like articulate sounds of things to come!
So gazed I, till the soothing things, I dreamt,
Lulled me to sleep, and sleep prolonged my dreams!
And so I brooded all the following morn,
Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye
Fixed with mock study on my swimming book:
Save if the door half opened, and I snatched
A hasty glance, and still my heart leaped up,
For still I hoped to see the *stranger's* face,
Townsman, or aunt, or sister more beloved,
My play-mate when we both were clothed alike!

Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought!
My Babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart

With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore
And in far other scenes! For I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
But *thou*, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself.
Great universal Teacher! he shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eve-drops fall
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet Moon.

IV.—ODES AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE THREE GRAVES.

A FRAGMENT OF A SEXTON'S TALE

[THE Author has published the following humble fragment, encouraged by the decisive recommendation of more than one of our most celebrated living Poets. The language was intended to be dramatic: that is suited to the narrator: and the metre corresponds to the homeliness of the diction. It is therefore presented as the fragment, not of a Poem, but of a common Ballad-tale. Whether this is sufficient to justify the adoption of such a style, in any metrical composition not professedly ludicrous, the Author is himself in some doubt. At all events, it is not presented as Poetry, and it is in no way connected with the Author's judgment concerning Poetic diction. Its merits, if any, are exclusively Psychological. The story which must be supposed to have been narrated in the first and second parts is as follows.

Edward, a young farmer, meets at the house of Ellen her bosom friend Mary, and commences an acquaintance, which ends in a mutual attachment. With her consent, and by the advice of their common friend Ellen, he announces his hopes and intentions to Mary's Mother, a widow-woman bordering on her fortieth year, and from constant health, the possession of a competent property, and from having had no other children but Mary and another daughter (the Father died in their infancy), retaining, for the greater part, her personal attractions and comeli-

ness of appearance; but a woman of low education and violent temper. The answer which she at once returned to Edward's application was remarkable—"Well, Edward! you are a handsome young fellow, and you shall have my Daughter." From this time all their wooing passed under the Mother's eye; and, in fine, she became herself enamoured of her future Son-in-law, and practised every art, both of endearment and of calumny, to transfer his affections from her daughter to herself. (The outlines of the Tale are positive Facts, and of no very distant date, though the author has purposely altered the names and the scene of action, as well as invented the characters of the parties and the detail of the incidents.) Edward, however, though perplexed by her strange detractions from her daughter's good qualities, yet in the innocence of his own heart still mistaking her increasing fondness for motherly affection; she at length, overcome by her miserable passion, after much abuse of Mary's temper and moral tendencies, exclaimed with violent emotion—O Edward! indeed, indeed, she is not fit for you—she has not a heart to love you as you deserve. It is I that love you! Marry me, Edward! and I will this very day settle all my property on you.—The Lover's eyes were now opened and thus taken by surprize, whether from the effect of the horror which he felt, acting as it were hysterically on his nervous system, or that at the first moment he lost the sense of guilt of the proposal in the feeling of its strangeness and absurdity, he flung her from him and burst into a fit of laughter. Irritated by this almost to frenzy, the woman fell on her knees, and in a loud voice that approached to a scream, she prayed for a Curse both on him and on her own Child. Mary happened to be in the room directly above them, heard Edward's laugh and her Mother's blasphemous prayer, and fainted away. He, hearing the fall, ran upstairs, and taking her in his arms, carried her off to Ellen's home; and after some fruitless attempts on her part toward a reconciliation with her Mother, she was married to him.—And here the third part of the Tale begins.

I was not led to chuse this story from any partiality to tragic, much less to monstrous events (though at the time that I composed the verses, somewhat more than twelve years ago, I was less averse to such subjects than at present), but from finding in it a striking proof of the possible effect on the imagination, from an Idea violently and suddenly impressed on it. I had been reading Bryan Edwards's account of the effect of the *Obi* Witchcraft on the Negroes in the West-Indies, and Hearne's deeply interesting Anecdotes of similar workings on the imagination of the Copper Indians (those of my Readers who have it in their power will be well repaid for the trouble of referring to those works for the passages alluded to) and I conceived the design of shewing that instances of this kind are not peculiar to savage or barbarous tribes, and of illustrating the mode in which the mind is affected in these cases, and the progress and symptoms of the morbid action on the fancy from the beginning.

The Tale is supposed to be narrated by an old Sexton, in a country church-yard, to a Traveller whose curiosity had been awakened by the appearance of three graves, close by each other, to two only of which there were grave-stones. On the first of these was the name, and dates, as usual: on the second, no name, but only a date, and the words, 'The Mercy of God is infinite.']

THE Grapes upon the Vicar's wall
  Were ripe as ripe could be;
And yellow leaves in Sun and Wind
  Were falling from the Tree.

On the hedge-elms in the narrow lane
  Still swung the spikes of corn:
Dear Lord! it seems but yesterday—
  Young Edward's marriage-morn.

Up through that wood behind the church,
  There leads from Edward's door
A mossy track, all over boughed,
  For half a mile or more.

And from their house-door by that track
  The Bride and Bridegroom went;
Sweet Mary, though she was not gay,
  Seemed cheerful and content.

But when they to the churchyard came,
  I've heard poor Mary say,
As soon as she stepped into the Sun,
  Her heart it died away.

And when the Vicar joined their hands,
  Her limbs did creep and freeze;
But when they prayed, she thought she saw
  Her mother on her knees.

And o'er the church-path they returned—
  I saw poor Mary's back,
Just as she stepped beneath the boughs
  Into the mossy track.

Her feet upon the mossy track
  The married maiden set:
That moment—I have heard her say—
  She wished she could forget.

The shade o'er-flushed her limbs with heat—
  Then came a chill like death:
And when the merry bells rang out,
  They seemed to stop her breath.

Beneath the foulest Mother's curse
  No child could ever thrive:
A Mother is a Mother still,
  The holiest thing alive.

So five months passed: the Mother still
  Would never heal the strife;
But Edward was a loving man
  And Mary a fond wife.

"My sister may not visit us,
  My mother says her nay:
O Edward! you are all to me,
I wish for your sake I could be
  More lifesome and more gay.

I'm dull and sad! indeed, indeed!
  I know I have no reason!
Perhaps I am not well in health,
  And 'tis a gloomy season."

'Twas a drizzly time—no ice, no snow!
  And on the few fine days
She stirred not out, lest she might meet
  Her Mother in the ways.

But Ellen, spite of miry ways
  And weather dark and dreary,
Trudged every day to Edward's house,
  And made them all more cheery.

Oh! Ellen was a faithful Friend,
  More dear than any Sister!
As cheerful too as singing lark;
And she ne'er left them till 'twas dark,
  And then they always missed her.

And now Ash-Wednesday came—that day
  But few to Church repair:
For on that day you know we read
  The Commination prayer.

Our late old Vicar, a kind man,
  Once, Sir, he said to me,
He wished that service was clean out
  Of our good Liturgy.

The Mother walked into the church—
  To Ellen's seat she went:
Though Ellen always kept her church
  All church-days during Lent.

And gentle Ellen welcomed her
  With courteous looks and mild:
Thought she "what if her heart should melt,
  And all be reconciled!"

The day was scarcely like a day—
  The clouds were black outright:
And many a night, with half a Moon,
  I've seen the church more light.

The wind was wild; against the glass
  The rain did beat and bicker;
The church-tower swinging over head,
  You scarce could hear the Vicar!

And then and there the Mother knelt,
  And audibly she cried—
"Oh! may a clinging curse consume
  This woman by my side!

O hear me, hear me, Lord in Heaven,
  Although you take my life—
O curse this woman, at whose house
  Young Edward wooed his wife.

By night and day, in bed and bower,
  O let her cursed be!!!"
So having prayed, steady and slow,
  She rose up from her knee!
And left the church, nor e'er again
  The church-door entered she.

I saw poor Ellen kneeling still,
So pale! I guessed not why:
When she stood up, there plainly was
A trouble in her eye.

And when the prayers were done, we all
Came round and asked her why:
Giddy she seemed, and, sure, there was
A trouble in her eye.

But ere she from the church-door stepped
She smiled and told us why:
"It was a wicked woman's curse,"
Quoth she, "and what care I?"

She smiled, and smiled, and passed it off
Ere from the door she stept—
But all agree it would have been
Much better had she wept.

And if her heart was not at ease,
This was her constant cry—
"It was a wicked woman's curse—
God's good, and what care I?"

There was a hurry in her looks,
Her struggles she redoubled:
"It was a wicked woman's curse,
And why should I be troubled?"

These words will come—I dandled her
When two—the merriest fairy
Good creature! and she kiss'd it all:
She told it not to Mary.

But Mary heard the tale: her arms
Round Ellen's neck she threw;
"Oh Ellen, Ellen, she cursed me,
And now she hath cursed you!"

I saw young Edward by himself
Stalk first above the lea,
He snatched a stick from every fence,
A twig from every tree.

He nipped them still with hand or knee,
And then away they flew!
As if with his uneasy hands
He knew not what to do!

Yon tree, good sir! that single hill?
He found it there, he heard it all,
And only gnashed his teeth.

Now Ellen was a darling love
  In all his joys and cares:
And Ellen's name and Mary's name
Last-linked they both together came,
  Whene'er he said his prayers.

And in the moment of his prayers
  He loved them both alike:
Yea, both sweet names with one sweet joy
  Upon his heart did strike!

He reach'd his home, and by his looks
  They saw his inward strife:
And they clung round him with their arms,
  Both Ellen and his wife.

And Mary could not check her tears,
  So on his breast she bowed:
Then Frenzy melted into Grief,
  And Edward wept aloud.

Dear Ellen did not weep at all,
  But closelier did she cling,
And turned her face and looked as if
  She saw some frightful thing.

PART IV.

To see a man tread over Graves
  I hold it no good mark;
'Tis wicked in the Sun and Moon,
  And bad luck in the dark!

You see that Grave? The Lord he gives,
  The Lord, he takes away:
O Sir! the child of my old age
  Lies there as cold as clay.

Except that grave, you scarce see one
  That was not dug by me
I'd rather dance upon 'em all
  Than tread upon these three!

"Aye, Sexton! 'tis a touching tale."
  You, Sir! are but a lad;
This month I'm in my seventieth year,
  And still it makes me sad.

And Mary's sister told it me,
  For three good hours and more;
Though I had heard it, in the main,
  From Edward's self, before.

Well! it passed off! the gentle Ellen
  Did well nigh dote on Mary;
And she went oftener than before,
And Mary loved her more and more:
  She managed all the dairy.

To market she on market-days,
  To church on Sundays came;
All seemed the same: all seemed so, Sir!
  But all was not the same!

Had Ellen lost her mirth? Oh! no!
  But she was seldom cheerful;
And Edward looked as if he thought
  That Ellen's mirth was fearful.

When by herself, she to herself
  Must sing some merry rhyme;
She could not now be glad for hour,
  Yet silent all the time.

And when she visited her friend, through all
  Her soothing words 'twas plain
She had a sore grief of her own,
  A haunting in her brain.

And oft she said, I'm not grown thin!
  And then her wrist she spanned:
And once when Mary was down-cast,
  She took her by the hand,
And gazed upon her, and at last
  She gently pressed her hand;

Then harder, till her grasp at length
  Did gripe like a convulsion!
Alas! said she, we ne'er can be
  Made happy by compulsion!

And on her left arm suddenly
  Round Mary's neck she flung,
And her heart panted, and she felt
  The words upon her tongue.

She felt them coming, but no power
  Had she the words to smother;
And with a kind of shriek she cried,
  "Oh Christ! you're like your Mother!"

So gentle Ellen now no more
  Could make this sad house cheery;
And Mary's melancholy ways
  Drove Edward wild and weary.

Lingering he raised his latch at eve,
  Though tired in heart and limb:
He loved no other place, and yet
  Home was no home to him.

One evening he took up a book,
  And nothing in it read;
Then flung it down, and groaning cried,
  "Oh! Heaven! that I were dead."

Mary looked up into his face,
  And nothing to him said;
She tried to smile, and on his arm
  Mournfully leaned her head.

And he burst into tears, and fell
  Upon his knees in prayer:
"Her heart is broke! O God! my grief,
  It is too great to bear!"

'Twas such a foggy time as makes
  Old Sextons, Sir! like me,
Rest on their spades to cough; the spring
  Was late uncommonly.

And then the hot days, all at once,
  They came, we knew not how:
You looked about for shade, when scarce
  A leaf was on a bough.

It happened then ('twas in the flower
  A furlong up the wood:
Perhaps you know the place, and yet
  I scarce know how you should)

No path leads thither, 'tis not nigh
  To any pasture-plot;
But clustered near the chattering brook,
  Lone hollies marked the spot.

Those hollies of themselves a shape
  As of an arbour took,
A close, round arbour; and it stands
  Not three strides from a brook.

Within this arbour, which was still
  With scarlet berries hung,
Were these three friends, one Sunday morn,
  Just as the first bell rung.

'Tis sweet to hear a brook, 'tis sweet
  To hear the Sabbath-bell,
'Tis sweet to hear them both at once,
  Deep in a woody dell.

His limbs along the moss, his head
  Upon a mossy heap,
With shut-up senses, Edward lay:
That brook e'en on a working day
  Might chatter one to sleep.

And he had passed a restless night,
  And was not well in health;
The women sat down by his side,
  And talked as 'twere by stealth.

"The Sun peeps through the close thick leaves.
  See, dearest Ellen! see!
'Tis in the leaves, a little Sun,
  No bigger than your ee;

A tiny Sun, and it has got
  A perfect glory too:
Ten thousand threads and hairs of light,
Make up a glory, gay and bright,
  Round that small orb, so blue."

And then they argued of those rays,
  What colour they might be:
Says this, "they're mostly green;" says that,
  "They're amber-like to me."

So they sat chatting, while bad thoughts,
  Were troubling Edward's rest;
But soon they heard his hard quick pants,
  And the thumping in his breast.

"A Mother, too!" these self-same words
  Did Edward mutter plain;
His face was drawn back on itself,
  With horror and huge pain.

Both groaned at once, for both knew well
  What thoughts were in his mind;
When he waked up, and stared like one
  That hath been just struck blind.

He sat upright; and ere the dream
  Had had time to depart,
"O God, forgive me!" (he exclaimed)
  "I have torn out her heart."

Then Ellen shrieked, and forthwith burst
  Into ungentle laughter;
And Mary shivered, where she sat
  And never she smiled after.

Carmen reciprocum is, futurum tempus relegatum. To-morrow! and To-morrow! and To-morrow! —

DEJECTION:

AN ODE.

> Late, late yestreen I saw the new Moon,
> With the old Moon in her arms;
> And I fear, I fear, my Master dear!
> We shall have a deadly storm.
>
> BALLAD OF SIR PATRICK SPENCE.

I.

WELL! If the Bard was weather-wise, who made
  The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,
  This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence
Unroused by winds, that ply a busier trade
Than those which mould yon cloud in lazy flakes,
Or the dull sobbing draft, that moans and rakes
    Upon the strings of this Æolian lute,
    Which better far were mute.
  For lo! the New-moon winter-bright!
  And overspread with phantom light,
  (With swimming phantom light o'erspread
  But rimmed and circled by a silver thread)
I see the old Moon in her lap, foretelling
  The coming on of rain and squally blast.
And oh! that even now the gust were swelling,
  And the slant night-shower driving loud and fast!
Those sounds which oft have raised me, whilst they awed,
    And sent my soul abroad,
Might now perhaps their wonted impulse give,
Might startle this dull pain, and make it move and live!

II.

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,
  A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
  Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
    In word, or sigh, or tear—
O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood,
To other thoughts by yonder throstle woo'd,
  All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
Have I been gazing on the western sky,
  And its peculiar tint of yellow green:
And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye!
And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
That give away their motion to the stars;
Those stars, that glide behind them or between,
Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen:
Yon crescent Moon as fixed as if it grew
In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue;
I see them all so excellently fair,
I see, not feel how beautiful they are!

III.

My genial spirits fail,
And what can these avail
To lift the smothering weight from off my breast?
It were a vain endeavour,
Though I should gaze for ever
On that green light that lingers in the west:
I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.

IV.

O Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live:
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold, of higher worth,
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth,
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the Earth—
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

V.

O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be!
What, and wherein it doth exist,
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
This beautiful and beauty-making power.
Joy, virtuous Lady! Joy that ne'er was given,
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
Life, and Life's Influence, Cloud at once and Shower,
Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power,
Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower
A new Earth and new Heaven,
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—
Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—
We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colours a suffusion from that light.

VI.

There was a time when, though my path was rough,
This joy within me dallied with distress,
And all misfortunes were but as the stuff
Whence I would weave me dreams of happiness:
For hope grew round me, like the twining vine,
And fruits, and foliage not my own, seemed mine.

But now afflictions bow me down to earth:
Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth,
But oh! each visitation
Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,
My shaping spirit of Imagination.
For not to think of what I needs must feel,
But to be still and patient, all I can;
And haply by abstruse research to steal
From my own nature all the natural Man—
This was my sole resource, my only plan:
Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
And now is almost grown the habit of my Soul.

VII.

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around my mind,
Reality's dark dream!
I turn from you, and listen to the wind,
Which long has raved unnoticed. What a scream
Of agony by torture lengthened out
That lute sent forth! Thou Wind, that ravest without,
Bare crag, or mountain-tairn,* or blasted tree,
Or pine-grove whither woodman never clomb,
Or lonely house, long held the witches' home,
Methinks were fitter instruments for thee,
Mad Lutanist! who in this month of showers,
Of dark brown gardens, and of peeping flowers,
Mak'st Devils' yule, with worse than wintry song,
The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves among.
Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!
Thou mighty Poet, e'en to Frenzy bold!
What tell'st thou, now about?
'Tis of the Rushing of an Host in rout,
With groans of trampled men, with smarting wounds—
At once they groan with pain, and shudder with the cold!
But hush! there is a pause of deepest silence!
And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,
With groans, and tremulous shudderings—all is over—
It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud!
A tale of less affright,
And tempered with delight,
As Otway's self had framed the tender lay—
'Tis of a little child
Upon a lonesome wild,
Not far from home, but she hath lost her way:
And now moans low in bitter grief and fear,
And now screams loud, and hopes to make her mother hear.

* Tairn is a small lake, generally if not always applied to the lakes up in the mountains, and which are the feeders of those in the valleys. This address to the Storm wind will not appear extravagant to those who have heard it at night, and in a mountainous country.

VIII.

'Tis midnight, but small thoughts have I of sleep:
Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep!
Visit her, gentle Sleep! with wings of healing,
And may this storm be but a mountain-birth,
May all the stars hang bright above her dwelling,
Silent as though they watched the sleeping Earth!
With light heart may she rise,
Gay fancy, cheerful eyes,
Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice:
To her may all things live, from Pole to Pole,
Their life the eddying of her living soul!
O simple spirit, guided from above,
Dear Lady! friend devoutest of my choice,
Thus mayest thou ever, evermore rejoice.

ODE TO GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

ON THE TWENTY-FOURTH STANZA IN HER "PASSAGE OVER MOUNT GOTHARD."

"And hail the Chapel! hail the Platform wild!
Where Tell directed the avenging Dart,
With well strung arm, that first preserved his Child,
Then aimed the arrow at the Tyrant's heart."

SPLENDOUR'S fondly fostered child!
And did you hail the Platform wild,
Where once the Austrian fell
Beneath the shaft of Tell?
O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure!
Whence learnt you that heroic measure?

Light as a dream your days their circlets ran,
From all that teaches Brotherhood to Man
Far, far removed! from want, from hope, from fear!
Enchanting music lulled your infant ear,
Obeisance, praise soothed your infant heart:
Emblazonments and old ancestral crests,
With many a bright obtrusive form of art,
Detained your eye from nature: stately vests,
That veiling strove to deck your charms divine,
Rich viands, and the pleasurable wine,
Were yours unearned by toil; nor could you see
The unenjoying toiler's misery.
And yet, free Nature's unmoving fond child,
You hailed the Chapel and the Platform wild,
Where once the Austrian fell
Beneath the shaft of Tell!

O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure!
Whence learnt you that heroic measure?

There crowd your finely-fibred frame,
All living faculties of bliss;
And Genius to your cradle came,
His forehead wreathed with lambent flames,
And bending low, with godlike mien,
Breath'd in a more celestial life:
But boasts not many a fair compeer
A heart as sensitive to joy and fear?
And some, perchance, might wage an equal strife,
Some few, to nobler being wrought,
Co-rivals in the nobler gift of thought.
Yet *these* delight to celebrate
Laurelled War and plumy State;
Or in verse and music dress
Tales of rustic happiness —
Pernicious Tales! insidious Strains!
That steel the rich man's heart,
And mock the lot unblest,
The sordid vices and the abject pains,
Which evermore must be
The doom of Ignorance and Penury!
But you, free Nature's uncorrupted child,
You hailed the chapel and the Platform wild,
Where once the Austrian fell
Beneath the shaft of Tell!
O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure!
Where learnt you that heroic measure?

You were a Mother! That most holy name,
Which Heaven and Nature bless,
I may not vilely prostitute to those
Whose Infants owe them less
Than the poor Caterpillar owes
Its gaudy Parent Fly.
You were a Mother! at your bosom fed
The Babes that loved you. You, with laughing eye,
Each twilight-thought, each nascent feeling read,
Which you yourself created. Oh! delight!
A second time to be a Mother,
Without the Mother's bitter groans:
Another thought, and yet another,
By touch, or taste, by looks or tones
O'er the growing Sense to roll,
The Mother of your infant's Soul!
The Angel of the Earth, who, while he guides
His chariot-planet round the goal of day,
All trembling gazes on the Eye of God,
A moment turned his awful face away;
And as he viewed you, from his aspect sweet

New milk [illegible] your [illegible]
Blest Intuitions and Communions [illegible]
With living Nature, in her joys and w[illegible]!
Thenceforth your soul rejoiced to see
The shrine of social Liberty!
O beautiful! O Nature's child!
'Twas thence you hailed the Phrygian wild,
Where once the Austrian fled
Beneath the shaft of Tell!
O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure!
Thence learnt you that her [illegible] measure.

ODE TO TRANQUILLITY.

Tranquillity! [illegible]
Thou art the family of Fears!
Thou ne'er wilt love any [illegible]
To low intrigue, or factious [illegible]
[illegible]! [illegible] Thou [illegible]
To thy [illegible] youth,
And let the [illegible] the storm [illegible]
Ere yet the Tempest roar and scare me with its roar.

Who late and far [illegible] thy [illegible]
On him let [illegible] power divine,
Thy spirit rest! [illegible]
And Sooth[illegible]
Mock the tired [illegible] Hope
And dire Remorse [illegible]
To vex the foolish [illegible] of the mind:
The [illegible]

But me thy gentle [illegible]
At morning the [illegible]
And in the [illegible]
With [illegible]
And [illegible]
And [illegible]
Thou [illegible]
Light as [illegible]

The [illegible]
To the [illegible]
And wide wa[illegible]
The [illegible]
Also [illegible]
The [illegible]
A [illegible]
T[illegible]

TO A YOUNG FRIEND,

ON HIS PROPOSING TO DOMESTICATE WITH THE AUTHOR.

COMPOSED 1797.

A MOUNT, not wearisome and bare and steep,
  But a green mountain variously up-piled,
Where o'er the jutting rocks soft mosses creep,
Or coloured lichens with slow oozing weep;
  Where cypress and the darker yew start wild;
And 'mid the summer torrent's gentle dash
Dance brightened the red clusters of the ash;
  Beneath whose boughs, by those still sounds beguiled,
Calm Pensiveness might muse herself to sleep;
  Till haply startled by some fleecy dam,
That rustling on the bushy cliff above,
With melancholy bleat of anxious love,
  Made meek inquiry for her wandering lamb:
  Such a green mountain 'twere most sweet to climb,
Even while the bosom ached with loneliness—
How more than sweet, if some dear friend should bless
  The adventurous toil, and up the path sublime
Now lead, now follow: the glad landscape round,
Wide and more wide, increasing without bound!

  O then 'twere loveliest sympathy, to mark
The berries of the half-uprooted ash
Dripping and bright; and list the torrent's dash,—
  Beneath the cypress, or the yew more dark,
Seated at ease, on some smooth mossy rock;
In social silence now, and now to unlock
The treasured heart; arm linked in friendly arm,
Save if the one, his muse's witching charm
Muttering brow-bent, at unwatched distance lag;
  Till high o'er head his beckoning friend appears,
And from the forehead of the topmost crag
  Shouts eagerly: for haply *there* uprears
That shadowing PINE its old romantic limbs,
  Which latest shall detain the enamoured sight
Seen from below, when eve the valley dims,
  Tinged yellow with the rich departing light;
  And haply, basoned in some unsunned cleft,
A beauteous spring, the rock's collected tears,
Sleeps sheltered there, scarce wrinkled by the gale!
  Together thus, the world's vain turmoil left,
Stretched on the crag, and shadowed by the pine,
  And bending o'er the clear delicious fount,
Ah! dearest youth! it were a lot divine
To cheat our noons in moralizing mood,
While west-winds fanned our temples toil-bedewed:
  Then downwards slope, oft pausing, from the mount,

To some lone mansion, in some woody dale,
Where smiling with blue eye, DOMESTIC BLISS
Gives *his* the Husband's, *thine* the Brother's kiss!

Thus rudely versed in allegoric lore,
The Hill of Knowledge I essayed to trace;
That verdurous hill with many a resting-place,
And many a stream, whose warbling waters pour
To glad, and fertilize the subject plains;
That hill with secret springs, and nooks untrod,
And many a fancy-blest and holy sod
Where INSPIRATION, his diviner strains
Low murmuring, lay; and starting from the rocks
Stiff evergreens, whose spreading foliage mocks
Want's barren soil, and the bleak frosts of age,
And Bigotry's mad fire-invoking rage!
O meek retiring spirit! we will climb
Cheering and cheered, this lovely hill sublime;
And from the stirring world uplifted high,
Whose noises, faintly wafted on the wind,
To quietude musings shall attune the mind,
And oft the inward lay *they* may supply:
There, while the prospect through the gazing eye
Pours all its healthful greenness on the soul,
We'll scale at wealth, and learn to smile at fame,
Our hopes, our knowledge, and our joys, the same,
As neighbouring fountains image, each the whole:
Then when the mind hath drank its fill of truth,
We'll discipline the heart to purer delight,
Rekindling sober joys domestic flame.
They whom I love shall love thee, Honoured youth!
Now may Heaven realize this vision bright!

LINES TO W. L., ESQ.

WHILE HE SANG A SONG TO PURCELL'S MUSIC.

WHILE my young cheek retains its healthful hues,
And I have many friends who hold me dear:
Long — — — methinks, I would not often hear
Such melodies as thine, lest I should lose
All memory of the wrongs and sore distress,
For which my miserable brethren weep!
But should uncomforted misfortune steep
My daily bread in tears and bitterness:
And if at death's dread moment I shall lie
With no beloved face at my bedside,
To cheer the languor of my closing eye,
Methinks, e'ev then, breathed by my angel-wife,
Would make me pass the cup of anguish by,
Musing with thee, that I have lived and died!

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG MAN OF FORTUNE

WHO ABANDONED HIMSELF TO AN INDOLENT AND CAUSELESS MELANCHOLY.

HENCE that fantastic wantonness of woe,
O Youth to partial fortune vainly dear!
To plundered Want's half-sheltered hovel go,
Go, and some hunger-bitten Infant hear
Moan haply in a dying Mother's ear:
Or when the cold and dismal fog-damps brood
O'er the rank church-yard with sear elm-leaves strewed,
Pace round some widow's grave, whose dearer part
Was slaughtered, where o'er his uncoffined limbs
The flocking flesh-birds screamed! Then, while thy heart
Groans, and thine eye a fiercer sorrow dims,
Know (and the truth shall kindle thy young mind)
What nature makes thee mourn, she bids thee heal!
O abject! if, to sickly dreams resigned,
All effortless thou leave life's common-weal
A prey to Tyrants, Murderers of Mankind.

SONNET TO THE RIVER OTTER.

DEAR native Brook! wild Streamlet of the West!
How many various-fated years have past,
What happy, and what mournful hours, since last
I skimmed the smooth thin stone along thy breast,
Numbering its light leaps! yet so deep imprest
Sink the sweet scenes of childhood, that mine eyes
I never shut amid the sunny ray,
But straight with all their tints thy waters rise,
Thy crossing plank, thy marge with willows grey,
And bedded sand that veined with various dies
Gleamed through thy bright transparence! On my way,
Visions of childhood! oft have ye beguiled
Lone manhood's cares, yet waking fondest sighs:
Ah! that once more I were a careless child!

SONNET

TO A FRIEND WHO ASKED, HOW I FELT WHEN THE NURSE FIRST PRESENTED MY INFANT TO ME.

CHARLES! my slow heart was only sad, when first
I scanned that face of feeble infancy:
For dimly on my thoughtful spirit burst
All I had been, and all my child might be!

But when I saw it on its Mother's arm,
And hanging at her bosom (she the while
Bent o'er its features with a tearful smile)
Then I was thrilled and melted, and most warm
Impressed a Father's kiss: and all beguiled
Of dark remembrance and presageful fear,
I seemed to see an angel-form appear—
'Twas even thine, beloved woman mild!
So for the Mother's sake the Child was dear,
And dearer was the Mother for the Child.

SONNET.

COMPOSED ON A JOURNEY HOMEWARD; THE AUTHOR HAVING RECEIVED INTELLIGENCE OF THE BIRTH OF A SON,

OCTOBER 20, 17[illegible].

Oft o'er my spirit has the strange fantasy roll
Which makes the present (while the flash doth last)
Seem a mere semblance of some unknown past,
Mixed with such feelings, as perplex the soul
Self-questioned in her sleep: and some have said,*
We lived, ere yet this robe of Flesh we wore.
O my sweet baby! when I reach my door,
If heavy looks should tell me thou art dead,
(As sometimes, through excess of hope, I fear)
I think that I should struggle to believe
That thy pure spirit, to its kindred sphere
Sickened for some more venial clime to grieve;
Disturb'd, then spring to meet Heaven's quick reprieve,
While we wept idly o'er thy little bier!

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

Ere I lay by the side of this Infant blest
Kissing from its Mother's breast,
How sweet it breaths the happy sigh
Of innocence and tranquillity!

And sweet, my Infant, thy sleep shall be!
O'ill winds shall not dare to pass by,
Lest they wake the pretty babe that lies
Death's sting! Sleep on with lullaby.

* [illegible]
PLATO, de Plan[illegible]

THE VIRGIN'S CRADLE-HYMN.

COPIED FROM A PRINT OF THE VIRGIN, IN A CATHOLIC VILLAGE IN GERMANY.

DORMI, Jesu! Mater ridet,
Quæ tam dulcem somnum videt,
Dormi, Jesu! blandule!
Si non dormis, Mater plorat,
Inter fila cantans orat
Blande, veni, somnule.

ENGLISH.

Sleep, sweet babe! my cares beguiling:
Mother sits beside thee smiling:
Sleep, my darling, tenderly!
If thou sleep not, mother mourneth,
Singing as her wheel she turneth:
Come, soft slumber, lullaby!

TELL'S BIRTH-PLACE.

IMITATED FROM STOLBERG.

I.

MARK this holy chapel well!
The Birth-place, this, of WILLIAM TELL.
Here, where stands God's altar dread,
Stood his parents' marriage-bed.

II.

Here first, an infant to her breast,
Him his loving mother prest;
And kissed the babe, and blessed the day,
And prayed as mothers use to pray.

III.

"Vouchsafe him health, O God! and give
The Child thy servant still to live!"
But God had destined to do more
Through him, than through an armed power.

IV.

God gave him reverence of laws,
Yet stirring blood in Freedom's cause—
A spirit to his rocks akin,
The eye of the Hawk, and the fire therein!

V.

To Nature and to Holy writ
Alone did God the boy commit

Where flashed and roared the torrent, oft
His soul found wings, and soared aloft!

VI.

The straining oar and chamois chase
Had formed his limbs to strength and grace:
On wave and wind the boy would toss,
Was great, nor knew how great he was!

VII.

He knew not that his chosen hand,
Made strong by God, his native land
Would rescue from the shameful yoke
Of *Slavery*—the which he broke!

MELANCHOLY.

A FRAGMENT.

STRETCH'D on a moulder'd Abbey's broadest wall
Where running ivies propped the ruins steep—
Her folded arms wrapping her tattered pall,
Had MELANCHOLY muss'd herself to sleep.
The fern was press'd beneath her hair,
The dark green Adder's Tongue* was there;
And still as past the flagging sea-gale weak,
The long lank leaf bowed fluttering o'er her cheek.

That pallid cheek was flushed: her eager look
Beamed eloquent in slumber! Inly wrought,
Imperfect sounds her moving lips forsook,
And her bent forehead worked with troubled thought:
Strange was the dream——

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

I.

THE Shepherds went their hasty way,
And found the lowly stable-shed
Where the Virgin-Mother lay:
And now they checked their eager tread,
For to the Babe, that at her bosom clung,
A Mother's song the Virgin Mother sung.

II.

They told her how a glorious light,
Streaming from a heavenly throng,

* A mistaken notion. The plant in the poet here describes is called the Hart's Tongue.

Around them shone, suspending night!
While sweeter than a Mother's song,
Blest Angels heralded the Saviour's birth.
Glory to God on high! and Peace on Earth.

III.

She listened to the tale divine,
And closer still the Babe she pressed;
And while she cried, the Babe is mine!
The milk rushed faster to her breast:
Joy rose within her, like a summer's morn;
Peace, Peace on Earth! the Prince of Peace is born.

IV.

Thou Mother of the Prince of Peace,
Poor, simple, and of low estate!
That Strife should vanish, Battle cease,
O why should this thy soul elate?
Sweet Music's loudest note, the Poet's story,——
Didst thou ne'er love to hear of Fame and Glory?

V.

And is not War a youthful King,
A stately Hero clad in Mail?
Beneath his footsteps laurels spring;
Him Earth's majestic monarchs hail
Their Friend, their Playmate! and his bold bright eye
Compels the maiden's love-confessing sigh.

VI.

"Tell this in some more courtly scene,
"To maids and youths in robes of state!
"I am a woman poor and mean,
"And therefore is my Soul elate.
"War is a ruffian, all with guilt defiled,
"That from the aged Father tears his child!

VII.

"A murderous fiend, by fiends adored,
"He kills the Sire and starves the Son;
"The Husband kills, and from her board
"Steals all his Widow's toil had won;
"Plunders God's world of beauty: rends away
"All safety from the Night, all comfort from the Day.

VIII.

"Then wisely is my soul elate,
"That Strife should vanish, Battle cease:
"I'm poor and of a low estate,
"The Mother of the Prince of Peace.
"Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn:
"Peace, Peace on Earth, the Prince of Peace is born."

HUMAN LIFE,

ON THE DENIAL OF IMMORTALITY.

If dead, we cease to be ; if total gloom
Swallow up life's brief flash for aye, we fare
As summer-gusts, of sudden birth and doom,
Whose sound and motion not alone declare,
But are their *whole* of being ! If the Breath
Be Life itself, and not its Task and Tent,
If even a soul like Milton's can know death ;
O Man ! thou vessel purposeless, unmeant,
Yet drone-hive strange of phantom purposes !
Surplus of nature's dread activity,
Which, as she gazed on some high-finished vase,
Retreating slow, with meditative pause,
She formed with restless hands unconsciously !
Blank accident ! nothing's anomaly !
If rootless thus, thus substanceless thy state,
Go, weigh thy dreams, and be thy Hopes, thy Fears,
The counter-weights ! — Thy Laughter and thy Tears
Mean but themselves, each fittest to create,
And to repay the other ! — Why rejoices
Thy heart with hollow joy for hollow good ?
Why cowl thy face beneath the Mourner's hood,
Why waste thy sighs, and thy lamenting voices,
Image of Image, Ghost of Ghostly Elf,
That such a thing as thou feel'st warm or cold ?
Yet what and whence thy sin, if thou withhold
These weeds, that lovest of thy shadowy self ?
Be sad ! be glad ! be neither ! seek, or shun !
Thou hast no reason why ! Thou canst have none,
Thy being's being is contradiction.

THE VISIT OF THE GODS.

TRANSLATED FROM CHILLER.

Never, believe me,
Appear the Immortals,
Never alone :
Scarce had I welcomed the Sorrow-beguiler,
Bacchus ! but in came Boy Cupid the Smiler ;
Lo ! Phœbus the Glorious descends from his Throne !
They advance, they float in, the Olympians all !
With Divinities fill my
Terrestrial Hall !

How shall I bid thee welcome,
Thou great Immortal,
Olympian Jove ?

Me rather, bright guests! with your wings of upbuoyance
Bear aloft to your homes, to your banquets of joyance
That the roofs of Olympus may echo my lyre!
Hah! we mount! on their pinions they waft up my Soul!

O give me the Nectar!
O fill me the Bowl!
Give him the Nectar!
Pour out for the Poet!
Hebe! pour free?
Quicken his eyes with celestial dew,
That Styx the detested no more he may view,
And like one of us Gods may conceit him to be!
Thanks, Hebe! I quaff it! Io Pean, I cry!
The Wine of the Immortals
Forbids me to die!

ELEGY,

IMITATED FROM ONE OF AKENSIDE'S BLANK VERSE INSCRIPTIONS.

NEAR the lone pile with ivy overspread,
Fast by the rivulet's sleep persuading sound,
Where "sleeps the moonlight" on yon verdant bed—
O humbly press that consecrated ground!

For there does Edmund rest, the learned swain!
And there his spirit most delights to rove:
Young Edmund! famed for each harmonious strain,
And the sore wounds of ill-requited love.

Like some tall tree that spreads its branches wide,
And loads the west-wind with its soft perfume,
His manhood blossomed; till the faithless pride
Of fair Matilda sank him to the tomb.

But soon did righteous Heaven her guilt pursue!
Where'er with wildered step she wandered pale,
Still Edmund's image rose to blast her view,
Still Edmund's voice accused her in each gale.

With keen regret, and conscious guilt's alarms,
Amid the pomp of affluence she pined:
Nor all that lured her faith from Edmund's arms
Could lull the wakeful horror of her mind.

Go, Traveller! tell the tale with sorrow fraught:
Some tearful maid perchance, or blooming youth,
May hold it in remembrance; and be taught
That Riches cannot pay for Love or Truth.

PROSE IN RHYME:

OR,

EPIGRAMS, MORALITIES, AND THINGS WITHOUT A NAME.

Ερως ἀει λάληδρος ἑταιρος.

In many ways does the full heart reveal
The presence of the love it would conceal;
But in far more th' estranged heart lets know,
The absence of the love, which yet it fain would shew.

DUTY SURVIVING SELF-LOVE,

THE ONLY SURE FRIEND OF DECLINING LIFE.

A SOLILOQUY.

UNCHANGED within to see all changed without,
Is a blank lot and hard to bear, no doubt.
Yet why at others' Wanings shouldst thou fret?
Then only might'st thou feel a just regret,
If first thou will had thy lowe'r hill thy light
In selfish fore-thought of neglect and slight.
Or whether then from feeble yearnings freed,
If [illegible], and [illegible], thou may'st — shine on! nor heed
Whether the object by reflected light
Return thy radiance or absorb it quite:
And tho' then notest from thy safe recess
Of Friends turn dim, like lamps in noisome air,
Love them for what they *were*; nor love them less,
Because to *You*, they are not what they *were*.

SONG.

Tho' veiled in spires of myrtle wreath,
Love is a sword that cuts its sheath
And thro' the clefts, itself has made,
We spy the flashes of the Blade!

But tho' the clefts itself in made,
We likewise see Love's flashing blade
By no consumed or rapt in twain:
As Lovely Hope and Sunny remain.

PHANTOM OR FACT?

A DIALOGUE IN VERSE.

AUTHOR.

A LOVELY form there sate beside my bed,
And such a feeling calm its presence shed,
A tender Love so pure from earthly leaven
That I unnethe the fancy might control,
'Twas my own spirit newly come from heaven
Wooing its gentle way into my soul!
But ah! the change—It had not stay'd, and yet
Alas! that change how fain would I forget?
That shrinking back, like one that had mistook!
That weary, wandering, disavowing Look!
'Twas all another, feature, look, and frame,
And still, methought, I knew, it was the same!

FRIEND.

This riddling Tale, to what does it belong?
Is't History? Vision? or an idle Song?
Or rather say at once, within what space
Of Time this wild disastrous change took place?

AUTHOR.

Call it a *moment's* work (and such it seems)
This Tale's a Fragment from the Life of Dreams;
But say, that years matur'd the silent strife,
And 'tis a Record from the Dream of Life.

WORK WITHOUT HOPE.

LINES COMPOSED 21ST FEBRUARY, 1827.

ALL Nature seems at work. Slags leave their lair:
The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing,
And WINTER slumbering in the open air,
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!
And I, the while, the sole unbusy thing,
Nor honey make, nor pipe, nor build, nor sing.

Yet well I ken the banks where Amaranths blow,
Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar flow.
Bloom, O ye Amaranths! bloom for whom ye may,
For me ye bloom not! Glide, rich streams, away!
With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow, I stroll:
And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul?
WORK WITHOUT HOPE draws nectar in a sieve,
And HOPE without an object cannot live.

YOUTH AND AGE.

VERSE, a Breeze 'mid Blossoms straying,
Where HOPE clung feeding, like a Bee—
Both were mine! Life went a maying
With NATURE, HOPE, and POESY,
When I was young!
When I was young?—Ah, woeful WHEN!
Ah for the Change 'twixt Now and Then!
This breathing House not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er aery Cliffs and glittering Sands,
How lightly *then* it flashed along:—
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding Lakes and Rivers wide,
That ask no aid of Sail or Oar,
That fear no spite of Wind or Tide!
Nought cared this Body for wind or weather
When YOUTH and I lived in't together.

FLOWERS are lovely; LOVE is flower-like;
FRIENDSHIP is a sheltering tree;
O the joys, that came down shower-like,
Of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and LIBERTY,
Ere I was old!
Ere I was old? Ah woeful ERE,
Which tells me, YOUTH's no longer here!
O YOUTH! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known, that Thou and I were one,
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be, that Thou art gone!
Thy Vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd:
And thou wert aye a Masker bold!
What strange Disguise hast now put on,
To *make believe* that thou art gone?
I see these Locks in silvery slips,
This drooping Gait, this altered Size:
But SPRING-TIDE blossoms on thy Lips,
And Tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but Thought: so think I will
That YOUTH and I are House-mates still.

A DAY DREAM.

My eyes make pictures, when they are shut:—
I see a Fountain, large and fair,
A Willow and a ruined Hut,
And thee, and me and Mary there.
O Mary! make thy gentle lap our pillow!
Bend over us, like a benevolent, beautiful green Willow!

A wild-rose roofs the ruined shed,
And that an honeysuckle well repays:
And, lo! where Mary leans her head,
Two dear names carved upon the tree!
And Mary's tears, they are not tears of sorrow:
Our sister and our friend will both be here to-morrow.

'Twas Day! But now few, large, and bright
The stars are round the crescent moon!
And now it is a dark warm Night,
The balmiest of the month of June:
A glow-worm fallen, and on the marge remounting
Shines and its shadow shines, fit stars for our sweet fountain.

O evermore be thou blest!
For dearly, ANNA! love I thee!
This brooding warmth across my breast,
This depth of tranquil bliss—ah me!
Fount, Tree and Shed are gone, I know not whither,
But in one quiet room we three are still together.

The shadows lean upon the wall,
By the still dancing fire-flames made;
And now they slumber, moveless all!
And now they melt to one deep shade!
But not from me shall this mild darkness steal thee:
I dream thee with mine eyes, and at my heart I feel thee!

Thine eyelash on my cheek doth play—
'Tis Mary's hand upon my brow!
But let me check this tender lay
Which none may hear but she and thou!
Like the still hive at quiet midnight humming,
Murmur it to yourselves, ye two beloved women!

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE LAST WORDS OF BERENGARIUS.

OB. ANNO DOM. 1088.

No more 'twixt conscience staggering and the Pope
Soon shall I now before my God appear,
By him to be acquitted, as I hope;
By him to be condemned, as I fear.—

REPLY PUT ON THE ALOVE.

Lynx amid moles! had I stood by thy bed,
Be of good cheer, meek soul! I would have said:
I see a hope peering from that hundred fear.
All are not [illegible] Blue through [illegible]

Right onward. What? though dread of threatened death
And dungeon torture made thy hand and breath
Inconstant to the truth within thy heart?
That truth, from which, through fear, thou twice didst start,
Fear haply told thee, was a learned strife,
Or not so vital as to claim thy life:
And myriads had reached Heaven, who never knew
Where lay the difference 'twixt the false and true!

Ye, who secure 'mid trophies not your own,
Judge him who won them when he stood alone,
And proudly talk of *your* old BRUNSWICK,—
O first the age, and then the man compare!
That age how dark! congenial minds how few!
No host of friends with kindred zeal did burn!
No throbbing hearts awaited his return!
Prostrate alike when prince and peasant fell,
He only disenchanted from the spell,
Like the weak woman that gems the starless night,
Moved in the scanty circlet of his light:
And was it strange if he withdrew the ray
That did but guide the night-birds to their prey?

The *candle* *D*ay, *you* with a lofty sneer
Hath lit each dewdrop on our trimmer lawn!
Yet not for this, if wise, will we decry
The spots and struggles of the timid DAWN;
Lest so we teach the approaching NOON to scan
The mist and pained vapours of our MORN.

TO A LADY,

OFFENDED BY A *SLOVENLY* OBSERVATION THAT WOMEN HAVE NO SOULS.

NAY, dearest Anne! why so grave?
I said, you had no soul, 'tis true!
For what *you* call your cannot *have*:
'Tis I, that *am* one since I first saw *you*!

I [illegible] Love's [illegible]
Who, Love [illegible] is blind,
[illegible] the [illegible] of all Ill—
His eyes are in his heart.

What outward form and feature are
He guesseth but in part;
But what within is good and fair
He seeth with the heart.

THE DEVIL'S THOUGHTS.

From his brimstone bed at break of day
A-walking the Devil is gone,
To visit his little snug farm of the earth
And see how his stock went on.

Over the hill and over the dale
And he went over the plain,
And backward and forward he swished his long tail
As a gentleman swishes his cane.

And how then was the Devil drest?
Oh! he was in his Sunday's best:
His jacket was red and his breeches were blue,
And there was a hole where the tail came through.

He saw a Lawyer killing a Viper
On a dung-heap beside his stable,
And the Devil smiled, for it put him in mind
Of Cain and *his* brother, Abel.

A Pothecary on a white horse
Rode by on his vocations,
And the Devil thought of his old Friend
Death in the Revelations.

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility!
And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.

He went into a rich bookseller's shop,
Quoth he! we are both of one college,
For I myself sate like a cormorant once
Fast by the tree of knowledge.*

---

* And all amid them stood the Tree of Life
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold (queay *pap vermicy?*) and next to Life
(*Our* Death, the Tree of Knowledge grew fast by.
* * * * * * *
So clomb this first grand thief —
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life
Sat like a cormorant. Par. Lost, IV.

The allegory here is so apt, that in a catalogue of *various readings* obtained from collating the MSS. one might expect to find it noted, that for "Life" *Cod. pitd. habent*, "Trade." Though indeed the Trade, *i.e.*, the bibliopolic, so called κατ' ἐξοχὴν may be regarded as the sensu *eminentiori*; a suggestion which I owe to a young retailer in the hosiery line, who, on hearing a description of the net profits, dinner parties, country houses, &c., of the trade, exclaimed, "Ay! that's what I call Life now!" This "Life, *cur* Death," is thus happily contrasted with the fruits of Authorship.—Sic nos non nobis mellificamus Apes.

Of this poem, which with the Fire, Famine, and Slaughter first appeared in the

Down the river there plied, with wind and tide,
A pig, with vast celerity,
And the Devil look'd wise as he saw how the while,
It cut its own throat. There! quoth he with a smile,
Goes "England's commercial prosperity."

As he went through Cold-Bath Fields he saw
A solitary cell,
And the devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint
For improving his prisons in Hell.

* * * * *

General — burning face
He saw with consternation,
And back to hell his way did he take,
For the devil thought by a slight mistake
It was general conflagration.

THE ALIENATED MISTRESS:

A MADRIGAL. (FROM AN UNFINISHED MELODRAMA.)

LYDA.

If Love be dead (and you aver it!)
Tell me, Bard! where Love lies buried.

POET.

Love lies buried where 'twas born
Ah faithless nymph! think it no scorn
If in my fancy I presume
To name thy bosom poor LOVE's Tomb,
And on that Tomb to read the line,
Here lies a Love that once was mine,
But took a chill, as I divine,
And died at length of a decline.

CONSTANCY TO AN IDEAL OBJECT.

SINCE all, that beat about in Nature's range,
Or veer or vanish; why should'st thou remain
The only constant in a world of change,
O yearning THOUGHT, that liv'st but in the brain?

Monthly Post, the three first lines of which are worth all the rest, and it is [illegible] were dictated by Mr. Southey. See [illegible] the Preface, p. [illegible] It is [illegible] truth and the concluding stanza [illegible] these are omitted, as [illegible] subjects that Love lost their interest [illegible] for better reasons.

Many a [illegible] Lack-wit [illegible] the Author, [illegible] have taken that [illegible] that he dit[illegible] dream [illegible] by the dress he [illegible] for a General; but he [illegible] most certainly he did [illegible] the Author never meant any [illegible] anything but [illegible] to be a General

Call to the HOURS, that in the distance play,
The faery people of the future day—
Fond THOUGHT! not one of all that shining swarm
Will breathe on *thee* with life-enkindling breath,
Till when, like strangers shelt'ring from a storm,
Hope and Despair meet in the porch of Death!
Yet still thou haunt'st me: and though well I see,
She is not thou, and only thou art she,
Still, still as though some dear *embodied* Good,
Some *living* Love before my eyes there stood
With answering look a ready ear to lend,
I mourn to thee and say—"Ah! loveliest Friend!
"That this the meed of all my toils might be,
"To have a home, an English home, and thee!
"Vain repetition! Home and Thou are one.
"The peaceful'st cot, the moon shall shine upon,
"Lulled by the Thrush and wakened by the Lark,
"Without thee were but a becalmed Bark,
"Whose Helmsman on an Ocean waste and wide
"Sits mute and pale his mouldering helm beside."

And art thou nothing? Such thou art, as when
The woodman winding westward up the glen
At wintry dawn, where o'er the sheep-track's maze
The viewless snow-mist weaves a glist'ning haze,
Sees full before him, gliding without tread,
An image* with a glory round its head:
The enamoured rustic worships its fair hues,
Nor knows, he *makes* the shadow, he pursues!

THE SUICIDE'S ARGUMENT.

ERE the birth of my life, if I wished it or no
No question was asked me—it could not be so!
If the life was the question, a thing sent to try
And to live on be YES: what can NO be? to die.

NATURE'S ANSWER.

Is't returned as 'twas sent? I'st no worse for the wear?
Think first, what you ARE! Call to mind what you WERE!

* This phænomenon, which the Author has himself experienced, and of which the reader may find a description in one of the earlier volumes of the Manchester Philosophical Transactions, is applied figuratively in the following passages of the AIDS TO REFLECTION:

"Pindar's fine remark respecting the different effects of music, on different characters, holds equally true of Genius: as many as are not delighted by it are disturbed, perplexed, irritated. The beholder either recognizes it *as a projected form of his own Being, that moves before him with a Glory round its head*, or recoils from it as a spectre."—AIDS TO REFLECTION, p. 220.

I gave you innocence, I gave you hope,
Gave health, and genius, and an ample scope.
Return you me guilt, lethargy, despair?
Make out the Invent'ry; inspect, compare!
Then die—if die you dare!

THE BLOSSOMING OF THE SOLITARY DATE-TREE.

A LAMENT.

I SEEM to have an indistinct recollection of having read either in one of the ponderous tomes of George of Venice, or in some other compilation from the uninspired Hebrew Writers, an Apologue or Rabbinical Tradition to the following purpose:—

While our first parents were yet standing before their offended Maker, and the last words of the sentence were yet sounding in Adam's ear, the guileful false serpent, a counterfeit and a usurper from the beginning, presumptuously took on himself the character of advocate or moderator, and pretending to intercede for Adam, exclaimed: "Nay, Lord, in thy justice, for the Man was the least in fault. Rather let the Woman return at once to the dust, and let Adam remain here all the days of his now mortal life, and enjoy the respite thou mayest grant him, in this thy Paradise which Thou gavest to him, and hast planted with every tree pleasant to the sight of man and of delicious fruitage." And the word of the Most High answered Satan: "*The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.* Treacherous Fiend! guilt deep as thine could not be, yet the love of kind not extinguished. But if having done what thou hast done, thou had'st yet the heart of man within thee, and the yearning of the soul for its answering image and completing counterpart, O spirit, desperately wicked! the sentence thou counsellest had been thy own."

The title of the following poem was suggested by a fact mentioned by Linnæus, of a Date-tree in a nobleman's garden which year after year had put forth a full show of blossoms, but never produced fruit, till a branch from a Date-tree had been conveyed from a distance of some hundred leagues. The first leaf of the MS. from which the poem has been transcribed, and which contained the two or three introductory stanzas, is wanting: and the author has in vain taxed his memory to repair the loss. But a rude draught of the poem contains the substance of the stanzas, and the reader is requested to receive it as the substitute. It is not impossible, that some congenial spirit, whose years do not exceed those of the author, at the time the poem was written, may find a pleasure in restoring the Lament to its original integrity by a reduction of the thoughts to the requisite Metre.

S. T. C.

I.

BENEATH the blaze of a tropical sun the mountain peaks are the Thrones of Frost, through the absence of objects to reflect the rays. "What no one with us shares, seems scarce our own." The presence of a ONE,

The best Friend, who loveth me the Best,

is for the heart, what the supporting air from within is for the hollow globe with its suspended car. Deprive it of this, and all without that would have buoyed it aloft even to the seat of the gods, becomes a burthen and crushes it into flatness.

II.

The finer the sense for the beautiful and the lovely, and the fairer and lovelier the object presented to the sense; the more exquisite the individual's capacity of joy, and the more ample his means and opportunities of enjoyment, the more heavily will he feel the ache of solitariness, the more unsubstantial becomes the feast spread around him. What matters it, whether in fact the viands and the ministering graces are shadowy or real, to him who has not hand to grasp nor arms to embrace them?

III.

Hope, Imagination, honourable Aims,
Free Commune with the choir that cannot die,
Science and Song, delight in little things,
The buoyant child surviving in the man,
Fields, forests, ancient mountains, ocean, sky,
With all their voices mute—O dare I accuse
My earthly lot as guilty of my spleen,
Or call my niggard destiny! No! no!
It is her largeness, and her overflow,
Which being incomplete, disquieteth me so!

IV.

For never touch of gladness stirs my heart,
But tim'rously beginning to rejoice
Like a blind Arab, that from sleep doth start
In lonesome tent, I listen for *thy* voice.
Beloved! 'tis not thine; thou art not there!
Then melts the bubble into idle air,
And wishing without hope I restlessly despair.

V.

The mother with anticipated glee
Smiles o'er the child, that standing by her chair,
And flatt'ning its round cheek upon her knee
Looks up, and doth its rosy lips prepare
To mock the coming sounds. At that sweet sight
She hears her own voice with a new delight;
And if the babe perchance should lisp the notes aright,

VI.

Then is she tenfold gladder than before!
But should disease or chance the darling take,
What then avails those songs, which sweet of yore
Were only sweet for their sweet echo's sake?
Dear maid! no prattler at a mother's knee
Was e'er so dearly prized as I prize *thee*:
Why was I made for Love and Love denied to me?

FANCY IN NUBIBUS,

OR THE POET IN THE CLOUDS.

O! IT is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
  Just after sunset, or by moonlit skies,
To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
  Or let the easily persuaded eyes
Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould
  Of a friend's fancy; or with head bent low
And cheek aslant see rivers flow of gold
'Twixt crimson banks; and then, a traveller, go
From mount to mount through CLOUDLAND, gorgeous land!
  Or list'ning to the tide, with closed sight,
Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand
  By those deep sounds possessed with inward light
Beheld the ILIAD and the ODYSSEE
  Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

THE TWO FOUNTS.

STANZAS ADDRESSED TO A LADY ON HER RECOVERY WITH UNBLEMISHED LOOKS, FROM A SEVERE ATTACK OF PAIN.

'TWAS my last waking thought, how it could be,
That thou, sweet friend, such anguish should'st endure:
When straight from Dreamland came a Dwarf, and he
Could tell the cause, forsooth, and knew the cure.

Methought he fronted me with peering look
Fix'd on my heart; and read aloud in game
The loves and griefs therein, as from a book;
And uttered praise like one who wished to blame.

In every heart (quoth he) since Adam's sin
TWO FOUNTS there are, of SUFFERING and of CHEER
That to let forth, and *This* to keep within!
But she, whose aspect I find imaged here,

Of PLEASURE only will to all dispense,
This Fount alone unlock, by no distress
Chilled or turned inward; but still issue thence
Unconquered cheer, persistent loveliness.

A . on the driving cloud the shiny Bow,
That gracious thing made up of tears and light,
Mid the wild rack and rain that slants below
Stands smiling forth, [illegible] and freshly bright:

As though the spirits of all lovely flowers,
Inweaving each its wreath and dewy crown,
Or ere they sank to earth in vernal showers,
Had built a bridge to tempt the angels down.

Ev'n so, Eliza! on that face of thine,
On that benignant face, whose look alone
(The soul's translucence through her chrystal shrine!)
Has power to soothe all anguish but thine own.

A Beauty hovers still, and ne'er takes wing,
But with a silent charm compels the stern
And tort'ring Genius of the BITTER SPRING
To shrink aback, and cower upon his urn.

Who then needs wonder, if (no outlet found
In passion, spleen, or strife,) the FOUNT OF PAIN
O'erflowing beats against its lovely mound,
And in wild flashes shoots from heart to brain?

Sleep, and the Dwarf with that unsteady gleam
On his raised lip, that aped a critic smile,
Had passed: yet I, my sad thoughts to beguile,
Lay weaving on the tissue of my dream:

Till audibly at length I cried, as though
Thou had'st indeed been present to my eyes,
O sweet, sweet sufferer! if the case be so,
I pray thee, be good, sweet, *I* wise!

In every look a barbed arrow send,
On those soft lips let scorn and anger live!
Do *any* thing, rather than thus, sweet friend!
Hoard for thyself the pain, thou wilt not give!

THE WANDERINGS OF CAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.

A PROSE composition, one not in metre at least, seems *primâ facie* to require explanation or apology. It was written in the year 17[illegible], near Nether Stowey in Somersetshire, at which place (*O happy days! O happy recollections!*) rich by so many associations and recollections) the Author had then fixed his residence in order to enjoy the society and close neighbourhood of a valued and honoured friend, T. Poole, Esq. The work was to have been written in concert with another, whose name is too venerable within the precincts of genius to be unnecessarily brought into connection with such a trifle, and who was then residing at a small distance from Nether Stowey. The title and subject were suggested by myself, who likewise drew out the scheme and the contents for each of the three books or cantos, of which the work was to consist, and which, the reader is to be informed, was to have been finished in one night! My portion unfortunately the first canto; the second; and by whichever hand it was first, was to be the third. Almost thirty years have passed since then, and I know not whether I could now do more than add to the poem a few lines, if I felt myself capable of the task, the now impracticable, for

a mind so eminently original to be employed on another man's thoughts and fancies, or for a taste so austerely pure and simple to imitate the Death of Abel? Methinks I see his grand and noble countenance as at the moment when having dispatched my own portion of the task at full finger-speed, I hastened to him with my manuscript—that look of humorous despondency fixed on his almost blank sheet of paper, and then its silent but rapturous admission of failure struggling with the sense of the exceeding ridiculousness of the whole scheme—which broke up in a laugh: and then the Ancient Mariner was written instead.

Years afterward, however, the draft of the Plan and proposed Incidents, and the portion executed, obtained favour in the eyes of more than one person, whose judgment on a poetic work could not but have weighed with me, even though no parental partiality had been thrown into the same scale, as a make-weight: and I determined on commencing anew, and composing the whole in stanzas, and made some progress in realizing this intention, when adverse gales drove my bark off the "Fortunate Isles" of the Muses: and then other and more momentous interests prompted a different voyage, to farther and hotter climes and a securer port. I have in vain tried to recover the lines from the Palimpsest tablet of my memory: and I can only offer the introductory stanza, which had been committed to writing for the purpose of procuring a friend's judgment on the metre, as a specimen.

> Fingering a wild of leaves,
> That lately came his only food!
> A lovely Boy was plucking fruit,
> By moonlight, in a wilderness.
> The moon was bright, the air was free,
> And fruits and flowers together grew
> On many a shrub and many a tree:
> And all put on a gentle hue,
> Hanging in the shadowy air
> Like a picture rich and rare.
> It was an climate where, they say,
> The night is more beloved than day.
> But who that beauteous Boy beguil'd,
> That beauteous Boy to linger here?
> Alone, by night, a little child,
> In place so silent and so wild—
> Has left his mother's side?—Awake, Mariana!

I have here given the first, imperfect, and premature draught of the "Wanderings of Cain, a poem," [illegible], however, may Readers not to think so meanly of my judgment as to suppose that I either regard or offer it as any excuse for the publication of the following fragment, (and I may add, of one or two others in its neighbourhood) in its primitive crudity. But I should find still greater difficulty in forgiving myself, were I to record prolixly published a set of petty mishaps and humiliations which I may well wish to forget. I must be content therefore with assuring the friendly Reader, that the less he attributes to appearance to the Author's will, choice, or judgment, the nearer to the truth he will be.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

CANTO II.

"A FAITH! faithless! O my father! yet a little farther, and we shall come into the open moonlight." Their road was through a forest of fir trees; at its entrance the trees stood at distances from each other, and the path was broad, and the moonlight, and the moonlight shadows reposed upon it, and appeared quietly to inhabit that solitude. But soon the path winded and became narrow; the sun at highest noon sometimes speckled, but never illumined it, and now it was dark as a cavern.

"It is dark, O my father!" said Enos, "but the path under our feet is smooth and soft, and we shall soon come out into the open moonlight."

"Lead on, my child!" said Cain: "guide me, little child!"

And the innocent little child clasped a finger of the hand which had murdered the righteous Abel, and he guided his father. "The fir branches drip upon thee, my son." "Yea, pleasantly, father, for I ran fast and eagerly to bring thee the pitcher and the cake, and my body is not yet cool. How happy the squirrels are that feed on these fir trees! they leap from bough to bough, and the old squirrels play round their young ones in the nest. I climb a tree yesterday at noon, O my father, that I might play with them, but they leapt away from the branches, even to the slender twigs did they leap, and in a moment I beheld them on another tree. Why, O my father, would they not play with me? I would be good to them as thou art good to me: and I groaned to them even as thou groanest when thou givest me to eat, and when thou coverest me at evening, and as often as I stand at thy knee and thine eyes look at me?" Then Cain stopped, and stifling his groans he sank to the earth, and the child Enos stood in the darkness beside him.

And Cain lifted up his voice and cried bitterly, and said, "The Mighty One that persecuteth me is on this side and on that; he pursueth my soul like the wind, like the sand-blast he passeth through me; he is around me even as the air! O that I might be utterly no more! I desire to die—yea, the things that never had life, neither move they upon the earth—behold! they seem precious to mine eyes. O that a man might live without the breath of his nostrils. So I might abide in darkness, and blackness, and an empty space! Yea, I would lie down, I would not rise, neither would I stir my limbs till I became as the rock in the den of the lion, on which the young lion resteth his head whilst he sleepeth. For the torrent that roareth far off hath a voice; and the clouds in heaven look terribly on me; the Mighty One who is against me speaketh in the wind of the cedar grove; and in silence am I dried up." Then Enos spake to his father, "Arise, my father, arise, we are but a little way from the place where I found the cake and the pitcher." And Cain said, "How knowest thou?" and the child answered—"Behold the bare rocks are a few of thy strides distant from the forest; and while even now thou wert lifting up thy voice, I heard the echo." Then the child took hold of his father, as if he would raise him: and Cain being faint and feeble rose slowly on his knees and pressed himself against the trunk of a fir, and stood upright and followed the child.

The path was dark till within three strides' length of its termination, when it turned suddenly; the thick black trees formed a low arch, and the moonlight appeared for a moment like a dazzling portal. Enos ran before and stood in the open air; and when Cain, his father, emerged from the darkness, the child was affrighted. For the mighty limbs of Cain were wasted as by fire; his hair was as the matted curls on the Bison's forehead, and so glared his fierce and sullen eye beneath: and the black abundant locks on either side, a rank and tangled mass, were stained and scorched, as though the grasp of a burning iron hand had striven to rend them; and his countenance told in a strange and terrible language of agonies that had been, and were, and were still to continue to be.

The scene around was desolate; as far as the eye could reach it

was desolate: the bare rocks faced each other, and left a long and wide interval of thin white sand. You might wander on and look round and round, and peep into the crevices of the rocks and discover nothing that acknowledged the influence of the seasons. There was no spring, no summer, no autumn: and the winter's snow, that would have been lovely, fell not on these hot rocks and scorching sands. Never morning lark had poised himself over this desert; but the huge serpent often hissed there beneath the talons of the vulture, and the vulture screamed, his wings imprisoned within the coils of the serpent. The pointed and shattered summits of the ridges of the rocks made a rude mimicry of human concerns, and seemed to prophesy mutely of things that then were not; steeples, and battlements, and ships with naked masts. As far from the wood as a boy might sling a pebble of the brook, there was one rock by itself at a small distance from the main ridge. It had been precipitated there perhaps by the groan which the Earth uttered when our first father fell. Before you approached, it appeared to lie flat on the ground, but its base slanted from its point, and between its point and the sands a tall man might stand upright. It was here that Enos had found the pitcher and cake, and to this place he led his father. But ere they had reached the rock they beheld a human shape: his back was towards them, and they were advancing unperceived, when they heard him smite his breast and cry aloud, "Wo, is me! wo, is me! I must never die again, and yet I am perishing with thirst and hunger."

Pallid, as the reflection of the sheeted lightning on the heavy-sailing Night-cloud, became the face of Cain; but the child Enos took hold of the shaggy skin, his Father's robe, and raised his eyes to his Father, and listening whispered, "Ere yet I could speak, I am sure, O my father, that I heard that voice. Have not I often said that I remembered a sweet voice. O my father! this is it:" and Cain trembled exceedingly. The voice was sweet indeed, but it was thin and querulous like that of a feeble slave in misery, who despairs altogether, yet cannot refrain himself from weeping and lamentation. And, behold! Enos gadled forward, and creeping softly round the base of the rock, stood before the stranger, and looked up into his face. And the Shape shrieked, and turned round, and Cain beheld him, that his limbs and his face were those of his brother ABEL whom he had killed! And Cain stood like one who struggles in his sleep because of the exceeding terribleness of a dream.

Thus as he stood in silence and darkness of Soul, the SHAPE fell at his feet, and embraced his knees, and cried out with a bitter outcry, "Thou eldest born of Adam, whom Eve, my mother, brought forth, cease to torment me! I was feeding my flocks in green pastures by the side of quiet rivers, and thou killedst me; and now I am in misery." Then Cain closed his eyes, and hid them with his hands; and again he opened his eyes, and looked around him, and said to Enos, "What beholdest thou? Dost thou hear a voice, my son?" "Yes, my father, I behold a man in unclean garments, and he utterest a sweet voice, full of lamentation." Then Cain raised up the Shape that was like Abel, and said, "The Creator of our father,

who had respect unto thee, and unto thy offering, wherefore hath he forsaken thee?" Then the Shape shrieked a second time, and rent his garment, and his naked skin was like the white sands beneath their feet; and he shrieked yet a third time, and threw himself on his face upon the sand that was black with the shadow of the rock, and Cain and Enos sate beside him; the child by his right hand, and Cain by his left. They were all three under the rock, and within the shadow. The Shape that was like Abel raised himself up, and spake to the child; "I know where the cold waters are, but I may not drink, wherefore didst thou then take away my pitcher?" But Cain said, "Didst thou not find favour in the sight of the Lord thy God?" The Shape answered, "The Lord is God of the living only, the dead have another God." Then the child Enos lifted up his eyes and prayed; but Cain rejoiced secretly in his heart. "Wretched shall they be all the days of their mortal life," exclaimed the Shape, "who sacrifice worthy and acceptable sacrifices to the God of the dead; but after death their toil ceaseth. Woe is me, for I was well beloved by the God of the living, and I cried unto Him, O my brother, who didst snatch me away from his power and his dominion." Having uttered these words, he rose suddenly, and fled over the sands; and Cain said in his heart, "The curse of the Lord is on me; but who is the God of the dead?" and he ran after the Shape, and the Shape fled shrieking over the sands, and the sands rose like white mists behind the steps of Cain, but the feet of him that was like Abel disturbed not the sands. He greatly outrun Cain, and turning short, he wheeled round, and came again to the rock where they had been sitting, and where Enos still sate; and the child caught hold of his garment as he passed by, and he fell upon the ground. And Cain stopped, and hobbling, he said, "he has passed into the dark woods," and he [illegible] slowly back to the rocks; and when he reached it the child told him that he had caught hold of his garment as he passed by, and that the man had fallen upon the ground; and Cain once more sat beside him, and said, "Abel, my brother, I would lament for thee, but that the spirit within me is withered, and burnt up with extreme agony. Now, I pray thee, by thy flocks, and by thy pastures, and by the quiet rivers which thou lovedst, that thou tell me all that thou knowest. Who is the God of the dead? where doth he make his dwelling? what sacrifices are acceptable unto him? for I have offered, but have not been received; I have prayed, and have not been heard; and how can I be afflicted more than I already am?" The Shape arose and answered, "O that thou hadst had pity on me as I will have pity on thee. Follow me, Son of Adam! and bring thy child with thee!"

And they three passed over the white sands between the rocks, silent as the shadows.

REMORSE.

A TRAGEDY. IN FIVE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARQUIS VALDEZ, *Father to the two brothers, and Donna Teresa's Guardian.*
DON ALVAR, *the eldest son.*
DON ORDONIO, *the youngest son.*
MONVIEDRO, *a Dominican and Inquisitor.*
ZULIMEZ, *the faithful attendant on Alvar.*
ISIDORE, *a Moresco Christian, secretly a Christian.*
FAMILIARS OF THE INQUISITION.
NAOMI.
MOORS, SERVANTS, &c.
DONNA TERESA, *a Orphan Heiress.*
ALHADRA, *Wife to Isidore.*

Time.—The reign of Philip II., just at the close of the civil wars against the Moors, and during the heat of the persecution which raged against them, shortly after the edict which forbade the wearing of Moresco apparel under pain of death.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Sea-shore near the Coast of Granada.*—DON ALVAR, *just in a small skiff, and* ZULIMEZ (*a Moor*), *both as just landed.*

Zul. No sound, no face of joy to welcome us!
Alv. My faithful Zulimez, for one brief moment
Let me forget my anguish and their crimes,
If aught on earth demand an unmix'd feeling,
'Tis surely this—after long years of exile,
To step forth on firm land, and gazing round us,
To hail at once our country, and our birth-place.
Hail, Spain! Granada, hail! once more I press
Thy sands with filial awe, land of my fathers!
Zul. Then claim your rights in it! O, revered Don Alvar,
Yet, yet give up your all too gentle purpose.
It is too hazardous! reveal yourself,
And let the guilty meet the doom of guilt!
Alv. Remember, Zulimez! I am his brother,
Injured indeed! O deeply injured! yet
Ordonio's brother.
Zul. No! by minded Alvar!
This sure but gives his guilt a blacker dye.
Alv. The more behoves it. I should rouse within him
REMORSE! that I should save him from himself.

Zul. REMORSE is as the heart in which it grows:
If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews
Of true repentance; but if proud and gloomy,
It is a poison-tree, that pierced to the inmost
Weeps only tears of poison!

Alv. And of a brother.
Dare I hold this, unproved? nor make one effort
To save him? Hear me, friend! I have yet to tell thee,
That this same life, which he conspired to take,
Himself once rescued from the angry flood,
And at the imminent hazard of his own.
Add too my oath—

Zul. You have thrice told already
The years of absence and of secrecy,
To which a forced oath bound you: if in truth
A suborned murderer have the power to dictate
A binding oath—

Alv. My long captivity
Left me no choice: the very *Heaven* too languished
With the fond *Hope* that nursed it; the sick babe
Drooped at the bosom of its famished mother.
But (more than all) Teresa's perfidy;
The assassin's strong assurance, when no interest,
No motive could have tempted him to falsehood;
In the first pangs of his awaken'd conscience,
When with abhorrence of his own black purpose
The murderous weapon, pointed at my breast,
Fell from his palsied hand—

Zul. Heavy presumption!

Alv. It weighed not with me—Hark! I will tell thee all:
As we passed by, I bade thee mark the base
Of yonder cliff—

Zul. That rocky seat you mean,
Shaped by the billows?—

Alv. There Teresa met me
The morning of the day of my departure.
We were alone: the purple hue of dawn,
Fell from the kindling east aslant upon us,
And blending with the blushes on her cheek
Suffused the tear-drops there with rosy light.
There seemed a glory round us, and Teresa
The angel of the vision! [*Then with agitation*
Had'st thou seen
How in each motion her most innocent soul
Beamed forth and brightened, thou thyself would'st tell me,
Guilt is a thing impossible in her!
She must be innocent!

Zul. (*with a sigh*). Proceed, my Lord!

Alv. A portrait which she had procured by stealth,
(For even then it seems her heart foreboded
Or knew Ordonio's moody rivalry)
A portrait of herself with thrilling hand

She tied around my neck, conjuring me
With earnest prayers, that I would keep it sacred
To my own knowledge: nor did she desist,
Till she had won a solemn promise from me,
That (save my own) no eye should e'er behold it
Till my return. Yet this the assassin knew—
Knew that which none but she could have disclosed.

Zul. A damning proof!

Alv. My own life wearied me!
And but for the imperative Voice within
With mine own hand I had thrown off the burthen.
That Voice, which quelled me, calmed me: and I saw right
The Belgic states: there joined the better cause;
And there too fought as one that courted death!
Wounded, I fell among the dead and dying;
In death-like trance: a long imprisonment followed.
The fullness of my anguish by degrees
Waned to a meditative melancholy;
And still the more I mused, my soul became
More doubtful, more perplexed; and still Teresa
Night after night, she visited my sleep,
Now as a saintly sufferer, wan and tearful,
Now as a saint in glory beckoning to me!
Yes, still as in contempt of proof and reason,
I cherish the fond faith that she is guiltless!
Hear then my fixed resolve: I'll linger here
In the disguise of a Moresco chieftain.—
The Moorish robes?—

Zul. All, all are in the sea-cave,
Some fathoms hence. I bade our mariners
Secrete the boat there.

Alv. Above all, the picture
Of the assassination—

Zul. Be assured
That it remains uninjured.

Alv. Thus disguised
I will first seek to meet Ordonio's—*wife!*
If possible, alone too. This was her wonted walk,
And this the hour; her words, her very looks
Will acquit her or convict.

Zul. Will they not know you?

Alv. With your aid, friend, I shall unknowingly
Trust the disguise; and as to my complexion,
My long imprisonment, the scanty food,
This scar, (and to it beneath a burning sun,
Heaven knows, I owe only half the fairness for it,)
Add to my youth, which (I am sure we are each other's
Mirror) [illegible] on my chest, and long hair on my [illegible]
A hoarse voice—Besides, they think me dead:
And I will [illegible]
The [illegible]

Zul. [illegible] command, bade [illegible]

Now to the cave I [illegible] in the vaulted rock,
Where having shaped [illegible] to a Moorish [illegible],
I will seek out mariners; and in the dusk
Transport whatever we need to the small dell
In the Alhuvarras [illegible] where Zagri lived.
Alv. I know it well: it is the obscurest hole
Of all the mountains— [illegible]
Voices at a distance!
Let us away! [illegible]

SCENE II.

Enter TERESA *and* VALDEZ.

Ter. I hold Orsolino dear; he is your son
And Alvar's brother.
Val. Love him for himself,
Nor make the living wretched for the dead.
Ter. I mourn that you should plead in vain, but Valdez,
But heaven hath heard my vow, and I remain
Faithful to Alvar, be he dead or living.
Val. Heaven knows with what delight I saw your love,
And could my heart's blood give him back to thee
I would die smiling. But these are idle thoughts!
Thy dying father comes upon my soul
With that same look, with which he gave thee to me;
I held thee in my arms a powerless babe,
While thy poor mother with a mute entreaty
Fixed her faint eyes on mine. Ah not for this,
That I should let thee feel thy soul with gloom,
And with slow anguish wear away thy life,
The victim of a useless constancy.
I must not see thee wretched.
Ter. There are woes
Ill bartered for the garishness of joy!
If it be wretched with an untired eye
To watch those skiey tints, and this green ocean;
Or in the sultry hour beneath some rock,
My hair dishevelled by the pleasant sea breeze,
To shape sweet visions, and live o'er again
All past hours of delight! If it be wretched
To watch some bark, and fancy Alvar there,
To go through each minutest circumstance
Of the blest meeting, and to frame adventures
Most terrible and strange, and hear *him* tell them;
*(As once I knew a crazy Moorish maid
Who dress'd her in her buried lover's clothes,
And o'er the smooth spring in the mountain cleft
Hung with her lute, and played the self-same tune
He used to play, and listened to the shadow

* [Here Valdez leaves [illegible] and [illegible] by [illegible] checks her enthusiasm, [illegible] and [illegible] for her fancy, by the little [illegible]]

Hers—if I had made) if this be wretchedness,
And if indeed it be a wretched thing
To trick out mine own death bed, and imagine
That I had died, died just ere his return!
Then see him listening to my constancy,
Or hover round, as he at midnight oft
Sits on my grave and gazes at the moon;
Or haply in some more fantastic mood,
To be in Paradise, and with choice flowers
Build up a bower where he and I might dwell,
And there to wait his coming! O my sire!
My Alvar's sire! if this be wretchedness
That eats away the life, what were it, think you,
If in a most assured reality
He should return, and see a brother's infant
Smile at him from *my* arms?
Oh what a thought! [*Clasping her forehead.*

Val. A thought? even so! mere thought! an empty thought.
The very week he promised his return—

Ter. (*abruptly*). Was it not then a busy joy? to see him,
After those three years' travel—! we had no fears—
The frequent tidings, the ne'er-failing letter,
Almost endeared his absence! Yet the gladness,
The tumult of our joy! What then if now——

Val. O power of youth to feel on pleasant thoughts,
Spite of conviction! I am old and heartless!
Yes, I am old—I have no pleasant fancies—
Hectic and unrefreshed with rest—

Ter. (*with great tenderness*). My father!

Val. The sober truth is all too much for me!
I see no evil which I hope not to my mind
The home-bound bark in which my son was captured
By the Algerines—to perish with his captors!

Ter. Oh no! he did not!

Val. Captured in sight of land!
Lo! yon hill point, nay, from our castle watch-tower
We might have seen—

Ter. His capture, not his death.

Val. Ah! how quickly thou forget'st a tale
Thou ne'er dost wish to learn! my brave Ordolmo
Sank both the pirate and his prize go down,
In the same storm that hailed his own valour.
And thus twice snatched a brother from his hopes:
Gallant Ordolmo! (*pause, then tenderly*) O beloved Teresa!
Would'st thou best prove thy faith to generous Alva,
And most delight his spirit, go, make thou
His brother happy, make his aged father
Sink to the grave in joy.

Ter. [illegible]
Pr[illegible]! I have no power to [illegible] him.
H[illegible] joy, and this [illegible].
C[illegible] the dew-drops of the [illegible] night:

My love, a timorous and tender flower,
Closes beneath his touch.
Val. You wrong him, maiden!
You wrong him, by my soul! Nor was it well
To character by such unkindly phrases
The stir and workings of that love for you
Which he has toiled to smother. 'Twas not well,
Nor is it grateful in you to forget
His wounds and perilous voyages, and how
With an heroic fearlessness of danger
He roam'd the coast of Afric for your Alvar.
It was not well—You have moved me even to tears.
Ter. Oh pardon me, Lord Valdez! pardon me!
It was a foolish and ungrateful speech.
A most ungrateful speech! But I am hurried
Beyond myself, if I but hear of one
Who aims to rival Alvar. Were we not
Born in one day, like twins of the same parent?
Nursed in one cradle? Pardon me, my father!
A six years' absence is a heavy thing,
Yet still the hope survives——
Val. (*looking forward.*) Hush! 'tis Monviedro.
Ter. The Inquisitor! on what new scent of blood?

Enter MONVIEDRO *with* ALHADRA.

Mon. (*having first made his obeisance to* VALDEZ *and* TERESA.)
Peace and the truth be with you! Good my Lord,
My present need is with your son. [*Looking forward.*
We have hit the time. Here comes he! Yes, 'tis he.

Enter from the opposite side DON ORDONIO.

My Lord Ordonio, this Moresco woman
(Alhadra is her name) asks audience of you.
Ord. Hail, reverend father! what may be the business?
Mon. My lord, on strong suspicion of relapse
To his false creed, so recently abjured,
The secret servants of the inquisition
Have seized her husband, and at my command
To the supreme tribunal would have led him,
But that he made appeal to you, my lord,
As surety for his soundness in the faith.
Though lessened by experience what small trust
The asseverations of these Moors deserve,
Yet still the deference to Ordonio's name,
Nor less the wish to prove, with what high honour
The Holy Church regards her faithful soldiers,
Thus far prevailed with me that——
Ord. Reverend father,
I am much beholden to your high opinion,
Which so o'erprizes my light services. [*Then to* ALHADRA.
I would that I could serve you; but in truth
Your face is new to me.

Mon. My mind foretold me,
That such a result would be the event. In truth, Lord Valdez,
'Twas little probable, that Don Ordonio,
That your illustrious son, who fought so bravely
Some four years since to quell these rebel Moors,
Should prove the patron of this infidel!
The guarantee of a Moresco's faith!
Now I return.

Alv. My Lord, my husband's name
Is Isidore. (ORDONIO *starts.*)—You may remember it:
Three years ago, three years this very week,
You left him at Almeria.

Mon. Palpably false!
This very week, three years ago, my lord,
(You needs must recollect it by your wound)
You were at sea, and there engaged the pirates,
The *murderers* doubtless of your brother Alvar!

[THERESA *enters at* MONVIEDRO *with alarm and hurry.*
ORDONIO *signs to her to be silent.*

Mon. (*To* VALDEZ *and the rest of* ORDONIO.) What is he ill, my
Lord? how strange he looks!

Alv. (*Aside.*) You press him too abruptly, father.
The sight of one, on whom, you know, he doted.

Ord. (*Aside, as in a sudden agitation.*) O Heavens! *Did* I do it?
[*Turns to Alvira, wildly.*
Yes! I did it on him.

[ORDONIO *recovers himself by degrees*, VALDEZ *and* THERESA *whispering him.*

Ord. (*To* ALVIRA.) I do not, dare not, love him.
Is my heart hard?
Is my heart hard? that even now the thought
Should force itself upon me? Yet I feel it!

Mon. The drops did start on I stand upon his forehead!
I will return. In very truth, I grieve
To have been the occasion. Ho! attend me woman!

Alv. (*To* THERESA.) O gentle lady! make the father stay,
Until my Lord recover. I am sure,
That he will say he is my husband's friend.

Ther. Stay, father! stay! my lord will soon recover.

Ord. (*Aside to* VALDEZ.) Strange, that this Monviedro
Should have the power to distemper me!

Val. Nay, 'twas a middle weakness, sir!

Mon. My lord, I truly grieve——

Ord. Tut! name it not.
A sudden recollection, father! think no more of it.
As to this woman's husband, I do know him.
I know him well, and that he is a Christian.

Mon. I hope, my lord, your naturally humane pity
Doth not prevail——

Ord. 'Tis certain that he is a catholic;
What changes may have happened in three years,
I cannot say; but grant, I pray, my father:

Myself I'll sift him: if I find him sound,
You'll grant me your authority and name
To liberate his house.
Mon. Your zeal, my lord,
And your late merits in this holy warfare
Would authorize an ampler trust—you have it.
Ord. I will attend you home within an hour.
Vid. Meantime return with us and take refreshment.
Alh. Not till my husband's free! I may not do it.
I will stay here.
Ter. (*aside.*) Who is this Isidore?
Vid. Daughter!
Ter. With your permission, my dear lord,
I'll loiter yet awhile to enjoy the sea breeze.
[*Exeunt* VALDEZ, MONTHDIDO, *and* ORDENO.
Alh. Hah! there he goes! a letter crossing with him,
A scathing curse!
(*Then as if recollecting herself, turns with a timid look.*)
You hate him, don't you, lady?
Ter. (*perceiving that* ALHADRA *is conscious she has spoken imprudently.*) Oh fear not me! my heart is sad for you.
Alh. These fell inquisitors! these sons of blood!
As I came on, his face so maddened me,
That ever and anon I clutched my dagger
And half unsheathed it——
Ter. Be more calm, I pray you.
Alh. And as he walked along the narrow path
Close by the mountain's edge, my soul grew eager;
'Twas with hard toil I made myself remember
That his Familiars held my babes and husband.
To have leapt upon him with a tyger's plunge,
And hurl'd him down the rugged precipice,
O, it had been most sweet!
Ter. Hush! hush for shame!
Where is your woman's heart?
Alh. O gentle lady!
You have no skill to guess *my* many wrongs,
Many and strange! Besides, (*pitiously*) I am a Christian,
And Christians never pardon—'tis their faith!
Ter. Shame fall on those who so have shewn it to thee!
Alh. I know that men; 'tis well he knows not me.
Five years ago (and he was the prime agent)
Five years ago the holy brethren seized me.
Ter. What might your crime be?
Alh. I was a Moresco!
They cast me, then a young and nursing mother,
Into a dungeon of their prison house,
Where was no bed, no fire, no ray of light,
No touch, no sound of comfort! The black air,
It was a toil to breathe it! when the door,
Slow opening at the appointed hour, disclosed
One human countenance, the last—and alone

Cowered as it entered, and at once sunk down.
Oh miserable! by that lamp to see
My infant quarrelling with the coarse hard bread
Brought daily: for the little wretch was sickly—
My rage had dried away its natural food.
In darkness I remained—the dull bell counting,
Which haply told me, that the all-cheering Sun
Was rising on our Garden. When I dozed,
My infant's moanings mingled with my slumbers
And waked me.—If you were a mother, lady,
I should scarce dare to tell you, that its noises
And peevish cries so fretted on my brain
That I have struck the innocent babe in anger.

Tir. O Heaven! it is too horrible to hear.

Alh. What was it then to suffer? 'Tis most right
That such as you should hear it.—Know you not,
What Nature makes you mourn, she bids you heal!
Great Evils ask great Passions to redress them,
And Whirlwinds fitliest scatter Pestilence.

Tir. You were at length released?

Alh. Yes, at length
I saw the blessed arch of the whole heaven!
'Twas the first time my infant smiled. No more—
For if I dwell upon that moment, Lady,
A trance comes on which makes me o'er again
All I then was—my knees hang loose and drag,
And my lip falls with such an idiot laugh,
That you would start and shudder!

Tir. But your husband—

Alh. A month's imprisonment would kill him, Lady.

Tir. Alas, poor man!

Alh. He hath a lion's courage,
Fearless in act, but feeble in endurance;
Unfit for boisterous times, with gentle heart
He worships nature in the hill and valley,
Not knowing what he loves, but loves it all—

Enter ALVAR *disguised as a Moorish Moor, and in Moorish garments.*

Tir. Know you that stately Moor?

Alh. I know him not:
But doubt not he is some Moresco chieftain,
Who hides himself among the Alpuxarras.

Tir. The Alpuxarras? does he know his danger,
So near this seat?

Alh. He wears the Moorish robes too,
As in defiance of the royal edict.

[ALHADRA *advances to* ALVAR, *who keeps aloof at the stage, until* [illegible]. TERESA *drops her veil.*

Alh. Gallant Moresco! An inquisitor,
Monviedro, of known hatred to our race—

Alv. (*interrupting her.*) You have mistaken me. I am a Christian.

Alh. He deems, that we are plotting to ensnare him:
Speak to him, Lady—none can hear *you* speak,
And not believe you innocent of guile.
Tir. If aught enforce you to concealment, Sir—
Alh. He trembles strangely.
[ALVAR *sinks down, and hides his face in his robe.*
Tir. See we have disturbed him.
[*Approaches nearer to him.*
I pray you think us friends—uncowl your face,
For you seem faint, and the night breeze blows healing.
I pray you think us friends!
Alv. (*raising his head*) Calm, very calm!
'Tis all too tranquil for reality!
And she spoke to me with her innocent voice,
That voice, that innocent voice! She is no traitress!
Tir. Let us retire. (*hastily to* ALHADRA.)
[*They retire to the front of the Stage.*
Alh. (*with scorn.*) He is indeed a Christian.
Alv. (*aside.*) She deems me dead, yet wears no mourning garment!
Why should my brother's wife—wear mourning garments?
(*To* TERESA.) Your pardon, noble dame! that I disturbed you:
I had just started from a frightful dream.
Tir. Dreams tell but of the past, and yet, 'tis said,
They prophecy—
Alv. The Past lives o'er again
In its effects, and to the guilty spirit
The ever frowning Present is its image.
Tir. Traitress! (*then aside.*)
What sudden spell o'ermasters me?
Why seeks he me, shunning the Moorish woman?
[TERESA *looks round uneasily, but gradually becomes attentive as* ALVAR *proceeds in the next speech.*
Alv. I dreamt I had a friend, on whom I leant
With blindest trust, and a betrothed maid,
Whom I was wont to call not mine, but me;
For mine own self seem'd nothing, lacking her.
This maid so idolized that trusted friend
Dishonoured in my absence, soul and body!
Fear, following guilt, tempted to blacker guilt,
And murderers were suborned against my life.
But by my looks, and most impassioned words,
I roused the virtues that are dead in no man,
Even in the assassins' hearts! they made their terms,
And thanked me for redeeming them from murder.
Alh. You are lost in thought: hear him no more sweet Lady!
Tir. From morn to night I am myself a dreamer,
And slight things bring on me the idle mood!
Well sir, what happened then?
Alv. On a rude rock,
A rock, methought, fast by a grove of firs,
Whose thready leaves to the low-breathing gale
Made a soft sound most like the distant ocean,

I stayed, as though the hour of death were passed,
And I were sitting in the world of spirits —
For all things seemed unreal! There I sate—
The dews fell clammy, and the night descended,
Black, sultry, close! and ere the midnight hour
A storm came on, mingling all sounds of fear,
That woods, and sky, and mountains, seemed one havoc.
The second flash of lightning shewed a tree
Hard by me, newly scathed. I rose tumultuous:
My soul worked high, I bared my head to the storm,
And with loud voice and clamorous agony
Kneeling I prayed to the great Spirit that made me,
Prayed, that REMORSE might fasten on their hearts,
And cling with poisonous tooth, inextricable
As the gored lion's *bite!*

Ter. (*shuddering.*) A fearful curse!

Alh. (*fiercely.*) But dreamt you not that you returned and killed them?

Dreamt you of no revenge?

Alv. (*his voice trembling, and in tones of deep distress.*)
She would have died,
Died in her guilt—perchance by her own hands!
And bending o'er her self-inflicted wounds,
I might have met the evil glance of frenzy,
And leapt myself into an unblest grave!
I prayed for the punishment that cleanses hearts:
For still I loved her!

Alh. And you dreamt all this?

Ter. My soul is full of visions all as wild!

Alh. There is no room in this heart for puling love tales.

Ter. (*Lifts up her veil, and advances to* ALVAR.)
Stranger farewell! I guess not who you are,
Nor why you so addressed your tale to me.
Your mien is noble, and I own, perplexed me
With obscure memory of something past,
Which still escaped my efforts, or presented
Tricks of a fancy pampered with long wishing.
If, as it sometimes happens, our rude startling
Whilst your full heart was shaping out its dream,
Drove you to this, your not ungentle, wildness—
You have my sympathy, and so farewell!
But if some undiscovered wrongs oppress you,
And you need strength to drag them into light,
The generous Valdez, and my Lord Ordonio,
Have arm and will to aid a nobler sufferer,
Nor shall you want my favourable pleading.

[*Exeunt* TERESA *and* ALHADRA.

Alv. (*alone.*) 'Tis strange! It cannot be! *my* Lord Ordonio!
Her Lord Ordonio! Nay, I will not do it!
I cursed him once—and one curse is enough!
How sad she looked, and pale! but not like guilt—
And her calm tones—sweet as a song of mercy!

If the bad spirit retain'd his angel's voice,
Hell scarce were Hell. And why not innocent?
Who meant to murder me, might well cheat her?
But ere she married him, he had stained her honour—
Ah! there I am hampered. What if this were a lie
Framed by the assassin? Who should tell it *him*,
If it were truth? Ordonio would not tell him.
Yet why one lie? all else, I *knew*, was truth.
No start, no jealousy of stirring conscience!
And she referred to *me*—fondly, methought!
Could she walk here if she had been a traitress?
Here where we played together in our childhood?
Here where we plighted vows? where her cold cheek
Received my last kiss, when with suppressed feelings
She had fainted in my arms? It can not be!
'Tis not in nature! I will die believing,
That I shall meet her where no evil is,
No treachery, no cup dashed from the lips.
I'll haunt this scene no more! live she in peace!
Her husband—aye her *husband!* May this angel
New mould his canker'd heart! Assist me, heaven!
That I may pray for my poor guilty brother. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A wild and mountainous Country.* ORDONIO *and* ISIDORE *are discovered, supposed at a little distance from* ISIDORE'S *house.*

Ord. Here we may stop: your house distinct in view,
Yet we secured from listeners.
Isid. Now indeed
My house! and it looks cheerful as the clusters
Basking in sunshine on yon vine-clad rock,
That over-brows it! Patron! Friend! Preserver!—
Thrice have you saved my life. Once in the battle
You gave it me: next rescued me from suicide
When for my follies I was made to wander,
With mouths to feed, and not a morsel for them:
Now but for you, a dungeon's slimy stones
Had been my bed and pillow.
Ord. Go! Isidore!
Why this to me? It is enough, you know it.
Isid. A common trick of Gratitude, my lord,
Seeking to ease her own full heart ---
Ord. Enough!
A debt repaid ceases to be a debt.
You have it in your power to serve me greatly.
Isid. And how my lord? I pray you to name the thing.

I would I climb upon an ice-glazed precipice
To pluck a weed you fancied!

Ord. (*with contemptuous indifference.*) Why—that—lady—

Isid. 'Tis now three years, my lord, since last I saw you:
Have you a son, my lord?

Ord. O miserable— [*Exit.*

Isidore; you are a man, and know mankind.
I told you what I wished—now for the *truth*—
She loved the man you killed.

Isid. (*with a look of surprise.*) You jest, my lord?

Ord. And till his death is proved she will not wed me.

Isid. You sport with me, my lord?

Ord. Come, come! this foolery
Lives only in thy looks, thy heart disowns it!

Isid. I can bear this, and any thing more grievous
From you, my lord—but how can I serve you here?

Ord. Why you can utter with a solemn gesture
Oracular sentences of deep no-meaning,
Wear a quaint garment, make mysterious motions—

Isid. I am dull, my lord! I do not comprehend you.

Ord. In blunt terms, you can play the sorcerer.
She hath no faith in Holy Church, 'tis true:
Her lover schooled her in some newer nonsense.
Yet still a tale of spirits walks upon her.
She is a lone enthusiast, pensive,
Shivers, and cannot keep the tears in her eye:
And such do love the marvellous too well
Not to believe it. We will wind up her fancy
With a strange music, that shall express to her—
With fumes of madness, and madness,
Then leave, as one struck dead, at his death,
That portrait, which from off the dead man's neck,
I bade thee take, the trophy of thy conquest.

Isid. Will that be a sure sign?

Ord. Beyond suspicion.
Fondly caressing him, her favoured lover,
(By some base spell he had bewitched her senses)
She whispered such dark fears of me forsooth,
As made this heart pour gall into my veins.
And as she coyly bound it round his neck
She made him promise silence; and he withdrew
The secret of the existence of this portrait
Known only to her lover and herself.
But I had traced her, stolen unobserved on them,
And unsuspected saw and heard the whole.

Isid. But now I—I shall have cursed the man who told me
You could ask aught, my lord, and I refuse—
But this I cannot do.

Ord. Where lies your scruple?

Isid. (*with astonishment.*) Why—why, my lord!
You know you told me that the lady loved you,
Had loved you with *the* intensest love;

That if the young man, her betrothed husband,
Returned, yourself, and she, and the honour of both
Must perish. Now, though with no tenderer scruples
Than those which being *native* to the heart,
Than those, my lord, which merely being a man—
Ord. (*aside, though to express his contempt he speaks in the third person.*) This Fellow is a Man—he killed for hire
One whom he knew not, yet has tender scruples!
(*Then turning to* ISIDORE.) These doubts, these fears, thy whine, thy stammering—
Fish, fool! thou blunder'st through the book of guilt,
Spelling thy villainy.
Isid. My lord—my lord,
I can bear much—yes, very much from you!
But there's a point where sufferance is meanness;
I am no villain—never kill'd for hire—
My gratitude——
Ord. O aye—your gratitude!
'Twas a well sounding word—what have you done with it?
Isid. Who proffers his past favours for my virtue—
Ord. (*with bitter scorn.*) Virtue——
Isid. Tries to o'erreach me—is a very sharper,
And should not speak of gratitude, my lord.
I knew not 'twas your brother!
Ord. (*alarmed.*) And who told you?
Isid. He himself told me.
Ord. Ha! you talk'd with him!
And those, the two Morescoes who were with you?
Isid. Both fell in a night brawl at Malaga.
Ord. (*in a low voice.*) My brother—
Isid. Yes, my lord, I could not tell you!
I thrust away the thought—it drove me wild.
But listen to me now—I pray you listen——
Ord. Villain! no more. I'll hear no more of it.
Isid. My lord, it much imports your future safety
That you should hear it.
Ord. (*turning off from* ISIDORE.) Am not *I* a Man?
'Tis as it should be! tut—the deed itself
Was idle, and these after-pangs still idler!
Isid. We met him in the very place you mentioned.
Hard by a grove of firs—
Ord. Enough—enough—
Isid. He fought us valiantly, and wounded all;
In fine, compelled a parley.
Ord. (*sighing, as if lost in thought.*) Alvar! brother!
Isid. He offered me his purse——
Ord. (*with eager suspicion.*) Yes?
Isid. (*indignantly.*) Yes—I spurned it.—
He promised us I know not what—in vain!
Then with a look, and voice that overawed me,
He said, What mean you friends? My life is dear:
I have a brother and a promised wife,

Who make life dear to me—and if I fall,
That brother will roam earth and hell for vengeance.
There was a likeness in his face to yours:
I asked his brother's name: he said—Ordonio,
Son of lord Valdez! I had well nigh fainted.
At length I said (if that indeed I said it,
And that no Spirit made my tongue its organ,)
That woman is dishonoured by that brother,
And he the man who sent us to destroy you.
He drove a thrust at me in rage. I told him,
He wore her portrait round his neck. He look'd
As he had been made of the rock that propt his back—
Aye, just as you look now—only less ghastly!
At length recovering from his trance, he threw
His sword away, and bade us take his life,
It was not worth his keeping.

Ord. And you kill'd him?
Oh bloodhounds! may eternal wrath flame round you!
He was his Maker's Image undefac'd! [*A pause.*
It seizes me—by Hell I will go on!
What—would'st thou stop, man? thy pale looks won't save
thee! [*A pause.*
Oh cold—cold—cold! shot through with icy cold!

Isid. (*Aside.*) Were he alive he had returned ere now,
The consequence the same—dead through his plotting!

Ord. O this unutterable dying away—here—
This sickness of the heart! [*A pause.*
What if I went
And lay [illegible] in a hell [illegible] and tell our [illegible]?
Aye! that's the road to heaven! O fool! fool! fool! [*A pause.*
What have I done but that which nature destined,
Or the blind elements stirred up within me?
If God were meant, why were we made these Beings?
And if not meant—

Isid. You are disturbed, my lord!

Ord. (*Looking at him wildly; then, after a pause, during which his features are fixed into a smile.*) A gust of the soul! Faith, it overset me.
O 'twas all folly—all! idle as laughter!
Now, Isidore! I swear that thou shalt aid me.

Isid. (*In a low voice.*) I'll perish first!

Ord. What dost thou mutter of?

Isid. Some of your servants know me. I am certain.

Ord. There's some sense in that scruple; but we'll mask you.

Isid. They'll know my gait: but stay! last night I watched
A stranger near the ruin in the wood,
Who as it seemed was gathering herbs and wild flowers.
I had followed him at distance, seen him scale
Its western wall, and by an easier entrance
Stole after him unnoticed. There I marked,
That mid the chequer work of light and shade
With curious choice he plucked no other flowers,

But those on which the moonlight fell: and once
I heard him muttering o'er the plant. A Wizard—
Some gaunt slave prowling here for dark employment.
Ord. Doubtless you question'd him?
Isid. 'Twas my intention,
Having first traced him homeward to his haunt.
But lo! the stern Dominican, whose spies
Lurk every where, already (as it seemed)
Had given commission to his apt familiar
To seek and sound the Moor; who now returning,
Was by this trusty agent stopped midway.
I, dreading fresh suspicion if found near him
In that lone place, again concealed myself:
Yet within hearing. So the Moor was question'd,
And in *your* name, as lord of this domain,
Proudly he answered, "Say to the lord Ordonio,
"He that can bring the dead to life again!"
Ord. A strange reply!
Isid. Aye, all of him is strange.
He called himself a Christian, yet he wears
The Moorish robes, as if he courted death.
Ord. Where does this wizard live?
Isid. (*pointing to the distance.*) You see that brooklet?
Trace its course backward: through a narrow opening
It leads you to the place.
Ord. How shall I know it?
Isid. You cannot err. It is a small green dell
Built all around with high off-sloping hills,
And from its shape our peasants aptly call it
The Giant's Cradle. There's a lake in the midst,
And round its banks tall wood that branches over,
And makes a kind of faery forest grow
Down in the water. At the further end
A puny cataract falls on the lake;
And there, a curious sight! you see its shadow
For ever curling, like a wreath of smoke,
Up through the foliage of those faery trees.
His cot stands opposite. You cannot miss it.
Ord. (*in retiring stops suddenly at the edge of the scene, and then turning round to* ISIDORE.) Ha!—Who lurks there! Have we been overheard?
There where the smooth high wall of slate-rock glitters——
Isid. 'Neath those tall stones, which propping each the other,
Form a mock portal with their pointed arch?
Pardon my smiles! 'Tis a poor Idiot Boy,
Who sits in the Sun, and twirls a Bough about,
His weak eyes seeth'd in most unmeaning tears.
And so he sits, swaying his cone-like Head,
And staring at his Bough from Morn to Sun-set
See-saws his Voice in inarticulate Noises.
Ord. 'Tis well! and now for this same Wizard's Lair.
Isid. Some three strides up the hill, a mountain ash,

Stretches its lower boughs and scarlet clusters
O'er the old thatch.
Ord. I shall not fail to find it.
[*Exeunt* ORDONIO *and* ISIDORE.

SCENE II.—*The inside of a Cottage, around which flowers and plants of various kinds are seen. Discovers* ALVAR, ZULIMEZ *and* ALHADRA, *as on the point of leaving.*

Alh. (*addressing* ALVAR.) Farewell then! and though many thoughts perplex me,
Aught evil or ignoble never can I
Suspect of Thee! If what thou seem'st thou art,
The oppressed brethren of thy blood have need
Of such a leader.
Alv. Nobly minded woman!
Long time against oppression have I fought,
And for the native liberty of faith
Have bled and suffered bonds. Of this be certain:
TIME, as he courses onward, still unrolls
The volume of concealment. In the FUTURE,
As in the optician's glassy cylinder,
The indistinguishable blots and colours
Of the dim PAST collect and shape themselves,
Upstarting in their own completed image
To scare or to reward.
I sought the guilty,
And what I sought I found: but ere the spear
Flew from my hand, there rose an angel form
Betwixt me and my aim. With baffled purpose
To the Avenger I leave Vengeance, and depart!

Whate'er betide, if aught my arm may aid,
Or power protect, my word is pledged to thee:
For many are thy wrongs, and thy soul noble.
Once more farewell. [*Exit* ALHADRA.
Yes, to the Belgic states
We will return. These robes, this stained complexion,
Akin to falsehood, weigh upon my spirit.
Whate'er befall us, the heroic Maurice
Will grant us an asylum, in remembrance
Of our past services.
Zul. And all the wealth, power, influence which is yours,
You let a murderer hold?
Alv. O faithful Zulimez!
That my return involved Ordonio's death,
I trust, would give me an unmingled pang,
Yet bearable:—but when I see my father
Strewing his scant grey hairs, e'en on the ground,
Which soon must be his grave, and my TERESA—
Her husband proved a murderer, and her infants

His infants—poor [illegible]!—all would perish,
All perish—all! and I (may I bear with me)
Could not survive the complicated ruin!

Zul. (*much affected.*) Nay now! I have distressed you—you well know,
I ne'er will quit your fortunes. True, 'tis tiresome!
You are a painter, one of many fancies!
You can call up past deeds, and make them live
On the blank canvas; and each little herb,
That grows on mountain bleak, or tangled forest,
You have learnt to name— —
Hark! heard you not some footsteps?

Alv. What if it were my brother coming onwards?
I sent a most mysterious message to him.

[*Enter* ORDONIO.

Alv. (*starting.*) It is he!

Ord. (*to himself as he enters.*) If I distinguished right her gait and stature,
It was the Moorish woman, Isidore's wife,
That passed me as I entered. A lit taper,
In the night air, doth not more naturally
Attract the night flies round it, than a conjuror
Draws round him the whole female neighbourhood.
(*Addressing* ALVAR) You know my name, I guess, if not my person.
I am Ordonio, son of the lord Valdez.

Alv. (*with deep emotion.*) The Son of Valdez!

[ORDONIO *walks aside* [illegible] *attentively at the plants.*

Zul. (*to* ALVAR.) Why what ails you now?
How your hand trembles! Alvar, speak! what wish you?

Alv. To fall upon his neck and weep forgiveness!

Ord. (*returning and aloud.*) Plucked in the moonlight from a ruined abbey—
Those only, which the pale rays visited!
O the unintelligible power of weeds,
When a few old prayers have been muttered o'er them:
Then they work miracles! I warrant you,
There's not a leaf, but underneath it lurks
Some serviceable imp.
There's one of you
Hath sent me a strange message.

Alv. I am he.

Ord. With you, then, I am to speak:
[*Hurriedly waving his hand to* ZULIMEZ.
And mark you, alone. [*Exit* ZULIMEZ.
"He that can bring the dead to life again!"—
Such was your message, Sir! You are no dullard,
But one that strips the outward rind of things!

Alv. 'Tis fabled there are fruits with tempting rinds,

* Vide Appendix, p. 234.

That are all dust and rottenness within.
Would'st thou I should strip such?
Ord. Thou quibbling fool,
What dost thou mean? Think'st thou I journeyed hither,
To sport with thee?
Alv. O no, my lord! to sport
Best suits the gaiety of innocence.
Ord. (*aside.*) O what a thing is man! the wicked heart
A Fool! a Fool that laughs at its own folly,
Yet still a fool! [*Aloud.*
You are poor!
Alv. What follows thence?
Ord. That you would fain be richer.
The inquisition, too—You comprehend me?
You are poor, in peril. I have wealth and power,
Can quench the flames, and cure your poverty:
And for the boon I ask of you but this,
That you should serve me—once—for a few hours.
Alv. (*solemnly.*) Thou art the son of Valdez! would I to Heaven
That I could truly and for ever serve thee.
Ord. The slave begins to soften. [*aside.*
You are my friend—
"He that can bring the dead to life again,"
Nay, no defence to me! The holy brethren
Believe these calumnies—I know thee better.
(*Then with great bitterness.*) Thou art a man, and as a man I'll trust
thee!
Alv. (*aside.*) Alas! this hollow mirth—Declare your business.
Ord. I love a lady, and she would love me
But for an idle and fantastic scruple.
Have you no servants here, no listeners?
[ORDONIO *slips to the door.*
Alv. What, faithless too? False to his angel wife?
To such a wife? Well might'st thou look so wan,
Ill-starr'd Teresa!—Wretch! my softer soul
Is pass'd away, and I will probe his conscience!
Ord. In truth this lady lov'd another man,
But he has perish'd.
Alv. What! you kill'd him? hey?
Ord. I'll dash thee to the earth, if thou but think'st it!
Insolent slave! how dar'dst thou—
[*Turns to go off.* ALVAR, *recalling him.*
Why! what's this?
'Twas flattery! I'll tie myself to an aspen,
And wear a fool's cap—
Alv. (*aside, bitterly, as he flings him a purse.*) Farewell thee well—
I pity thee, Ordonio, even to anguish. [ALVAR *to exit.*
Ord. (*dashes the purse and lines off.*) Ho! [*Calling to* ALVAR.
Alv. Be brief, what wish you?
Ord. You are deep at bartering.—You charge yourself
Not to be an Israelite. Come, come, I spake unwisely.
Alv. I listen to you.

Ord. In a sudden tempest,
Did Alvar perish—he, I mean—the lover—
The fellow——
Alv. Nay, speak out! 'twill ease your heart
To call him villain!—Why stand'st thou aghast?
Men think it natural to hate their rivals.
Ord. (*hesitating.*) Now, till she knows him dead, she will not wed me.
Alv. (*with great vehemence.*) Are you not wedded then? Thank Heaven!
Not wedded to TERESA?
Ord. Why what ails thee?
What, art thou mad? why look'st thou upward so?
Dost pray to Lucifer, Prince of the Air?
Alv. (*recollecting himself.*) Proceed, I shall be silent.
[ALVAR sits, and leaning on the table, hides his face.
Ord. To *Teresa?*
Politic wizard! ere you sent that message,
You had conn'd your lesson, made yourself proficient
In all my fortunes. Hah! you prophesied
A golden crop! Well, you have not mistaken—
Be faithful to me and I'll pay thee nobly.
Alv. (*lifting up his head.*) Well! and this lady!
Ord. If we could make her certain of his death,
She needs must wed me. Ere her lover left her,
She tied a little portrait round his neck,
Entreating him to wear it.
Alv. (*sighing.*) Yes! he did so!
Ord. Why no: he was afraid of accidents,
Of robberies, and shipwrecks, and the like.
In secrecy he gave it me to keep,
Till his return.
Alv. What! he was your friend then?
Ord. (*vexed and embarrassed.*) I was his friend.—
Now that he gave it me,
This lady knows not. You are a mighty wizard—
Can call the dead man up—he will not come—
He is in heaven then—there you have no influence.
Still there are tokens—and your imps may bring you
Something he wore about him when he died.
And when the smoke of the incense on the altar
Is pass'd, your spirits will have left this picture.
What say you now?
Alv. (*after a pause.*) Ordonio, I will do it.
Ord. We'll hazard no delay. Be it to-night,
In the early evening. Ask for the Lord Valdez.
I will prepare him. Music too, and incense,
(For I have arranged it—Music, Altar, Incense)
All shall be ready. Here is this same picture,
And here, what you will value more, a purse.
Come early for your magic ceremonies.
Alv. I will not fail to meet you.

Ord. Till next we meet, farewell! [*Exit* ORDONIO.
Alv. (*alone, indignantly flings the purse away and gazes passionately at the portrait.*) And I did curse thee?
At midnight? on my knees? and I believed
Thee perjur'd, *thee* a traitress! *Thee* dishonor'd!
O blind and credulous fool! O guilt of folly!
Should not thy *inarticulate* Fondnesses,
Thy *Infant* Loves should not thy *Maiden* Vows
Have come upon my heart? And this sweet Image
Tied round my neck with many a chaste endearment,
And thrilling hands, that made me weep and tremble—
Ah, coward dupe! to yield it to the miscreant,
Who spake pollution of thee! barter for Life
This farewell Pledge, which with impassioned Vow
I had sworn that I would grasp—ev'n in my Death-pang!

I am unworthy of thy love, Teresa,
Of that unearthly smile upon those lips,
Which ever smiled on me! Yet do not scorn me—
I lisp'd thy name, ere I had learnt my mother's.

Dear Portrait! rescued from a traitor's keeping,
I will not now profane thee, holy Image,
To a dark trick. That worst bad man shall find
A picture, which will wake the hell within him,
And rouse a fiery whirlwind in his conscience.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Hall of Alvar's, with an Altar at the back of the Stage. Soft Music from an Instrument of Glass or Steel.*

VALDEZ, ORDONIO, *and* ALVAR *in a Sorcerer's robe, are discovered.*

Ord. This was too melancholy, Father.
Val. Nay,
My Alvar lov'd sad music from a child.
Once he was lost; and after weary search
We found him in an open place in the wood,
To which spot he had followed a blind boy,
Who breath'd into a pipe of sycamore
Some strangely moving notes: and these, he said,
Were taught him in a dream. Him we first saw
Stretch'd on the broad top of a sunny heath-bank:
And lower down poor ALVAR, fast asleep,
His head upon the blind boy's dog. It pleas'd me
To mark how he had fasten'd round the pipe
A silver toy his grandam had late given him.
Methinks I see him now as he then look'd—
Even so!—He had outgrown his infant dress,
Yet still he wore it.

Alv. My tears must not flow!
I must not clasp his knees, and cry, My father!

Enter TERESA, *and* Attendants.

Ter. Lord Valdez, you have asked my presence here,
And I submit; but (Heaven bear witness for me)
My heart approves it not! 'tis mockery.
Ord. Believe you then no preternatural influence:
Believe you not that spirits throng around us?
Ter. Say rather that I have imagin'd it
A possible thing: and it has sooth'd my soul
As other fancies have; but ne'er seduced me
To traffic with the black and frenzied hope
That the dead hear the voice of witch or wizard.
[*To* ALVAR.] Stranger, I mourn and blush to see you here
On such employment! With far other thoughts
I left you.
Ord. (*aside.*) Ha! he has been tampering with her?
Alv. O high-soul'd Maiden! and more dear to me
Than suits the *Stranger's* name!
I swear to thee
I will uncover all concealed guilt.
Doubt, but decide not! Stand ye from the altar.
[*Here a strain of music is heard from behind the scene.*
Alv. With no irreverent voice or uncouth charm
I call up the Departed!
Soul of Alvar!
Hear our soft suit, and heed my milder spell:
So may the Gates of Paradise, unbar'd,
Cease thy swift toils! Since haply thou art one
Of that innumerable company
Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,
Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
With noise too vast and constant to be heard:
Fitliest unheard! For oh, ye numberless,
And rapid Travellers! what ear unstunn'd,
What sense unmadden'd, might bear up against
The rushing of your congregated wings? [*Music.*
Even now your living wheel turns o'er my head!
[*Music expressive of the movements and images that follow.*
Ye, as ye pass, toss high the desart Sands,
That roar and whiten, like a burst of waters,
A sweet appearance, but a dread illusion
To the parch'd caravan that roams by night!
And ye build up on the becalmed waves
That whirling pillar, which from Earth to Heaven
Stands vast, and moves in blackness! Ye too split
The ice mount! and with fragments many and huge
Tempest the new-thaw'd sea, whose sudden gulphs
Suck in, perchance, some Lapland wizard's skiff!
Then round and round the whirlpool's marge ye dance,
Till from the blue swoln Corse the Soul toils out,

And joins your mighty Army.

[*Here behind the scenes a voice sings the three words,* "*Hear, Sweet Spirit.*"

Soul of Alvar!
Hear the mild spell, and tempt no blacker Charm!
By sighs unquiet, and the sickly pang
Of a half dead, yet still undying Hope,
Pass visible before our mortal sense!
So shall the Church's cleansing rites be thine,
Her knells and masses that redeem the Dead!

SONG.

Behind the Scenes, accompanied by the same Instrument as before.

Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
Lest a blacker charm compel!
So shall the midnight breezes swell
With thy deep long-lingering knell.

And at evening evermore,
In a Chapel on the shore,
Shall the Chanters sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful Masses chaunt for thee,
Miserere Domine!

Hark! the cadence dies away
On the yellow, moonlight sea;
The boatmen rest their oars and say,
Miserere Domine! [*A long pause.*

Ord. The innocent obey nor charm nor spell!
My brother is in Heaven. Thou sainted spirit,
But for one our sight, a passing visitant!
Once more to hear thy voice, once more to see thee,
O 'twere a joy to me!

Alh. A joy to thee!
What if thou heard'st him now? What if his spirit
Re-entered its cold corse, and came upon thee
With many a stab from many a murderer's poniard?
What if (his steadfast Eye still beaming Pity
And Brother's love) he turn'd his head aside,
Lest he should look at thee, and with one look
Hurl thee beyond all power of Penitence?

Vid. These are unholy fancies!

Ord. (*struggling with the old feeling.*) Yes, my father,
He is in Heaven!

Alh. (*still to* Ordonio.) But what if he had a brother,
Who had lived even so, that at his dying hour,
The name of heaven would have convulsed his face,
More than the death-pang?

Vid. Idly prating man!
Thou last guessed ill: Don Alvar's only brother
Stands here before thee—a father's blessing on him!
He is most virtuous.

Alh. (*Aside to* Ordonio.) What, if his very virtues

Had pampered his swoln heart and made him proud?
And what if Pride had duped him into guilt?
Yet still he stalked a self-created God,
Not very bold, but exquisitely cunning;
And one that at his Mother's looking-glass
Would force his features to a frowning sternness?
Young Lord! I tell thee, that there are such Beings—
Yea, and it gives fierce merriment to the damn'd,
To see these most proud men, that loath mankind,
At every stir and buz of coward conscience,
Trick, cant, and lie, most whining hypocrites!
Away, away! Now let me hear more music. [*Music again.*

Ter. 'Tis strange, I tremble at my own conjectures!
But whatsoe'er it mean, I dare no longer
Be present at these lawless mysteries,
This dark Provoking of the Hidden Powers!
Already I affront—if not high Heaven—
Yet Alvar's Memory!—Hark! I make appeal
Against the unholy rite, and hasten hence
To bend before a lawful Shrine, and seek
That voice which whispers, when the still Heart listens,
Comfort and faithful Hope! Let us retire.

Alv. (*to* TERESA, *anxiously.*) O full of faith and guileless love, thy Spirit
Still prompts thee wisely. Let the pangs of guilt
Surprize the guilty: thou art innocent!

[*Exeunt* TERESA *and* Attendant. *Music as before.*

The spell is mutter'd—Come, thou wandering Shape,
Who own'st no Master in a human eye,
Whate'er be this man's doom, fair be it, or foul,
If he be dead, O come! and bring with thee
That which he grasp'd in death! But if he live,
Some token of his obscure perilous life.

[*The whole Music clashes into a Chorus.*

CHORUS.

Wandering Demons hear the spell!
Lest a blacker charm compel

[*The incense on the altar takes fire suddenly, and an illuminated picture of* ALVAR'S *assassination is discovered, and having remained a few seconds is then hidden by ascending flames.*

Ord. (*starting in great agitation.*) Duped! duped! duped!—the traitor Isidore!

[*At this instant the doors are forced open,* MONVIEDRO *and the* Familiars of the Inquisition, Servants, *&c.*, *enter and fill the stage.*

Mon. First seize the sorcerer! suffer him not to speak!
The holy judges of the Inquisition
Shall hear his first words. Look you pale, lord Valdez?
Plain evidence have we here of most foul sorcery.
There is a dungeon underneath this castle,

And as you hope for mild interpretation,
Surrender instantly the keys and charge of [illegible].

Ord. (*recovering himself as from stupor*, to Servants.) Why haste you not? Off with him to the dungeon!

[*Alvar is led out in turnkey.*

SCENE II.—*Interior of the Castle of Valdez. Enter Alhadra.*

Enter TERESA.

Ter. When first I entered this place of prayer, forebodings
Press'd heavy on my heart: but as I knelt,
Such calm unwonted Bliss possess'd my spirit,
A trance so cloudless, that those sounds, heard by,
Of trampling uproar fell upon mine ear
As alien and unnoticed as the rain-storm
Beats on the roof of some fair banquet room,
While sweetest melodies are warbling —

Enter VALDEZ.

Val. Ye pitying saints, forgive a father's blindness,
And extricate us from this net of peril!

Ter. Who wakes anew my fears, and speaks of peril?

Val. O best Teresa, wisely wert thou prompted!
This was no feat of mortal agency!
That picture—Oh, that picture tells me all!
With a flash of light it came, in flames it vanished,
Self-kindled, self-consum'd: bright as thy Life,
Sudden and unexpected as thy Fate,
Alvar! My Son! My Son!—The Inquisitors—

Ter. Torture me not! But Alvar—Oh of Alvar?

Val. How often would He plead for these Moresdoes!
The blood accurst! remorseless, cowardly murderers!

Ter. (*wildly.*) So? so?—I comprehend you—He is—

Val. (*with averted countenance.*) He is no more!

Ter. O sorrow! that a Father's Voice should say this,
A Father's Heart believe it!

Val. A worse sorrow
Are Fancy's wild Hopes to a heart despairing!

Ter. These rays that slant in through those gorgeous windows
From yon bright orb—though coloured as they pass,
Are they not Light?—Even so that voice, Lord Valdez!
Which whispers to my soul, though haply varied
By many a Fancy, many a wishful Hope,
Speaks yet the Truth: and Alvar lives for me!

Val. Yes, for three wasting years, thus and no other,
He has lived for thee—a spirit for thy spirit!
My child, we must not give religious faith
To every voice which makes the heart its tender
To its own wish.

[illegible] breath'd to the [illegible]
[illegible] prayers. Must [illegible]

Yet impious Sorcery, that holds no commune
Save with the lying spirit, claim belief?

Val. O not to-day, not now for the first time
Was Alvar lost to thee—
(*Turning off, aloud, but yet as to himself.*) Accurst assassins!
Disarmed, o'erpowered, despairing of defence,
At his bared breast he seem'd to grasp some relict
More dear than was his life——

Tir. (*with faint shriek.*) O Heavens! *my* portrait!
And he *did* grasp it in his death pang!
Off, false Demon,
That beat'st thy black wings close above my head!
[ORDONIO *cut up with the keys of the dungeon in his hand.*
Hush! who comes here? The wizard Moor's employer!
Moors were his murderers, you say? Saints shield us
From wicked thoughts——
[VALDEZ *moves towards the back of the stage to meet* ORDONIO, *and during the concluding lines of* TERESA'S *speech is seen gaily conversing with him.*
Is Alvar dead? what then?
The nuptial rites and funeral shall be one!
Here's no abiding-place for thee, Teresa.—
Away! they see me not—*Thou* seest me, Alvar!
To thee I bend my course.—But first one question,
One question to Ordonio.—My limbs tremble—
There I may sit unmark'd—a moment will restore me.
[*Retires out of sight.*

Ord. (*as he advances with* VALDEZ.) These are the dungeon keys.
Monviedro knew not,
That I too had received the wizard's message,
"He that can bring the dead to life again."
But now he is satisfied. I plann'd this scheme
To work a full conviction on the culprit,
And he entrusts him wholly to my keeping.

Val. 'Tis well, my son! But have you yet discovered
(Where is Teresa?) what those speeches meant—
Pride, and Hypocrisy, and Guilt, and Cunning?
Then when the wizard fix'd his eye on you,
And you, I know not why, look'd pale and trembled—
Why—why, what ails you now?—

Ord. (*confused.*) Me? what ails me?
A pricking of the blood—It might have happen'd
At any other time.—Why scan you me?

Val. His speech about the corse, and stabs and murderers,
Bore reference to the assassins——

Ord. Dup'd! dup'd! dup'd!
The traitor, Isidore! [*A pause, then wildly.*
I tell thee, my dear father!
I am most glad of this.

Val. (*confused.*) True—Sorcery
Merits its doom; and this perchance may guide us
To the discovery of the murderers.

I have their statures and their several faces
So present to me, that but once to meet them
Would be to recognize.
Ord. Yes! yes! we recognize them.
I was benumb'd, and staggered up and down
Through darkness without light—dark—dark—dark!
My flesh crept chill, my limbs felt manacled,
As had a snake coil'd round them!—Now 'tis sunshine,
And the blood dances freely through its channels!
[*Turns off abruptly; then to himself.*
This is my virtuous, *grateful* Isidore!
[*Then mimicking* ISIDORE'S *manner and voice.*
"A common trick of gratitude, my lord!"
Old Gratitude! a dagger would dissect
His "own full heart"—'twere good to see its colour.
Val. These magic sights! O that I ne'er had yielded
To your entreaties! Neither had I yielded,
But that in spite of your own seeming faith
I held it for some innocent stratagem,
Which Love had prompted, to remove the doubts
Of wild Teresa—by fancies quelling fancies!
Ord. (*in a stern voice, as not addressing to him*) Love! Love! and
then we hate! and what? and wherefore?
Hatred and Love! Fancies opposed by fancies!
What? if one reptile sting another reptile?
Where is the crime? The goodly face of nature
Hath one disfeaturing stain the less upon it.
Are we not all predestined Transiency,
And call Dishonour? Grant it, that this hand
Had given a morsel to the hungry worms
Somewhat too early—Where's the crime of this?
That this must needs bring on the idiotcy
Of my disteeyed Penitence—'tis like a dream!
Val. Wild talk, my son! But thy excess of feeling——
[*Averting his head.*
Almost I fear, it hath unhinged his brain.
Ord. (*now in soliloquy, and now addressing his father; and just after the speech has commenced,* TERESA *reappears and advances behind*) Say, I had laid a body in the sun!
Well! in a month there swarm forth from the corse
A thousand, nay, ten thousand sentient beings
In place of that one man.—Say, I had *kill'd* him!
[TERESA *starts, and stops listening.*
Yet who shall tell me, that each one and all
Of these ten thousand lives is not as happy,
As that one life, which being put by side,
Made room for these unnumbered—
Val. O mere madness!
[TERESA [illegible] *and gazes* [illegible] ORDONIO.
Ord. [illegible] *grateful and pitying* Teresa? or the Phantom of Teresa?

Ter. Alas! the Phantom only, if in truth
The substance of her Being, her Life's life,
Have ta'en its flight through Alvar's death-wound— [*A pause.*
Where—
(Even coward Murder grant the dead a grave)
O tell me, Valdez!—answer me, Ordonio!
Where lies the corse of my betrothed husband?
Ord. There, where Ordonio likewise would fain lie!
In the sleep-compelling earth, in unpierc'd darkness!
For while we LIVE—
An inward day that never, never sets,
Glares round the soul, and mocks the closing eyelids!

Over his rocky grave the Fir-grove sighs
A lulling ceaseless dirge! 'Tis well with HIM.
[*Starts off in agitation as if to the altar, but returns as* VALDEZ *is speaking.*
Ter. (*recoiling, with the expression appropriate to the passion.*) The rock! the fir-grove! [*To* VALDEZ.
Did'st *Thou* hear him say it?
Hush! I will ask him!
Val. Urge him not—not now!
This we *beheld*. Nor *He* nor I know more,
Than what the magic imagery revealed.
The assassin, who pressed foremost of the three——
Ord. A tender-hearted, scrupulous, *grateful* villain,
Whom I will strangle!
Val. (*looking with anxious disquiet at his Son, yet attempting to proceed with his description.*) While his two companions——
Ord. Dead! dead already! what care we for the dead?
Val. (*to* TERESA.) Pity him! soothe him! disenchant his spirit!
These supernatural shews, this strange disclosure,
And this too fond affection, which still broods
O'er Alvar's Fate, and still burns to avenge it—
These, struggling with his hopeless love for you,
Distemper him, and give reality
To the creatures of his fancy.
Ord. Is it so?
Yes! yes! even like a child, that too abruptly
Roused by a glare of light from deepest sleep
Starts up bewildered and talks idly. [*Then mysteriously.*
Father!
What if the Moors that made my brother's grave,
Even now were digging ours? What if the bolt,
Though aim'd, I doubt not, at the son of Valdez,
Yet miss'd its true aim when it fell on Alvar?
Val. Alvar ne'er fought against the Moors,—say rather,
He was their advocate; but you had march'd
With fire and desolation through their villages.—
Yet he by chance was captured.
Ord. Unknown, perhaps,

Captured, yet as the son of Valdez, pardoned.
Leave all to me. Nay, whither, gentle Lady?
Val. What seek you now?
Ter. A better, surer light
To guide me——
Exit Val. and Ord. Whither?
Ter. To the only place
Where life yet dwells for me, and ease of heart.
These walls seem threatening to fall in upon me!
Detain me not! a dim power drives me hence,
And that will be my guide.
Val. To find a lover!
Suits that a high born maiden's modesty?
O folly and shame! Tempt not my rage, Teresa!
Ter. Hopeless, I fear no human being's rage.
And am I hastening to the arms——O Heaven!
I haste but to the grave of my beloved!
[*Exit,* VALDEZ *following after her.*
Ord. This, then, is my reward! and I must love her?
Scorn'd! shudder'd at! yet love her still? yes! yes!
By the deep feelings of Revenge and Hate
I will still love her—woo her—win her too! [*A pause.*
Isidore safe and silent, and the portrait
Found on the wizard—he, belike, self-poison'd
To escape the crueller flames——My soul shouts triumph!
The mine is undermined! Blood! Blood! Blood!
They thirst for thy blood! Thy blood, Ordonio! [*A pause.*
The Hunt is up! and in the midnight wood
With lights to dazzle and with nets they seek
A timid prey: and lo! the tiger's eye
Glares in the red flame of his hunter's torch!

To Isidore I will dispatch a message,
And lure him to the cavern! aye, that cavern!
He cannot fail to find it. Thither I'll lure him,
Whence he shall never, never more return!
[*Looks through the side window.*
A ray of the sun lies yet upon the sea,
And now 'tis gone! All shall be done to-night. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A room, dark, [illegible] when a slant of moonlight is seen on one side at the further end, which it is supposed to fall on it from a crevice in a part of the room out of sight.* ISIDORE *alone, an extinguished lamp in his hand.*

Isid. Faith 'twas a moving letter—very moving!
"His life in danger, no place safe but this!
"'Twas his turn now to talk of gratitude."

And yet—but no! there can't be such a villain.
It can not be!
Thanks to that little crevice,
Which lets the moonlight in! I'll go and sit by it.
To peep at a tree, or see a he-goat's beard,
Or hear a cow or two breathe loud in their sleep—
Any thing but this crash of water drops!
These dull abortive sounds that fret the silence
With puny thwartings and mock opposition!
So beats the death-watch to a sick man's ear.

[*He goes out of sight, opposite to the patch of moonlight: returns after a minute's elapse, in an extasy of fear.*

A hellish *pit!* The very same I dreamt of!
I was just in—and those damn'd fingers of ice
Which clutch'd my hair up! Ha!—what's that—it mov'd.

[ISIDORE *stands staring at another part in the cavern. In the mean time* ORDONO *enters silently behind, and hallooes to* ISIDORE.

Isid. I swear that I saw something moving there!
The moonshine came and went like a flash of lightning—
I swear, I saw it move.

Ord. (*goes into the recess, then returns, and with great scorn.*) A jutting clay stone
Props on the long lank weed, that grows beneath:
And the weed nods and drips.

Isid. (*forcing a laugh faintly.*) A jest to laugh at!
It was not that which scar'd me, good my lord.

Ord. What scar'd you, then?

Isid. You see that little rift?
But first permit me!

[*Lights his torch at* ORDONO'S *and while lighting it,*

(A lighted torch in the hand,
Is no unpleasant object here—one's breath
Floats round the flame, and makes as many colours
As the thin clouds that travel near the moon.)
You see that crevice there?
My torch extinguished by these water drops,
And marking that the moonlight came from thence,
I stept in to it, meaning to sit there;
But scarcely had I measured twenty paces—
My body bending forward, yea, o'erbalanced
Almost beyond recoil, on the dim brink
Of a huge chasm I stept. The shadowy moonshine
Filling the Void so counterfeited Substance,
That my foot hung aslant adown the edge.
Was it my own fear?
Fear too hath its instincts!
(And yet such dens as these are wildly told of,
And there are Beings that live, yet not for the eye)
An arm of frost above and from behind me
Pluck'd up and snatch'd me backward. Merciful Heaven

You smile! alas, even smiles look ghastly here!
My lord, I pray you, go yourself and view it.
Ord. It must have shot some pleasant feelings through you.
Isid. If every atom of a dead man's flesh
Should creep, each one with a particular life,
Yet all as cold as ever—'twas just so!
Or had it drizzled needle points of frost
Upon a feverish head made suddenly bald—
Ord. (*interrupting him.*) Why Isidore,
I blush for thy cowardice. It might have startled,
I grant you, even a *brave* man for a moment—
But such a panic—
Isid. When a boy, my lord!
I could have sate whole hours beside that chasm,
Push'd in huge stones and heard them strike and rattle
Against its horrid sides: then hung my head
Low down, and listened till the heavy fragments
Sank with faint crash in that still groaning well,
Which never thirsty pilgrim blest, which never
A living thing came near—unless, perchance,
Some blind-worm battens on the ropy mould
Close at its edge.
Ord. Art thou more coward now?
Isid. Call him, that fears his fellow man, a coward!
I fear not man—but this inhuman cavern,
It were too bad a prison house for goblins.
Beside, (you'll smile my lord) but true it is,
My last night's sleep was very sorely haunted
By what had passed between us in the morning.
O sleep of horrors! Now run down and stared at
By Forms so hideous that they mock remembrance—
Now seeing nothing and imagining nothing,
But only being *afraid*—stifled with Fear!
While every goodly or familiar form
Had a strange power of breathing terror round me!
I saw you in a thousand fearful shapes;
And, I entreat your lordship to believe me,
In my last dream——
Ord. Well?
Isid. I was in the act
Of falling down that chasm, when Alhadra
Wak'd me: she heard my heart beat.
Ord. Strange enough!
Had you been here before?
Isid. Never, my lord!
But mine eyes do not see it now more clearly,
Than in my dream I saw that very chasm.
Ord. (*stands lost in thought, then after a pause.*) I know not why
it should be! yet it is—
Isid. What is, my lord?
Ord. Abhorrent from our nature,
To kill a man.—

Isid. Except in self defence.
Ord. Why that's my case; and yet the soul recoils from it—
'Tis so with me at least. But you, perhaps,
Have sterner feelings?
Isid. Something troubles you.
How shall I serve you? By the life you gave me,
By all that makes that life of value to me,
My wife, my babes, my honour, I swear to you,
Name it, and I will toil to do the thing,
If it be innocent! But this, my lord!
Is not a place where you could perpetrate,
No nor propose, a wicked thing. The darkness,
When ten strides off we know 'tis cheerful moonlight,
Collects the guilt, and crowds it round the heart.
It must be innocent.
[ORDONIO *darkly, and in the feeling of self justification, tells what he conceives of his own character and actions, speaking of himself in the third person.*
Ord. Thyself be judge.
One of our family knew this place well.
Isid. Who? when? my lord?
Ord. What boots it, who or when?
Hang up thy torch—I'll tell his tale to thee.
[*They hang up their torches on some ridge in the cavern.*
He was a man different from other men,
And he despised them, yet revered himself.
Isid. (*aside.*) He? *He* despised? Thou'rt speaking of thyself!
I am on my guard however: no surprize. [*Then to* ORDONIO.
What he was mad?
Ord. All men seemed mad to him!
Nature had made him for some other planet,
And pressed his soul into a human shape
By accident or malice. In this world
He found no fit companion.
Isid. Of himself he speaks. [*Aside.*
Alas! poor wretch!
Mad men are mostly proud.
Ord. He walked alone.
And phantom thoughts unsought for troubled him.
Something within would still be shadowing out
All possibilities; and with these shadows
His mind held dalliance. Once, as so it happened,
A fancy crossed him wilder than the rest:
To this in moody murmur and low voice
He yielded utterance, as some talk in sleep:
The man who heard him.—
Why didst thou look round?—
Isid. I have a prattler three years old, my lord!
In truth he is my darling. As I went
From forth my door, he made a moan in sleep—
But I am talking idly—pray proceed!
And what did this man?

Ord. With his human hand
He gave a substance and reality
To that wild fancy of a possible thing.—
Well it was done! [*Then very wildly.*
Why babblest thou of guilt?
The deed was done, and it passed fairly off.
And he whose tale I tell thee—do't thou listen?
Isid. I would my lord you were by my fire side,
I'd listen to you with an eager eye,
Though you began this cloudy tale at midnight,
But I do listen—pray proceed my lord.
Ord. Where was I?
Isid. He of whom you tell the tale—
Ord. Surveying all things with a quiet scorn,
Tamed himself down to living purposes,
The occupations and the semblances
Of ordinary men—and such he seemed!
But that same over ready agent—he—
Isid. Ah! what of *him*, my lord?
Ord. He proved a traitor,
Betrayed the mystery to a brother traitor,
And they between them hatch'd a damned plot
To hunt him down to infamy and death.
What did the Valdez? I am proud of the name
Since he dared do it—
[ORDONO *grasps his sword, and turns off from* ISIDORE, *then after a pause returns.*
Our links burn dimly.
Isid. A dark tale darkly finished! Nay, my lord!
Tell what he did.
Ord. That which his wisdom prompted—
He made the Traitor meet him in this cavern,
And here he kill'd the Traitor.
Isid. No! the fool!
He had not wit enough to be a traitor.
Poor thick-eyed beetle! not to have foreseen
That he who gulled thee with a whimpered lie
To murder his own brother, would not scruple
To murder *thee*, if e'er his guilt grew jealous,
And he could steal upon thee in the dark!
Ord. Thou wouldst not then have come, if
Isid. Oh yes, my lord!
I would have met him arm'd, and cas'd the coward.
[ISIDORE *throws off his robe; shows himself armed and draws his sword.*
Ord. Now that is excellent and warms the blood!
My heart was drawing back, drawing me back
With weak and womanish scruples. Now my Vengeance
Beckons me onward with a Warrior's mien,
And claims that life, my pity robb'd her of—
Now will I kill thee, thankless slave, and count it
Among my comfortable thoughts hereafter.

Isid. And all my little ones fatherless—
Die thou first.

[*They fight,* ORDONIO *disarms* ISIDORE, *and in disarming him throws his sword up that recess opposite to which they were standing.* ISIDORE *hurries into the recess with his torch,* ORDONIO *follows him; a loud cry of "Traitor! Monster!" is heard from the cavern, and in a moment* ORDONIO *returns alone.*

Ord. I have hurl'd him down the Chasm! Treason for Treason.
He *dreamt* of it: henceforward let him sleep,
A dreamless sleep, from which no wife can wake him.
His *dream* too is made out—Now for his friend. [*Exit* ORDONIO.

SCENE II.*—*The Interior Court of a Saracenic or Gothic Castle, with the Iron Gate of Dungeon in Back.*

Enter TERESA.

Ter. Heart-chilling Superstition! thou canst glaze
Ev'n Pity's eye with her own frozen tear.
In vain I urge the the tortures that await him;
Even Selma, reverend guardian of my childhood,
My second mother, shuts her heart against me!
Well, I have won from her what most imports
The present need, this secret of the dungeon
Known only to herself.—A Moor! a Sorcerer!
No, I have faith, that nature ne'er permitted
Baseness to wear a form so noble. True,
I doubt not, that Ordonio had suborned him
To act some part in some unholy fraud;
As little doubt, that for some unknown purpose
He hath baffled his suborner, terror-struck him,
And that Ordonio meditates revenge!
But my resolve is fixed! myself will rescue him,
And learn if haply he know aught of Alvar.

Enter VALDEZ.

Val. Still sad?—and gazing at the massive door
Of that fell Dungeon which thou ne'er had'st sight of,
Save what, perchance, thy infant fancy shap'd it
When the nurse still'd thy cries with innocent threats.
Now by my faith, Girl! this same wizard haunts thee!
A stately man, and eloquent and tender—
(*with a smile*) Who they need wonder if a lady sighs
Even at the thought of what these stern Dominicans—

Ter. (*with solemn indignation.*) The horror of their ghastly punishments
Doth so o'ertop the height of all compassion,
That I should feel too little for mine enemy,
If it were possible I could feel more,
Even though the dearest inmates of our household
Were doom'd to suffer them. That such things are—

* See Appendix, p. 253.

Val. Hush, thoughtless woman!
Ter. Nay it wakes within me
More than a woman's spirit.
Val. No more of this—
What if Monviedro or his creatures hear us!
I dare not listen to you.
Ter. My honoured lord,
These were my Alvar's lessons, and whene'er
I bend me o'er his portrait, I repeat them,
As if to give a voice to the mute Image.
Val. ——We have mourned for Alvar.
Of his sad fate there now remains no doubt.
Have I no other son?
Ter. Speak not of him!
That low impostnre! That mysterious picture!
If this be madness, must I wed a madman?
And if not madness, there is mystery,
And guilt doth lurk behind it.
Val. Is this well?
Ter. Yes, it is truth: saw you his countenance?
How rage, remorse, and scorn, and stupid fear,
Displaced each other with swift interchanges?
O that I had indeed the sorcerer's power.——
I would call up before thine eyes the image
Of my betrothed Alvar, of thy First-born!
His own fair countenance, his kingly forehead,
His tender smiles, love's day-dawn on his lips!
That spiritual and almost heavenly light
In his commanding eye—his mien heroic,
Virtue's own native heraldry! to man
Genial, and pleasant to his guardian angel.
Whene'er he gladden'd, how the gladness spread
Wide round him! and when oft with swelling tears,
Flash'd through by indignation, he bewail'd
The wrongs of Belgium's martyr'd patriots,
Oh, what a Grief was *there*—for Joy to envy,
Or gaze upon enamour'd!
O my father!
Recall that morning when we knelt together,
And thou didst bless our loves! O even now,
Even now, my sire! to thy mind's eye present him
As at that moment he rose up before thee,
Stately, with beaming look! Place, place beside him
Ordonio's dark perturbed countenance!
Then bid me (Oh thou could'st not) bid me turn
From him, the joy, the triumph of our kind!
To take in exchange that brooding man, who never
Lifts up his eye from the earth, unless to scowl.
Val. Ungrateful woman! I have tried to fill
An old man's passion! was it not enough,
That thou hast made my son a restless man,
Banish'd his health, and half unhing'd his reason;

But that thou wilt insult him with suspicion?
And toil to blast his honour? I am old,
A comfortless old man!

Tir. O Grief! to hear
Hateful intreaties from a voice we love!

Enter a Peasant *and presents a letter to* VALDEZ.

Val. (reading it.) "He dares not venture hither!" Why what can this mean?
"Lest the Familiars of the Inquisition,
"That watch around my gates, should intercept him;
"But he conjures me, that without delay
"I hasten to him—for my own sake entreats me
"To guard from danger him I hold imprison'd—
"He will reveal a secret, the joy of which
"Will even outweigh the sorrow."—Why what can this be?
Perchance it is some Moorish stratagem,
To have in me an hostage for his safety.
Nay, that they dare not? Ho! collect my servants!
I will go thither—let them arm themselves. [*Exit* VALDEZ.

Tir. (alone.) The moon is high in heaven, and all is hush'd.
Yet anxious listener! I have seem'd to hear
A low dead thunder mutter thro' the night.
As 'twere a giant angry in his sleep.

O Alvar! Alvar! that they could return
Those blessed days that imitated heaven,
When we two wont to walk at even tide;
When we saw nought but beauty; when we heard
The voice of that Almighty One who loved us
In every gale that breathed, and wave that murmur'd!
O we have listen'd, even till high-wrought pleasure
Hath half assumed the countenance of grief,
And the deep sigh seemed to heave up a weight
Of bliss, that pressed too heavy on the heart. [*A pause.*
And this majestic Moor, seems he not one
Who oft and long communing with my Alvar
Hath drunk in kindred lustre from his presence,
And guides me to him with reflected light?
What if in yon dark dungeon coward Treachery
Be groping for him with envenomed poignard—
Hence womanish fears, traitors to love and duty—
I'll free him. [*Exit* TERESA.

SCENE III.—*The mountains by moonlight.* ALHADRA *alone in a Moorish dress.*

Alh. Yon hanging woods, that touch'd by autumn seem
As they were blossoming hues of fire and gold;
The flower-like woods, most lovely in decay,
The many clouds, the sea, the rock, the sands,

Lie in the silent moonshine; and the owl,
(Strange! very strange!) the screech-owl only wakes!
Sole voice, sole eye of all this world of beauty!
Unless, perhaps, she sing her screeching song
To a herd of wolves, that skulk athirst for blood.
Why such a thing am I!—Where are these men?
I need the sympathy of human faces,
To beat away this deep contempt for all things,
Which quenches my revenge. Oh! would to Alla,
The raven, or the sea-mew, were appointed
To bring me food! or rather that my soul
Could drink in life from the universal air!
It were a lot divine in some small skiff
Along some Ocean's boundless solitude,
To float for ever with a careless course,
And think myself the only Being alive!

My children!—Isidore's children!—Son of Valdez,
This hath new-strung mine arm. Thou coward Tyrant!
To stupify a Woman's Heart with anguish,
Till she forgot—even that she was a Mother!

[*She fixes her eye on the earth. Then drop in one after another, from different parts of the stage, a considerable number of Morescoes, all in Moorish garments and Moorish armour. They form a circle at a distance round* ALHADRA, *and remain silent till the second in command,* NAOMI, *enters, distinguished by his dress and armour, and by the silent obeisance paid to him on his entrance by the other Moors.*

Nao. Woman! May Alla and the prophet bless thee!
We have obeyed thy call. Where is our chief?
And why didst thou enjoin these Moorish garments?

Alh. (*raising her eyes, and looking round on the circle*) Warriors of Mahomet! faithful in the battle!
My countrymen! Come ye prepared to work
An honourable deed? And would ye work it
In the slave's garb? Curse on those Christian robes!
They are spell-blasted: and whoever wears them,
His arm shrinks wither'd, his heart melts away,
And his bones soften.

Nao. Where is Isidore?

Alh. (*in a deep low voice*) This night I went from forth my house, and left
His children all asleep: and he was living!
And I return'd and found them still asleep,
But he had perished—

All Morescoes. Perished?

Alh. He had perished!
Sleep on, poor babes! not one of you doth know
That he is fatherless—a desolate orphan!
Why should we wake them? Can an infant's arm
Revenge his murder?

One Moorish (*to another.*) Did she say his murder?
Nac. Murder? Not murdered?
Alh. Murdered by a Christian!
[*They all at once draw their scimitars.*
Alb. (*to* NAOMI, *who advances from the tent.*) Brother of Zagri!
fling away thy sword;
This is thy chieftain's! [*He steps forward to take it.*
Dost thou dare receive it?
For I have sworn by Alla and the Prophet,
No tear shall dim these eyes, this woman's heart
Shall heave no groan, till I have seen that sword
Wet with the life-blood of the son of Valdez! [*A pause.*
Ordonio was your chieftain's murderer!
Nac. He dies, by Alla!
All. (*kneeling.*) By Alla!
Alh. This night your chieftain armed himself,
And hurried from me. But I followed him
At distance, till I saw him enter—*there!*
Nac. The cavern?
Alh. Yes, the mouth of yonder cavern.
After a while I saw the son of Valdez
Rush by with flaring torch: he likewise entered.
There was another and a longer pause;
And once, methought I heard the clash of swords!
And soon the son of Valdez re-appeared:
He flung his torch towards the moon in sport,
And seemed as he were mirthful! I stood listening,
Impatient for the footsteps of my husband!
Nac. Thou called'st him?
Alh. I crept into the cavern—
'Twas dark and very silent. [*Then wildly.*
What saidst thou?
No! no! I did not dare call, Isidore,
Lest I should hear no answer! A brief while,
Belike, I lost all thought and memory
Of that for which I came! After that pause,
O Heaven! I heard a groan, and followed it:
And yet another groan, which guide I me
Into a strange recess—and there was *light*,
A hideous light! his torch lay on the ground;
Its flame burnt dimly o'er a chasm's brink:
I spake; and whilst I spake, a feeble groan
Came from that chasm! it was his last! his death-groan!
Nac. Comfort her, Alla.
Alh. I stood in unimaginable trance
And agony that cannot be remembered,
Listening with horrid hope to hear a groan!
But I had heard his last: my husband's death-groan?
Nac. Haste! let us onward.
Alh. I looked far down the pit—
My sight was bounded by a jutting fragment:
And it was stained with blood. Then first I shrieked,

My eye-balls burnt, my brain grew hot as fire,
And all the hanging drops of the wet roof
Turned into blood—I saw them turn to blood!
And I was leaping wildly down the chasm,
When on the farther brink I saw his sword,
And it said, Vengeance!—Curses on my tongue!
The moon hath moved in Heaven, and I am here,
And he hath not had vengeance! Isidore!
Spirit of Isidore! thy murderer lives!
Away! away!

Isid. Away, away! [*She rushes off, all following.*

ACT V.

Scene I.—*A Dungeon.* ALVAR (*who has been lately placed in a bed of straw.*)

Alv. And this place my forefathers made for man!
This is the process of our Love and Wisdom
To each poor brother who offends against us—
Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty?
Is this the only cure? Merciful God!
Each pore and natural outlet shrivelled up
By Ignorance and parching Poverty,
His energies roll back upon his heart
And stagnate and corrupt, till, changed to poison,
They break out on him, like a loathsome pestilence!
Then we call in our priests and magistrates;
And this is their best cure! uncomforted
And friendless Solitude, Groaning and Tears,
And savage Faces, at the clanking hour,
Seen through the steam and vapours of his dungeon
By the lamp's dismal twilight! So he lies
Cheated with evil, till his very soul
Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deformed
By sights of everyone deformity!
Wilds, that rejoiced in this, thou, O Nature!
Heedest thy wandering and distempered child:
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny lakes, fair forms, and breathing sweets;
Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters!
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To see a jarring and discordant thing
And his great and dance and music be by;
But, darting into tears, wind back his way,
His angry spirit healed and harmonized
By the benignant touch of beauty.

[illegible] Yet [illegible] thing,

In that dark angle, the sole resting-place!
But the self-approving mind is its own light,
And life's best warmth still radiates from the heart
Where love sits brooding, and an honest purpose.
[*Re-*[illegible]

Enter TERESA *with a Torch.*

Ter. It has chilled my very life——my own voice scares me;
Yet when I hear it not, I seem to lose
The substance of my being—my strongest grasp
Sends inwards but weak witness that I am.
I seek to cheat the echo.—How the half sounds
Blend with this strangled light! Is he not here— [*Looking round.*
O for one human face here—but to see
One human face here to sustain me.—Courage!
It is but my own fear! The life within me,
It sinks and wavers like this cone of flame,
Beyond which I scarce dare look onward! Oh! [*Sh*[illegible]
If I faint? If this inhuman den should be
At once my death-bed and my burial vault?
[*Faintly screams as* ALVAR *comes from the* [illegible]
Alv. (*rushes towards her, and catches her as she is falling.*) O
gracious heaven! it is, it is Teresa!
Shall I reveal myself? The sudden shock
Of rapture will blow out this spark of life,
And Joy complete what Terror has begun.
O ye impetuous beatings here, be still!
Teresa, best beloved! pale, pale, and cold!
Her pulse doth flutter! Teresa! my Teresa!
Ter. (*recovering, looks round wildly.*) I heard a voice; but often
in my dreams
I hear that voice! and wake, and try—and try—
To hear it waking! but I never could—
And 'tis so now—even so! Well! he is dead—
Murdered perhaps! And I am faint, and feel
As if it were no painful thing to die!
Alv. (*eagerly.*) Believe it not, sweet maid! Believe it not,
Beloved woman! 'Twas a low imposture,
Framed by a guilty wretch.
Ter. (*retires from him, and feebly supports herself against a pillar of the dungeon.*) Ha! who art thou?
Alv. (*exceedingly affected.*) Suborned by his brother—
Ter. Did'st *thou* murder him?
And dost thou now repent? Poor troubled man,
I do forgive thee, and may Heaven forgive thee!
Alv. Ordonio—he—
Ter. If thou did-st murder him—
His spirit ever at the throne of God
Asks mercy for thee: prays for mercy for thee,
With tears in Heaven!
Alv. Alvar was not murdered.
Be calm! Be calm, sweet maid!!

Tes. (*rising.*) Nay, nay, but tell me!
[*A pause, then she kneels and rises.*
O 'tis lost again!
This dull confused pain — [*A pause, she gazes at* ALVAR.
Mysterious man!
Methinks I cannot fear thee: for thine eye
Doth swim with love and pity—Well! Ordonio—
Oh my foreboding heart! And we suborned thee,
And thou didst spare his life? Blessings shower on thee,
As many as the drops twice counted o'er
In the fond faithful heart of his Teresa!
Alv. I can endure no more. The Moorish Sorcerer
Exists but in the stain upon thy face.
That picture—
Tes. (*Looks on it, and then on him.*) Ha! speak on!
Alv. Behoves I Teresa!
It told but half the truth. O let this portrait
Tell all—that Alvar lives—that he is here!
Thy much-deceived but ever-faithful Alvar.
[*Takes her the picture from his neck, and gives it her.*
Tes. (*receiving the portrait.*) The same—it is the same. Ah!
Who art thou?
Nay I will not call thee, ALVAR! [*She falls on his neck.*
Alv. O joy unutterable!
But hark! a sound as of removing bars
At the dungeon's outer door. A brief, brief while
Conceal thyself, my love! It is Ordonio.
For the honour of our race, for our dear father;
O for himself too (he is still my brother)
Let me recall him to his nobler nature,
That he may wake as from a dream of murder!
O let me reconcile him to himself,
Open the sacred source of penitent tears,
And be once more his own beloved Alvar.
Tes. O my all-virtuous Love! I fear to leave thee:
With that obdurate man.
Alv. Thou dost not leave me!
But a brief while retire into the darkness:
O that my joy could spread its sunshine round thee!
Tes. The sound of thy voice shall be my music!
[*Retiring, keeps gazing on him, and exclaiming,* ALVAR.
Alvar! my Alvar! can I ever leave thee?
Is it no dream? thee in my arms, my Alvar! [*Exit.*
[*Alvar stands in the Dungeon. Enter* ORDONIO *with a lamp, and a dagger in the other hand.*
Ord. Hail, potent wizard! in my prayer-mood
I poured forth a libation to old Fate,
And as I brimmed the bowl, I thought on thee.
Thou hast conspired against my life and honour,
Hast tricked me foolishly; yet I forgive thee.
Why should I hate thee? (*Aside.*) [illegible]
[illegible]

And we the air-bladders that course up and down,
And joust and tilt in merry tournament;
And when one bubble runs foul of another,
[*Waving his hand to* ALVAR.
The weaker needs must break.
Alv. I see thy heart!
There is a frightful glitter in thine eye,
Which doth betray thee. Inly-tortured man,
This is the revelry of a drunken anguish,
Which fain would scoff away the pang of guilt,
And quell each human feeling.
Ord. Feeling! feeling!
The death of a man—the breaking of a bubble—
'Tis true I cannot sob for such misfortunes;
But faintness, cold and hunger—curses on me
If willingly I e'er inflicted them!
Come, take the beverage; this chill place demands it.
[ORDONIO *pours the goblet.*
Alv. Yon insect on the wall,
Which moves this way and that, its hundred limbs,
Were it a toy of mere mechanic craft,
It were an infinitely curious thing!
But it has life, Ordonio! life, enjoyment!
And by the power of its miraculous will
Wields all the complex movements of its frame
Unerringly to pleasurable ends!
Saw I that insect on this goblet's brim
I would remove it with an anxious pity!
Ord. What meanest thou?
Alv. There's poison in the wine.
Ord. Thou hast guessed right; there's poison in the wine.
There's poison in't—which of us two shall drink it?
For one of us must die!
Alv. Whom dost thou think me?
Ord. The accomplice and sworn friend of Isidore.
Alv. I know him not.
And yet, methinks, I have heard the name but lately.
Means he the husband of the Moorish woman?
Isidore? Isidore?
Ord. Good! good! that Lie! by heaven it has restored me.
Now I am thy master!—Villain! thou shalt drink it,
Or die a bitterer death.
Alv. What strange solution
Hast thou found out to satisfy thy fears,
And drug them to unnatural sleep?
[ALVAR *takes the goblet, and throwing it to the ground with stern contempt.*
My master!
Ord. Thou mountebank!
Alv. Mountebank and villain!
What then art thou? For shame, put up thy sword!
What boots a weapon in a withered arm?

Fix mine eye upon thee, and tremble, and [illegible]!
I speak, and hear and wonder can hardly [illegible],
And turn it to a motionless distraction!
Thou blind self-worshipper! thy pride, thy [illegible],
Thy faith in universal villany,
Thy shallow sophisms, thy pretended [illegible]
For all thy human brethren [illegible]!
Who have they done for thee? [illegible]
Cured thee of hating in thy [illegible]
The darkness pleasant when thou [illegible]?
Art happy when alone? Could [illegible] thyself
With even step and quiet [illegible]?
Yet, yet thou may'st be saved [illegible]
Ord. [illegible] Sir, [illegible]?
Alv. Our pang!
Could I call up our [illegible]!
Ord. He told me of the [illegible] to him,
His faithfulness little one! Remorse! remorse!
Where got thou that [illegible]?
Can it give up the dead [illegible]?
A mangled body? manacled [illegible]!
Not all the blessings of [illegible]
Can blow away a desolate widow's curse!
And though thou spill thy heart's blood for atonement,
It will not weigh against an orphan's tear?
Alv. (*almost overcome by his feelings.*) But Alvar
Ord. Ha! it chokes thee in the throat.
I see it; and yet I pray thee speak it out—
Stifle Alvar!—Alvar!—howl it in mine ear!
Hear it like coals of fire upon my heart,
And shoot it hissing through my brain!
Alv. Alas!
That day when thou didst leap from off the rock
Into the waves, and grasped thy sinking brother,
And bore him to the strand; then, son of Valder,
How sweet and musical the name of Alvar!
Then, then, Ordonio, he was dear to thee,
And thou wert dear to him: heaven only knows
How very dear thou wert! Why cam'st thou to hate him?
O brother! how he would fall upon thy neck,
And weep forgiveness!
Ord. Speak of the dead!
Methinks I know thee! ha! my brain turns wild
At times even dreams!—out—out—[illegible] a fiery shadow!
Alv. [illegible] tell thee what I am? [illegible]!
Ord. Cheat! villain! traitor! whatsoever thou be—
I know thee. Man!
Alv. [illegible] Alvar! [illegible] Ordonio! 'tis
thy Brother.
[ORDONIO [illegible] ALVAR [illegible]
[illegible] ORDONIO [illegible]

Stop, madman, stop!

Alv. Does then this thin disguise impenetrably
Hide Alvar from thee? Toil and painful wounds
And long imprisonment in unwholesome dungeons,
Have marred perhaps all trait and lineament
Of what I was! But chiefly, chiefly, brother,
My anguish for thy guilt!

Ord. Ordonio—Brother!
Nay, nay, thou shalt embrace me.

Ord. (*drawing back, and gazing at* ALVAR *with a countenance of at once awe and terror.*) Touch me not!
Touch not pollution, Alvar! I will die.

[*He attempts to fall on his sword,* ALVAR *and* TERESA *prevent him.*

Alv. We will find means to save your honour. Live,
Oh live, Ordonio! for our father's sake!
Spare his grey hairs!

Ter. And you may yet be happy.

Ord. O horror! not a thousand years in heaven
Could recompose this miserable heart,
Or make it capable of one brief joy!
Live! Live! Why yes! 'Twere well to live with you:
For is it fit a villain should be proud?
My Brother! I will kneel to you, my Brother! [*Kneeling.*
Forgive me, Alvar!——*Curse* me with forgiveness!

Alv. Call back thy soul, Ordonio, and look round thee!
Now is the time for greatness! Think that heaven—

Ter. O mark his eye! he hears not what you say.

Ord. (*pointing at the assassin.*) Yes mark his eye! there's fascination in it!
Thou said-st thou did-st not know him—That is he!
He comes upon me!

Alv. Heal, O heal him heaven!

Ord. Nearer and nearer! and I cannot stir!
Will no one hear these stifled groans, and wake me?
He would have died to save me, and I killed him—
A husband and a father!—

Ter. Some secret poison
Drinks up his spirits!

Ord. (*fiercely recollecting himself.*) Let the Eternal Justice
Prepare my punishment in the obscure world—
I will not bear to live—to live—O agony!
And be myself alone my own sore torment!

[*The doors of the dungeon are broken open, and in rush* ALHADRA, *and the band of* Morescoes.

Alh. Seize first that man!

[ALVAR *presses onward to defend* ORDONIO.

Ord. Off, Ruffians! I have flung away my sword.
Woman, my life is thine! to thee I give it!
Off! he that touches me with his hand of flesh,
I'll rend his limbs asunder! I have strength
With this bare arm to scatter you like ashes.

Alh. My husband!
Ord. Yes, I murdered him most foully.
Alv. and Ter. O horrible!
Alh. Why didst thou leave his children?
Demon, thou should'st have sent thy dogs of hell
To lap their blood. Then, then I might have hardened
My soul in misery, and have had comfort.
I would have stood far off, quiet though dark,
And bade the race of men raise up a mourner
For a deep horror of a desolation,
Too great to be one's soul's particular lot!
Brother of Zagri! let me lean upon thee.
[*Struggling to suppress her feelings.*
The time is not yet come for woman's anguish,
I have not seen *his* blood—Within an hour
Those little ones will crowd around and ask me,
Where is our father? I shall curse thee then!
Wert thou in heaven, my curse would pluck thee thence!
Ter. He doth repent! See, see, I kneel to thee!
O let him live! That aged man, his father - - -
Alh. (*sternly.*) Why had I he such a son?
[*Shouts from the distance of "Rescue! Rescue!* ALVAR! ALVAR!" *and the voice of* VALDEZ *heard.*
Alh. Rescue?—And Isidore's Spirit unavenged?
The deed be mine! [*Suddenly stabs* ORDONIO.
Now take *my* Life!
Ord. (*staggering from the wound.*) ATONEMENT!
Alv. (*while with* TERESA *supporting* ORDONIO.) Arm of avenging Heaven,
Thou hast snatched from me my most cherished hope—
But go! my word was pledged to thee.
Ord. Away!
Brave not my Father's Rage! I thank thee! Thou -
[*Then turning his eyes languidly to* ALVAR.
She hath avenged the blood of Isidore!
I stood in silence like a slave before her
That I might taste the wormwood and the gall,
And satiate this self-accusing heart
With bitterer agonies than death can give.
Forgive me, Alvar!
Oh! could'st thou forget me! [*Dies.*
[ALVAR *and* TERESA *bend over the body of* ORDONIO.
Alh. (*to the* Moors.) I thank thee, Heaven! thou hast ordained it wisely,
That till extremes bring their own cure. That point
In misery, which makes the oppressed Man
Regardless of his own life, makes him too
Lord of the Oppressor's—Knew I an hundred men
Despairing, but not palsied by despair,
This arm should shake the Kingdoms of the World;
The deep foundations of iniquity
Should sink away, earth groaning from beneath them;

The strongholds of the cruel men should fall,
Their Temples and their mountainous Towers should fall;
Till Desolation seemed a beautiful thing,
And all that were and had the Spirit of Life,
Sang a new song to her who had gone forth,
Conquering and still to conquer!

[ALHADRA *hurries off with the* MOORS; *the stage fills with armed* peasants *and* servants, ZULIMEZ *and* VALDEZ *at their head.* VALDEZ *rushes into* ALVAR'S *arms.*

Alv. Turn not thy face that way, my father! hide,
Oh hide it from his eye! Oh let thy joy
Flow in unmingled stream through thy first blessing.

[*Both kneel to* VALDEZ.

Val. My son! My Alvar! bless, Oh bless him, heaven!
Ter. Me too, my Father?
Val. Bless, Oh bless my children! [*Both rise.*
Alv. Delights so full, if mallloyed with grief,
Were ominous. In these strange dread events
Just Heaven instructs us with an awful voice,
That Conscience rules us e'en against our choice.
Our inward Monitress to guide or warn,
If listened to; but if repelled with scorn,
At length as dire REMORSE, she reappears,
Works in our guilty hopes, and selfish fears!
Still bids, Remember! and still cries, Too late!
And while she scares us, goads us to our fate.

APPENDIX.

THE following Scene, as unfit for the Stage, was taken from the Tragedy, in the year 1797, and published in the Lyrical Ballads. But this work having been long out of print, and it having been determined, that this with my other Poems in that collection (the NIGHTINGALE, LOVE, and the ANCIENT MARINER) should be omitted in any future edition, I have been advised to reprint it, as a Note to the second Scene of Act the Fourth, p. 221.

Enter TERESA *and* SELMA.

Teresa. 'Tis said, he spake of you familiarly,
As mine and Alvar's common foster mother.
Selma. Now blessings on the man, whoe'er he be,
That joined your names with mine! O my sweet Lady,
As often as I think of those dear times,
When you two little ones would stand, at eve,
On each side of my chair, and make me learn
All you had learnt in the day; and how to talk
In gentle phrase; then bid me sing to you—
'Tis more like heaven to come, than what has been!
Teresa. But that entrance, Selma?
Selma. Can no one hear? It is a perilous tale
Teresa. No one.
Selma. My husband's father told it me,
Poor old Sesina—angels rest his soul;
He was a woodman, and could fell and saw
With lusty arm. You know that large round beam

Which props the hanging wall of the old Chapel?
Beneath that tree, while yet it was a tree,
He found a baby wrapt in mosses, lined
With thistle-beard, and fed in a small hollow of wood
As hung on branch less. With he brought him home,
And reared him at the then Lord Valdez' cost.
And so the babe grew up a pretty boy,
A pretty boy, but most miserable —
And never learnt a prayer, nor told a bead,
But knew the notes of birds, and mocked their notes,
And whistled, as he went, for want of thought:
And all the autumn time, his only play
To gather seeds of thistles, and to blow them
With earth and water on the stumps of trees.
A Friar, who gathered simples in the wood,
A grey-haired man, he had charged this little boy:
The boy loved him, — and when the friar taught him,
He soon could write with the pen: and from that time
Lived chiefly at the Convent or the Castle.
So he became a rare and learned youth:
But O! poor wretched! he read, and read, and read,
Till his brain turned: and ere his twentieth year
He had unlawful thoughts of many things:
And though he prayed, he never loved to pray
With holy men, nor in holy place.
But yet his spirit was [illegible] and sweet.
The late Lord Valdez [illegible] was wearied with him.
And one day [illegible] of the chapel
They stood together [illegible] in deep discourse,
The earth heave [illegible] with such a groan,
That the wall tottered [illegible] well nigh fallen
Right on their heads. The Lord was sorely frightened;
A fever seized him, [illegible] confession
Of all the horrible, and lawless talk
Which he had held [illegible] youth was spoiled,
And [illegible] his father
Sobbed like a child [illegible] his heart:
And [illegible] those dungeons,
He had [illegible] the youth,
Where [illegible] green fields,
How sweet it were [illegible] savannah
To hunt for food [illegible] man,
And wander up and down at liberty.
He always doted [illegible] the youth, and now
His love grew desperate; and defying death,
He made that daring entrance I described,
And the young man escaped.

Teresa. 'Tis a sweet tale:
Such as would [illegible] to sleep,
His [illegible] wiped tears.
And [illegible]

Selva. He went on shipboard
With the [illegible] every
Of golden [illegible]
Went hence, [illegible] to Spain,
He told Sebastian [illegible] youth,
So [illegible] after the youth [illegible] world,
In spite of his disguise [illegible]
And all alone set [illegible] moonlight
Up [illegible] river, [illegible] sea,
And never was heard [illegible] but this [illegible],
He have had [illegible]

[illegible] Act II.

The [illegible] of the picture of the [illegible] is explained by [illegible] of the chapel [illegible] without disrespect to the

Public) to gratify my own feelings, the passage being no mere fancy portrait; but a slight, yet not unfaithful, profile of one,* who still lives, nobilitate felix, arte clarior, vitâ colendissimus.

Zulima (speaking of ALVAR *in the third act).*

Such was the noble Spaniard's own relation.
He told me, too, how in his early youth,
And his first travels, 'twas his choice or chance
To make long sojourn in sea-wedded Venice;
There won the love of that divine old man,
Courted by mightiest kings, the famous TITIAN!
Who, like a second and more lovely Nature,
By the sweet mystery of lines and colours
Changed the blank canvas to a magic mirror,
That made the Absent present; and to Shadows
Gave light, depth, substance, bloom, yea, thought and motion.
He loved the old man, and revered his art:
And though of noblest birth and ample fortune,
The young enthusiast thought it no scorn
But this inalienable ornament,
To be his pupil, and with filial zeal
By practice to appropriate the sage lessons,
Which the gay, smiling old man gladly gave.
The Art, he honoured thus, requited him:
And in the following and calamitous years
Beguiled the hours of his captivity.

Alhadra. And then he turned this picture? and unveiled
By arts unlawful, spell, or talismans?

Alvar. A potent spell, a mighty talisman!
The imperishable memory of the deed,
Sustained by love, and grief, and indignation!
So vivid were the forms within his brain,
His very eyes, when shut, made pictures of them!

* Sir George Beaumont. [Written 1814.]

THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE.

AN HISTORIC DRAMA.

BY

H. MARTIN, ESQ.,

OF JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

DEAR SIR,—Accept, as a small testimony of my grateful attachment, the following Dramatic Poem, in which I have endeavoured to portray, in an interesting form, the fall of a man whose great and actions have cast a disastrous lustre on his name. In the execution of the work, as intricacy of plot could not have been attempted without a gross violation of recent facts, it has been my sole aim to imitate the impassioned and highly-figurative language of the French orators, and to develop the characters of the chief actors on a vast stage of horrors.

Yours fraternally,

JESUS COLLEGE, *Sept.* [illegible], 1794. S. T. COLERIDGE.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*The Tuileries.*

Enter BARRERE.

Barr. The tempest gathers—be it mine to seek
A friendly shelter, ere it burst on him.
But where? and how? I fear the Tyrant's spirit—
Subtle in action, fertile in resource,
And rising awful 'mid impending ruin;
In splendour gloomy, as the midnight meteor,
That fearless thwarts the elemental war.
When last in secret conference we met,
He scowl'd upon me with suspicious rage,
Marking his eye the inmate of my bosom.
I know he comes—and I feel, I hate him
Yet there is in him that which makes me tremble! [*Exit.*

Enter TALLIEN, *and* LAMBENOIS.

Lam. It was Barrere, I beg my life! did'st thou mark him?
Abrupt he turn'd, yet linger'd as he went,
And towards us cast a look of doubtful meaning.

Tall. I mark'd him well. I met his eye's last glance;
I hear not so proudly as of yore,
Methought he would have spoken—but that he dar'd not—
Strange agitation dash'd on his features.

Lam. 'Twas all this strange gloom that keeps us waiting.
The emperor's—[illegible] in the face:
Even as the sun [illegible] darkness [illegible].

Hurries the thunder-cloud, that poised awhile
Hung in mid air, red with its mutinous burthen.
Leg. Perfidious Traitor! still afraid to bask
In the full blaze of power, the rustling serpent
Lurks in the thicket of the Tyrant's greatness,
Ever prepar'd to sting who shelters him.
Each thought, each action in himself converges;
And love and friendship on his coward heart
Shine like the powerless sun on polar ice:
To all attach'd, by turns deserting all,
Cunning and dark—a necessary villain!
Tal. Yet much depends upon him—well you know
With plausible harangue 'tis his to paint
Defeat like victory—and blind the mob
With truth-mix'd falsehood. They led on by him,
And wild of head to work their own destruction,
Support with uproar what he plans in darkness.
Leg. O what a precious name is Liberty
To scare or cheat the simple into slaves!
Yes—we must gain him over: by dark hints
We'll show enough to rouse his watchful fears,
Till the cold coward blaze a patriot.
O Danton! murder'd friend! assist my counsels—
Hover around me on sad memory's wings,
And pour thy daring vengeance in my heart.
Tallien! if but to-morrow's fateful sun
Beholds the Tyrant living—we are dead!
Tal. Yet his keen eye that flashes mighty meanings—
Leg. Fear not—or rather fear the alternative,
And seek for courage e'en in cowardice—
But see—hither he comes—let us away!
His brother with him, and the bloody Couthon,
And high of haughty spirit, young St. Just. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ROBESPIERRE, COUTHON, ST. JUST, *and* ROBESPIERRE, *Jun.*

Rob. What? did La Fayette fall before my power?
And did I conquer Roland's spotless virtues?
The fervent eloquence of Vergniaud's tongue?
And Brissot's thoughtful soul unbribed and bold?
Did zealot armies haste in vain to save them?
What! did the assassin's dagger aim its point
Vain as a *dram* of murder, at my bosom?
And shall I dread the soft luxurious Tallien?
The Adonis Tallien? banquet-hunting Tallien?
Him, whose heart flutters at the dice-box? Him,
Who ever on the harlot's downy pillow
Resigns his head impure to feverish slumbers!
St. Just. I cannot fear him—yet we must not scorn him.
Was it not Antony that conquer'd Brutus,
The Adonis, banquet-hunting Antony?
The state is not yet purified: and though
The stream runs clear, yet at the bottom lies

The thick black sediment of all the factions—
It needs no magic hand to stir it up!
Cou. O we did wrong to spare them—fatal error!
Why lived Legendre, when that Danton died?
And Collot d'Herbois dangerous in crimes?
I've fear'd him, since his iron heart endured
To make of Lyons one vast human shambles,
Compar'd with which the sun-scorch'd wilderness
Of Zara were a smiling paradise.
St. Just. Rightly thou judgest, Couthon! He is one
Who flies from silent solitary anguish,
Seeking forgetful peace amid the jar
Of elements. The howl of maniac uproar
Lulls to sad sleep the memory of himself.
A calm is fatal to him—then he feels
The dire upboilings of the storm within him.
A tiger mad with inward wounds!—I dread
The fierce and restless turbulence of guilt.
Rob. Is not the commune ours? the stern tribunal?
Dumas? and Vivier? Fleuriot? and Louvet?
And Henriot? We'll denounce a hundred, nor
Shall they behold to-morrow's sun roll westward.
Rob. jun. Nay—I am sick of blood; my aching heart
Reviews the long, long train of hideous horrors
That still have gloom'd the rise of the republic.
I should have died before Toulon, when war
Became the patriot!
Rob. Most unworthy wish!
He, whose heart sickens at the blood of traitors
Would be himself a traitor, were he not
A coward! 'Tis congenial souls alone
Shed tears of sorrow for each other's fate.
O thou art brave, my brother! and thine eye
Full firmly shines amid the groaning battle—
Yet in thine heart the woman-form of pity
Asserts too large a share, an ill-timed guest!
There is unsoundness in the state—To-morrow
Shall see it cleansed by wholesome massacre!
Rob. jun. Beware! already do the sections murmur—
"O the great glorious patriot, Robespierre—
The *tyrant tyrannicide* of the country's *freedom!*"
Cou. 'Twere folly sure to work great deeds by halves!
Much I suspect the dark—the fickle heart
Of cold Barrere!
Rob. I see the villain in him!
Rob. jun. If he [illegible] forsake thee—what remains?
Rob. My self! the steady strong Rectitude of soul
And Poverty sublime [illegible] virtues!
The giant Victories, [illegible] towers form'd,
Shall stalk around me [illegible] slaughtering plains,
[illegible] the dates of [illegible] fall pointless.
[illegible] CONVENTION.

Cou. (*solus.*) So we deceive ourselves! What goodly virtues
Bloom on the poisonous branches of ambition!
Still, Robespierre! thou'lt guard thy country's freedom
To despotize in all the patriot's pomp;
While Conscience 'mid the noisy applauding clamours,
Sleeps in thine ear, nor whispers—blood-stain'd tyrant!
Yet what is Conscience? Superstitious dream,
Making such deep impression on our sleep
That long the awaken'd breast retains its horrors!
But he returns—and with him comes Barrere. [*Exit* COUTHON.

Enter ROBESPIERRE *and* BARRERE.

Rob. There is no danger but in cowardice.—
Barrere! we *make* the danger, when we *fear* it.
We have such force without, as will [illegible]; and
The cold and trembling treachery of these members.
Bar. 'Twill be a pause of terror,
Rob. But to whom?
Rather the short-lived slumber of the tempest,
Gathering its strength anew. Hide dastard traitor!
Moles, that would undermine the rooted oak!
A pause!—a *moment's* pause? 'Tis all *their life.*
Bar. Yet much they talk—and plausible their speech.
Couthon's decree has given such powers, that ——
Rob. That what?
Bar. The freedom of debate—
Rob. Transparent mask!
They wish to clog the wheels of government,
Forcing the hand that guides the vast machine
To bribe them to their duty—*bribe* patriots,
Are not the congregated clouds of war
Black all around us? In our very vitals
Works not the king-bred poison of rebellion?
Say, what shall counteract the selfish plotting
Of wretches, cold of heart, nor awed by fears
Of him, whose power directs the eternal justice?
Terror? or secret sapping gold? The first
Heavy, but transient as the ills that cause it;
And to the virtuous patriot rendered light
By the necessities that gave it birth:
The other fouls the fount of the republic,
Making it flow polluted to all ages:
Inoculates the state with a slow venom,
That once imbibed, must be continued ever.
Myself incorruptible I ne'er could bribe them—
Therefore they hate me.
Bar. Are the sections friendly?
Rob. There are who wish my death—but I'll make them
Blush for the crime in blood!
Bar. Nay—but I tell thee
Thou art too fond of slaughter—and the right
(If right it be) workest by most fatal means!

Rob. *Self-tormenting Fear!* how well thou canst ape *Mercy!*
Too fond of slaughter—matchless hypocrite!
Thought Barrere so, when Brissot, Danton, died?
Thought Barrere so, when through the streaming streets
Of Paris red-eyed Massacre o'erwearied
Reel'd heavily, intoxicate with blood?
And when (O heavens!) in Lyons' death-red square
Sick fancy groan'd o'er putrid hills of slain,
Didst thou not merely laugh, and bless the day?
Why, thou hast been the mouth-piece of all horrors,
And, like a blood-hound, crouch'd for murder! Now
Aloof thou standest from the tottering pillar,
Or, like a frighted child behind its mother,
Hidest thy pale face in the skirts of—*Mercy!*
Bar. O prodigality of eloquent anger!
Why now I see thou'rt weak—thy case is desperate!
The cool ferocious Robespierre turn'd scolder!
Rob. Who from a bad man's bosom wards the blow
Reserves the whetted dagger for his own.
Denounced twice—and twice I saved his life! [*Exit.*
Bar. The sections will support then—there's the point!
No! he can never weather out the storm—
Yet he is sudden in revenge—No more!
I must away to Tallien. [*Exit.*

Scene changes to the house of ADELAIDE.

ADELAIDE *enters, speaking to a* Servant.

Ad. Didst thou present the letter that I gave thee?
Did Tallien answer, he would soon return?
Serv. He is in the Tuilleries—with him Legendre—
In deep discourse they seem'd; as I approach'd
He waved his hand as bidding me retire:
I did not interrupt him. [*Returns the letter.*
Ad. Thou didst rightly. [*Exit* Servant.
O this new freedom! at how dear a price
We've bought the seeming good! The peaceful virtues
And every blandishment of private life,
The father's care, the mother's fond endearment,
All sacrificed to liberty's wild riot.
The winged hours, that scatter'd roses round me,
Languid and sad drag their slow course along,
And shake big gall-drops from their heavy wings.
But I will steal away these anxious thoughts
By the soft languishment of warble Lais,
Happy in love's may lull the sense
Of sorrow for awhile.

Soft Music. *Enter* TALLIEN.

Tal. Music, my love? O breathe again that air!
Soft nurse of pain, it soothes the weary soul

Of care, sweet as the whisper'd breeze of evening
That plays around the sick man's throbbing temples.

SONG.

Tell me, on what holy ground
May domestic peace dwell safe?
Halcyon daughter of the skies,
Far on fearful wing she flies,
From the pompous sceptre'd state,
From the rebel's noisy hate.

In a cottaged vale she dwells
Listening to the Sabbath bells!
Still around her steps are seen,
Spotless honour's meaker mien,
Love, the fire of pleasing grief,
Sorrow smiling through her tears,
And chastisement of the mistempt'ry,
Mildly, bosom-spring of joy.

Tal. I thank thee, Adelaide! 'twas sweet, though mournful,
But why thy brow o'ercast, the cheek so wan?
Thou lookest a lorn maid beside some stream
That sighs away the soul in fond despairing,
While sorrow sad, like the dank willow near her,
Hangs o'er the troubled fountain of her eye.
Ade. Oh! rather let me ask what mystery lowers
On Tallien's darken'd brow. Thou dost me wrong—
Thy soul distemper'd, can my heart be tranquil?
Tal. Tell me, by whom thy brother's blood was spilt?
Asks he not vengeance on these patriot murderers?
It has been borne too tamely. Fears and curses
Groan on our midnight beds, and e'en our dreams
Threaten the assassin hand of Robespierre.
He dies!—nor has the plot escaped his fears.
Ade. Yet—yet—be cautious! much I fear the Commune—
The tyrant's creatures, and their fate with his
Fast link'd in close indissoluble union.
The pale Convention—
Tal. Hate him as they fear him,
Impatient of the chain, resolv'd and ready.
Ade. The enthusiast mob, confusion's lawless sons—
Tal. They are weary of his stern morality,
The fair-mask'd offspring of ferocious pride.
The sections too support the delegates:
All—all is ours! e'en now the vital air
Of Liberty, condens'd awhile, is bursting
(Force irresistible!) from its compressure—
To shatter the arch chemist in the explosion!

Enter BILLAUD VARENNES *and* BOURDON L'OISE.

[ADELAIDE *retires.*

Bour. L'Oise. Tallien! was this a time for amorous conference?
Henriot, the tyrant's most devoted creature,
Marshals the force of Paris: The fierce club,

With Vivier at their head, in Jacobin chain,
Have sworn to make the guillotine in blood
Float on the scaffold.—But who comes here?

Enter BATELIER *and* [illegible].

Vir. Say, are ye friends to freedom? [illegible]!
Let us, forgetful of all common feuds,
Rally around her shrine! Even now the tyrant
Concerts a plan of instant massacre!
Bil. Vir. Away to the Convention! with that voice
So oft the herald of glad victory,
Rouse their fallen spirits, thunder in their ears
The names of tyrant, plunderer, assassin!
The violent workings of my soul within
Anticipate the monster's blood!
[*Cry from the street of*—"No Tyrant! Down with the Tyrant!"
Bil. Hear ye that outcry?—If the trembling members
Even for a moment hold his fate suspended,
I swear by the holy poniard, that stabbed Cæsar,
This dagger probes his heart! [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT II.

SCENE.—*The Convention.*—ROBESPIERRE *and* [illegible] *Tribune.*

Robespierre. Once more befits it that the voice of truth,
Fearless in innocence, though leaguered round
By envy and her hateful brood of hell,
Be heard amid this hall; once more befits
The patriot, whose prophetic eye so oft
Has pierced through faction's veil, to flash on crimes
Of deadliest import. Mouldering in the grave
Sleeps Capet's caitiff corse; my daring hand
Levelled to earth his blood-cemented throne.
My voice declared his guilt, and stirred up France
To call for vengeance. I too dug the grave
Where sleep the Girondists, detested band!
Long with the slow of freedom they abused
Her ardent sons. Long time the well-turn'd phrase,
The high fraught sentence, and the lofty tone
Of declamation thunder'd in this hall,
Till reason, 'mid the labyrinth of words
Perplex'd, in silence scorn'd to yield assent.
I dare oppose. Soul of my honoured friend,
Spirit of Marat, upon thee I call—
Thou knew'st me faithful, knew'st with what warm zeal
I tugg'd the curse of rising, strip'd the mask
From faction's deadly visage, and destroy'd
Her tottering hold. While Capet's arm hurl'd down
Hebert and Ronsin, and the villain friends

Of Danton, foul apostate! those, who long
Mark'd treason's form in liberty's fair garb,
Long deluged France with blood, and durst defy
Omnipotence! But I it seems am false!
I am a traitor too! I Robespierre!
I—at whose name the dastard despot brood
Look pale with fear, and call on saints to help them!
Who dares accuse me? who shall dare belie
My spotless name? Speak, ye accomplice band;
Of what am I accus'd? of what strange crime
Is Maximilian Robespierre accus'd,
That through this hall the buzz of discontent
Should murmur? who shall speak?

Billaud Varennes. O patriot tongue
Belying the foul heart! Who was it urg'd
Friendly to tyrants that accurst decree,
Whose influence brooding o'er this hallowed hall,
Has chill'd each tongue to silence? Who destroyed
The freedom of debate, and carried through
The fatal law, that doom'd the delegates,
Unheard before their equals, to the bar
Where cruelty sat throned, and murder reign'd
With her Dumas co-equal? Say, thou man
Of mighty eloquence, whose law was that?

Couthon. That law was mine. I urged it—I propos'd—
The voice of France assembled in her sons
Assented, though the tame and timid voice
Of traitors murmur'd. I advis'd that law—
I justify it. It was wise and good.

Barrere. Oh, wondrous wise and most convenient too!
I have long mark'd thee, Robespierre—and now
Proclaim thee traitor—tyrant! [*Loud applauses.*

Robespierre. I am a traitor! oh, that I had fallen
When Regnault lifted high the murderous knife,
Regnault the instrument belike of those
Who now themselves would fain assassinate,
And legalize their murders. I stand here
An isolated patriot—hemmed around
By faction's noisy pack; beset and lay'd
By the foul hell-hounds who know no escape
From justice' outstretch'd arm, but by the force
That pierces through her breast.

[*Murmurs, and shouts of*—"Down with the Tyrant!"

Robespierre. Nay, but I will be heard. There was a time
When Robespierre began, the loud applauses
Of honest patriots drown'd the honest sound.
But times are chang'd, and villany prevails.

Collot D'Herbois. No—villany shall fall. France could not brook
A monarch's sway—sounds the dictator's name
More soothing to her ears?

Fouraon L'Oise. Rattle her chains
More musically now than when the hand

Of Brissot forged her fetters; or the crew
Of Hébert thundered out their blasphemies,
And Danton talk'd of virtue?

Robespierre. Oh, that Brissot
Were here again to thunder in this hall.
That Hebert lived, and Danton's giant form
Scowl'd once again defiance! so my soul
Might cope with worthy foes.

People of France
Hear me! Beneath the vengeance of the law,
Traitors have perish'd countless; more survive:
The hydra-headed faction lifts anew
Her daring front, and fruitful from her wounds,
Cautious from past defeats, contrives new wiles
Against the sons of Freedom.

Tallien. Freedom lives!
Oppression falls—for France has felt her chains,
Has burst them too. Who traitor-like stept forth
Amid the hall of Jacobins to save
Camille Desmoulins, and the venal wretch
D'Eglantine?

Robespierre. I did—for I thought them honest.
And Heaven forfend that vengeance e'er should strike,
Ere justice doom'd the blow.

Barrere. Traitor, thou didst.
Yes, the accomplice of their dark designs,
Awhile didst thou defend them, when the storm
Lower'd at safe distance. When the clouds frown'd darker,
Fear'd for yourself and left them to their fate.
Oh, I have mark'd thee long, and through the veil
Seen thy foul projects; yes, ambitious man,
Self-will'd dictator o'er the realm of France,
The vengeance thou hast plann'd for patriots
Falls on thy head. Look how thy brother's deeds
Dishonour thine! He the firm patriot,
Thou the foul parricide of Liberty!

Robespierre, jun. Barrere—attempt not meanly to divide
Me from my brother. I partake his guilt,
For I partake his virtue.

Robespierre. Brother, by my soul,
More dear I hold thee to my heart, that thus
With me thou dar'st to tread the dangerous path
Of virtue, than that nature twined her cords
Of kindred round us.

Barrere. Yes, allied in guilt,
Even as in blood ye are. Oh, thou worst wretch,
Thou worse than Sylla! hast thou not proscrib'd,
Yea, in most foul anticipation slaughter'd,
Each patriot representative of France?

Bourdon l'Oise. Was not the younger Cæsar too to reign
O'er all our valiant armies in the south,
And still continue there his merchant wiles?

Robespierre, jun. His merchant wiles! Oh, grant me patience, Heaven!
Was it by merchant wiles I gain'd you back
Toulon, when proudly on her captive towers
Wav'd high the English flag? or fought I then
With merchant wiles, when sword in hand I led
Your troops to conquest? fought I merchant like,
Or barter'd I for victory, when death
Strode o'er the reeking streets with giant stride,
And shook his ebon plumes, and sternly smil'd
Amid the bloody banquet? when appalled
The hireling sons of England spread the sail
Of safety, fought I like a merchant then?
Oh, patience! patience!
Bourdon L'Oise. How this younger tyrant
Mouths out defiance to us! even so
He had led on the armies of the south,
Till once again the plains of France were drench'd
With her best blood.
Collot D'Herbois. Till, once again display'd
Lyons' sad tragedy had call'd me forth
The minister of wrath, whilst slaughter by
Had bathed in human blood.
Dubois Cranc'. No wonder, friend,
That we are traitors—that our heads must fall
Beneath the axe of death! When Cæsar-like
Reigns Robespierre, 'tis wisely done to doom
The fall of Brutus. Tell me, bloody man,
Hast thou not parcell'd out deluded France,
As it had been some province won in fight
Between your cruel triumvirate? You, Couthon,
Go with my brother to the southern plains;
St. Just, be yours the army of the north;
Meantime I rule at Paris.
Robespierre. Matchless knave!
What—not one blush of conscience on thy cheek—
Not one poor blush of truth! Most likely tale!
That I who ruin'd Brissot's towering hopes,
I who discover'd Hébert's impious wiles,
And sharp'd for Danton's recreant neck the axe,
Should now be traitor! had I been so minded,
Think ye I had destroy'd the very men
Whose plots resemble mine! Bring forth your proofs
Of this deep treason. Tell me in whose breast
Found ye the fatal scroll? or tell me rather
Who forged the shameless falsehood?
Collot D'Herbois. Ask you proofs?
Robespierre, what proofs were ask'd when Brissot died?
Legendre. What proofs adduced you when the Danton died?
When at the imminent peril of my life
I rose, and fearless of thy frowning brow,
Proclaim'd him guiltless?

Robespierre. I remember well
The fatal day. I do repent me much
That I kill'd Cæsar and spar'd Antony.
But I have been too lenient. I have spar'd
The stream of blood, and now my own must flow
To fill the current. [*Loud applause.*
Triumph not too soon,
Justice may yet be victor.

Enter St. Just, *and mounts the Tribune.*

St. Just. I come from the committee—charged to speak
Of matters of high import. I omit
Their orders. Representatives of France,
Boldly in his own person speaks St. Just
What his own heart shall dictate.
Tallien. Hear ye this,
Insulted delegates of France? St. Just
From your committee comes—comes charged to speak
Of matters of high import—yet omits
Their orders! Representatives of France,
That bold man I denounce, who disobeys
The nation's orders.—I denounce St. Just. [*Loud applause.*
St. Just. Hear me! [*Violent murmurs.*
Robespierre. He shall be heard!
Bourdon L'Oise. Must we contaminate this sacred hall
With the foul breath of treason?
Collot D'Herbois. Drag him away!
Hence with him to the bar.
Couthon. Oh, just proceedings!
Robespierre prevented liberty of speech—
And Robespierre is a tyrant! Tallien reigns,
He dreads to hear the voice of innocence—
And St. Just must be silent!
Legendre. Heed we well
That justice guide our actions. No light import
Attends this day. I move St. Just be heard.
Freron. Inviolate be the sacred right of man,
The freedom of debate. [*Violent applause.*
St. Just. I may be heard then! much the times are chang'd,
When St. Just thanks this hall for hearing him.
Robespierre is call'd a tyrant. Men of France,
Judge not too soon. By popular discontent
Was Aristides driven into exile,
Was Phocion murder'd. Ere ye dare pronounce
Robespierre is guilty, it befits ye well,
Consider who accuse him. Tallien,
Bourdon of Oise—the very men denounced,
For that their dark intrigues disturb'd the plan
Of government. Legendre the sworn friend
Of Danton fall'n apostate. Dubois Crancé,
He who at Lyons spar'd the royalists—
Collot d'Herbois—

Fouquier Tinville. What—shall the traitor rear
His head amid our tribune—and blasphème
Each patriot? shall the hireling slave of faction—
St. Just. I am of no one faction. I contend
Against all factions.
Tallien. I espouse the cause
Of truth. Robespierre on yesterday pronounced
Upon his own authority a report:
To-day St. Just comes down. St. Just neglects
What the committee orders, and harangues
From his own will. O citizens of France
I weep for you—I weep for my poor country—
I tremble for the cause of Liberty,
When individuals shall assume the sway,
And with more insolence than kingly pride
Rule the republic.
Billaud Varennes. Shudder, ye representatives of France,
Shudder with horror. Henriot commands
The marshall'd force of Paris. Henriot,
Foul parricide—the sworn ally of Hébert,
Denounced by all—upheld by Robespierre.
Who spar'd La Valette? who promoted him,
Stain'd with the deep dye of nobility?
Who to an ex-peer gave the high command?
Who screen'd from justice the rapacious thief?
Who cast in chains the friends of Liberty?
Robespierre, the self-styled patriot Robespierre—
Robespierre, allied with villain Daubigné—
Robespierre, the foul arch tyrant Robespierre.
Freedon Tinville. He talks of virtue—of morality—
Consistent patriot! he Daubigné's friend!
Henriot's supporter virtuous! preach of virtue,
Yet league with villains, for with Robespierre
Villains alone ally. Thou art a tyrant!
I style thee tyrant, Robespierre! [*Loud applause.*
Robespierre. Take back the name. Ye citizens of France—
[*Violent clamour. Cries of*—"Down with the Tyrant!"
Tallien. Oppression falls. The traitor stands appall'd—
Guilt's iron fangs engrasp his shrinking soul—
He hears assembled France denounce his crimes!
He sees the mask torn from his secret sin
He trembles on the precipice of fate.
Fall'n guilty tyrant! murder'd by thy rage
How many an innocent victim's blood has stain'd
Fair freedom's altar! Sylla-like thy hand
Mark'd down the virtues, that, thy foes removed,
Perpetual Dictator thou might'st reign,
And tyrannize o'er France, and call it freedom!
Long time in timid guilt the traitor plann'd
His fearful wiles—success emboldened sin—
And his stretch'd arm had grasp'd the diadem
Ere now, but that the coward's heart recoil'd,

Lest France awak'd should rouse her from her dream,
And call aloud for vengeance. He, like Cæsar,
With rapid step urged on his bold career,
Even to the summit of ambitious power,
And deem'd the name of King alone was wanting.
Was it for this we hurl'd proud Capet down?
Is it for this we wage eternal war
Against the tyrant horde of murderers,
The crowned cockatrices whose foul venom
Infects all Europe? was it then for this
We swore to guard our liberty with life,
That Robespierre should reign? the spirit of freedom
Is not yet sunk so low. The glowing flame
That animates each honest Frenchman's heart
Not yet extinguish'd. I invoke thy shade,
Immortal Brutus! I too wear a dagger;
And if the representatives of France,
Through fear of favour, shall delay the sword
Of justice, Tallien emulates thy virtues:
Tallien, like Brutus, hurls the avenging arm;
Tallien shall save his country. [*Violent applause.*

Billaud Varennes. I demand
The arrest of all these traitors. Memorable
Will be this day for France.

Robespierre. Yes! Memorable
This day will be for France—for villains triumph.

Lebas. I will not have in this day's damning guilt.
Condemn me too. [*Great applause—"Down with the Tyrants."*

[*Exeunt* ROBESPIERRE, COUTHON, ST. JUST, *and* LEBAS *are led off.*

ACT III.

SCENE *continues.*

Collot D'Herbois. Cæsar is fallen! The baneful tree of Java,
Whose death-distilling boughs drop poisonous dew,
Is rooted from its base. This worse than Cromwell,
The austere, the self-denying Robespierre,
Even in this hall, where once with terror mute
We listened to the hypocrite's harangues,
Has heard his doom.

Billaud Varennes. Yet must we not suppose
The tyrant will fall tamely. His sworn hireling
Henriot, the daring desperate Henriot
Commands the force of Paris. I denounce him.

Treon. I denounce Henriot too, the mayor of Paris.

Enter DUBOIS CRANCÉ.

Dubois Cr. Robespierre is secured. He victor at the head
Of the arm'd force has rescued the fierce tyrant.

Collot D'Herbois. Ring the tocsin—call all the citizens
To save their country—never yet has Paris
Forsook the representatives of France.
Tallien. It is the hour of danger. I propose
This sitting be made permanent. [*Loud applause.*
Collot D'Herbois. The national Convention shall remain
Firm at its post.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mes. Robespierre has reach'd the Commune. They espouse
The tyrant's cause. St. Just is up in arms!
St. Just—the young ambitious bold St. Just
Harangues the mob. The sanguinary Couthon
Thirsts for your blood. [*Tocsin rings.*
Tallien. These tyrants are in arms against the law:
Outlaw the rebels.

Enter MERLIN *of Douay.*

Mer. Health to the representatives of France!
I passed this moment through the armed force
They ask'd my name—and when they heard a delegate,
Swore I was not the friend of France.
Collot D'Herbois. The tyrants threaten us as when they turn'd
The cannon's mouth on Brissot.

Enter another MESSENGER.

2nd Mes. Vivier harangues the Jacobins—the club
Espouse the cause of Robespierre.

Enter another MESSENGER.

3rd Mes. All's lost—the tyrant triumphs. Henriot leads
The soldiers to his aid—already I hear
The rattling cannon destin'd to surround
This sacred hall.
Tallien. Why, we will die like men then.
The representatives of France dare death,
When duty steels their bosoms. [*Loud applause.*
Tallien. (*addressing the galleries.*) Citizens!
France is insulted in her delegates—
The majesty of the republic is insulted—
Tyrants are up in arms. An armed force
Threats the Convention. The Convention swears
To die, or save the country!
[*Violent applauses from the galleries.*
Citizen. (*from above.*) We too swear
To die or save the country. Follow me.
[*All the men quit the galleries.*

Enter another MESSENGER.

4th Mes. Henriot is taken!— [*Loud applauses.*
Henriot is taken. Three of your brave soldiers
Swore they would seize the rebel slave of tyrants,

Or perish in the attempt. As he patroll'd
The streets of Paris, stirring up the mob,
They seiz'd him. [*Applause.*

Billaud Varennes. Let the names of these brave men
Live to the future day.

Enter BOURBON LOUIS, *crowned in Exile.*

Louis L'Orme. I have clear'd the Commune. [*Applause.*
Through the throng I rush'd,
Brandishing my good sword to drench its blade
Deep in the tyrant's heart. The timid rebels
Gave way. I met the soldiery. I spake
Of the dictator's crimes—of patriots chain'd
In dark deep dungeons by his lawless rage—
Of knaves secure beneath his fostering power.
I spake of Liberty. Their honest hearts
Caught the warm flame. The general shout burst forth,
"Live the Convention—Down with Robespierre!" [*Applause.*
[*Shouts from without*—"Down with the Tyrant!"

Tallien. I hear, I hear the soul-inspiring sounds,
France shall be saved! her generous sons attached
To principles, not persons, spurn the idol
They worshipped once. Yes, Robespierre shall fall
As Capet fell! Oh! never let us deem
That France shall crouch beneath a tyrant's throne,
That the almighty people who have broke
On their oppressors' head the oppressive chain,
Will court again their fetters! easier were it
To hurl the cloud-capt mountain from its base,
Than force the bonds of slavery upon men
Determined to be free! [*Applause.*

Enter LEONIDAS—*Applause—he stands, apart in the shadow.*

Lacy (*pointing down the lane.*) So—let the mutinous Jacobin
meet now
In the open air. [*Loud applause.*

A factious turbulent party
Rolling it o'er the state since Danton died,
And with him the Girondists.—A hireling band
Of loud-tongued Cordeliers controll'd the club
And had them bow the knee to Robespierre.
Vivier has stopped me. Curse his coward heart—
This late-bought tube of Justice in my hand,
I rush'd into the hall. He marked mine eye
That burned its patriot anger and flash'd full
With death-denouncing meaning. 'Mid the throng
He mingled. I paused—but stabbed my hand,
Lest haply I might shed the innocent blood. [*Applause.*

Vivier. They took from me my ticket of a hundred—
Expell'd me from their sittings. Now, forsooth,
Humble hand trembling to insert my name.
But I force an entrance to the club again

Till it be purg'd of guilt—till, purified
Of tyrants and of traitors, honest men
May breathe the air in safety. [*Shouts from without.*
Barrere. What means this uproar? if the tyrant band
Should gain the people once again to rise—
We are as dead!
Tallien. And wherefore fear we death?
Did Brutus fear it? or the Grecian friends
Who buried in Hipparchus' breast the sword,
And died triumphant? Cæsar should fear death,
Brutus must scorn the bugbear.
[*Shouts from without*—"Live the Convention!"—"Down with the tyrants!"
Tallien. Hark! again
The sounds of honest Freedom!

Enter Deputies *from the Sections.*

Citizen. Citizens! representatives of France!
Hold on your steady course. The men of Paris
Espouse your cause. The men of Paris swear
They will defend the delegates of Freedom.
Tallien. Hear ye this, Colleagues? hear ye this, my brethren?
And does no thrill of joy pervade your breasts?
My bosom bounds to rapture. I have seen
The sons of France shake off the tyrant yoke:
I have, as much as lies in mine own arm,
Hurl'd down the usurper.—Come death when it will
I have lived long enough. [*Shouts without.*
Barrere. Hark! how the noise increases! through the gloom
Of the still evening—harbinger of death
Rings the tocsin! the dreadful generale
Thunders through Paris.—
[*Cry without*—"Down with the Tyrants!"

Enter LECOINTRE.

Lec. So may eternal justice blast the foes
Of France! so perish all the tyrant brood,
As Robespierre has perished! Citizens,
Cæsar is taken. [*Loud and repeated applauses.*
I marvel not that with such fearless front
He braved our vengeance, and with angry eye
Scowled round the hall defiance. He relied
On Henriot's aid—the Commune's villain friendship,
And Henriot's *boughton* succours. Ye have heard
How Henriot rescued him—how with open arms
The Commune welcom'd in the rebel tyrant—
How Henriot aided, and seditious Vivier
Stirr'd up the Jacobins. All had been lost—
The representatives of France had perish'd—
Freedom had sunk beneath the tyrant arm
Of this foul parricide, but that her spirit

Inspir'd the men of Paris. Henriot call'd
"To arms" in vain, whilst Bourdon's patriot voice
Breath'd eloquence, and o'er the Jacobins
Legendre frown'd dismay. The tyrants fled—
They reach'd the Hotel. We gather'd round—we call'd
For vengeance! Long time, obstinate in despair
With knives they hack'd around them. Till foreboding
The sentence of the law, the clamorous cry
Of joyful thousands hailing their destruction,
Each sought by suicide to escape the dread
Of death. Lebas succeeded. From the window
Leapt the younger Robespierre, but his fractur'd limo
Forbade to escape. The self-will'd dictator
Plung'd often the keen knife in his dark breast,
Yet impotent to die. He lives all mangled
By his own tremulous hand! All gash'd and gored
He lives to taste the bitterness of death.
Even now they meet their doom. The bloody Couthon,
The fierce St. Just, even now attend their tyrant
To fall beneath the axe. I saw the torches
Flash on their visages a dreadful light—
I saw them whilst the black blood roll'd adown
Each stern face, even then with dauntless eye
Scowl round contemptuous, dying as they lived,
Fearless of fate! [*Loud and repeated applause.*

Barrere (*mounts the Tribune.*) For ever hallowed be this glorious day,
When Freedom, bursting her oppressive chain,
Tramples on the oppressor. When the tyrant
Hurl'd from his blood-cemented throne, by the man
Of the almighty people, meets the death
He plann'd for thousands. Oh! my sickening heart
Has sunk within me, when the various woes
Of my brave country crowded o'er my brain
In ghastly numbers—when assembled hordes
Drag'd from their hovels by despotic power
Rush'd o'er her frontiers, plunder'd her fair hamlets,
And sack'd her populous towns, and drench'd with blood
The reeking fields of Flanders. When within,
Upon her vitals prey'd the rankling tooth
Of treason; and oppression, giant-form,
Trampling on freedom, left the alternative
Of slavery, or of death. Even from that day,
When, on the guilty Capet, I pronounced
The doom of injured France, has faction reared
Her hated head amongst us. Roland preach'd
Of mercy—the uxorious dotard Roland,
The woman govern'd Roland durst aspire
To govern France; and Pétion talk'd of virtue,
And Vergniaud's eloquence, like the honeyed tongue
Of the soft Siren, wooed us to destruction.
We triumphed over these. On the same field

Where the last Louis pour'd his guilty blood,
Fell Brissot's head, the womb of darksome treason,
And Orleans, villain kinsman of the Capet,
And Hébert's atheist crew, whose maddening hand
Hurl'd down the altars of the living God,
With all the infidel's intolerance.
The last worst traitor triumphed—triumph'd long
Secur'd by matchless villany. By turns
Defending and deserting each accomplice
As interest prompted. In the goodly soil
Of Freedom, the foul tree of treason struck
Its deep-fix'd roots, and dropt the dews of death
On all who slumbered in its specious shade.
He wove the web of treachery. He caught
The listening crowd by his wild eloquence,
His cool ferocity that persuaded murder,
Even whilst it spake of mercy! never, never
Shall this regenerated country wear
The despot yoke. Though myriads round assail,
And with worse fury urge this new crusade
Than savages have known; though the leagued despot
Depopulate all Europe, so to pour
The accumulated mass upon our coasts,
Sublime amid the storm shall France arise,
And like the rock amid surrounding waves
Repel the rushing ocean.—She shall wield
The thunderbolt of vengeance—she shall blast
The despot's pride, and liberate the world!

THE PICCOLOMINI,

THE FIRST PART OF WALLENSTEIN.

A DRAMA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

PREFACE OF THE TRANSLATOR.

It was my intention to have prefixed a Life of Wallenstein to this translation; but I found that it must either have occupied a space wholly disproportionate to the nature of the publication, or have been merely a meagre catalogue of events narrated not more fully than they already are in the Play itself. The recent translation, likewise, of Schiller's HISTORY of the THIRTY YEARS' WAR diminished the motives thereto. In the translation I endeavoured to render my Author *literally* wherever I was not prevented by absolute differences of idiom; but I am conscious, that in two or three short passages I have been guilty of dilating the original; and, from anxiety to give the full meaning, have weakened the force. In the metre I have availed myself of no other liberties than those which Schiller had permitted to himself, except the occasional breaking-up of the line by the substitution of a trochee for an iambic; of which liberty, so frequent in *our* tragedies, I find no instance in these dramas.

S. T. COLLRIDGE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An old Gothic Chamber in the Council House at Pilsen, decorated with Colours and other War Insignia.*

ILLO *with* BUTLER *and* ISOLANI.

Illo. Ye have come late—but ye are come! The distance,
Count Isolan, excuses your delay.

Isol. Add this too, that we come not empty handed.
At Domauwert* it was reported to us,
A Swedish caravan was on its way
Transporting a rich cargo of provision,
Almost six hundred waggons. This my Croats
Plunged down upon and seized, this weighty prize!——
We bring it hither——

Illo. Just in time to banquet
The illustrious company assembled here.

Butl. 'Tis all alive! a stirring scene here!

Isol. Ay!
The very churches are all full of soldiers. [*Crossing the Stage.*

* A [illegible] Town [illegible] N. E. of Cr[illegible].

And in the Council-house too, I observe,
You're settled, quite at home! Well, well! we soldiers
Must shift and suit us in what way we can.

Ilo. We have the Colonels here of thirty regiments.
You'll find Count Tertsky here, and Tiefenbach,
Kolatto, Goetz, Maradas, Hinnersam,
The Piccolomini, both son and father——
You'll meet with many an unexpected greeting
From many an old friend and acquaintance. Only
Galas is wanting still, and Altringer.

But. Expect not Galas.

Ilo. (*hesitating.*) How so? Do *you* know——

Isc. (*interrupting him.*) Max. Piccolomini here?——O bring me to him.

I see him yet, ('tis now ten years ago,
We were engaged with Mansfeld hard by Dessau)
I see the youth, in my mind's eye I see him,
Leap his black war-horse from the bridge adown,
And t'ward his father, then in extreme peril,
Beat up against the strong tide of the Elbe.
The down was scarce upon his chin! I hear
He has made good the promise of his youth,
And the full hero now is finished in him.

Ilo. You'll see him yet ere evening. He conducts
The Duchess Friedland hither, and the Princess*
From Carnthen. We expect them here at noon.

But. Both wife and daughter does the Duke call hither?
He crowds in visitants from all sides.

Isc. Hm!
So much the better! I had framed my mind
To hear of naught but warlike circumstance,
Of marches, and attacks, and batteries:—
And lo! the Duke provides, that something too
Of gentler sort, and lovely, should be present
To feast our eyes.

Ilo. (*who has been standing in the attitude of meditation, to* BUTLER, *whom he leads a little on one side.*)
And how came you to know
That the Count Galas joins us not?

But. Because
He importuned *me* to remain behind.

Ilo. (*with warmth.*) And you?—You hold out firmly?
[*Grasping his hand with affection.*
Noble Butler!

But. After the obligation which the Duke
Had layed so newly on me——

Ilo. I had forgotten
A pleasant duty—Major General,
I wish you joy!

* The Dukes in Germany being always reigning powers, their sons and daughters are entitled Princes and Princesses.

Isa. What, you mean, of his regiment?
I hear, too, that, to make the gift still sweeter,
The Duke has given him the very same
In which he first saw service, and since then,
Worked himself, step by step, through each preferment,
From the ranks upwards. And verily, it gives
A precedent of hope, a spur of action
To the whole corps, if once in their remembrance
An old deserving soldier makes his way.
But. I am perplexed and doubtful, whether or no
I dare accept this your congratulation.
The Emperor has not yet confirmed the appointment.
Isa. Seize it, friend! Seize it! The hand which in that post
Placed you, is strong enough to keep you there,
Spite of the Emperor and his Ministers!
Ill. Ay, if we would but so consider it!—
If we would all of us consider it so!
The Emperor gives us nothing; from the Duke
Comes all—whate'er we hope, whate'er we have.
Isa. (*to* Illo.) My noble brother! Did I tell you how
The Duke will satisfy my creditors?
Will be himself my banker for the future,
Make me once more a creditable man!—
And this is now the third time, think of that!
This kingly-minded man has rescued me
From absolute ruin, and restored my honour.
Ill. O that his power but kept pace with his wishes!
Why, friend! he'd give the whole world to his soldiers.
But at Vienna, brother!—here's the grievance!—
What politic schemes do they not lay to shorten
His arm, and, where they can, to clip his pinions.
Then these new dainty requisitions! these,
Which this same Questenberg brings hither!—
But. Ay!
These requisitions of the Emperor,—
I too have heard about them; but I hope
The Duke will not draw back a single inch!
Ill. Not from his right most surely, unless first
—From office!
But. (*[illegible]*) Know you *[illegible]* then? You alarm me.
Isa. (*[illegible]* Butler, *and in a hurrying [illegible]*) We should be ruined, every one of us!
Ill. No more!
Yonder I *see [illegible] friend!* approaching
With the Lieutenant-General, Piccolomini.
But. (*[illegible] his head [illegible]*) I fear we shall not go
Lean [illegible] come.

* [illegible]

SCENE II.—*Enter* OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, *and* QUESTENBERG.

Oct. (*still in the distance.*) Ay, ay! more still! Still more new visitors!
Acknowledge, friend! that never was a camp,
Which held at once so many heads of heroes. [*Approaching nearer.*
Welcome, Count Isolani!
Iso. My noble brother,
Even now I am arrived; it had been else my duty—
Oct. And Colonel Butler—trust me, I rejoice
Thus to renew acquaintance with a man
Whose worth and services I know and honour.
See, see, my friend!
There might we place at once before our eyes
The sum of war's whole trade and mystery—
[*To* QUESTENBERG, *presenting* BUTLER *and* ISOLANI *at the same time to him.*
These two the total sum—Strength and Dispatch.
Ques. (*to* OCTAVIO.) And lo! betwixt them both experienced Prudence!
Oct. (*presenting* QUESTENBERG *to* BUTLER *and* ISOLANI.) The Chamberlain and War-commissioner Questenberg,
The bearer of the Emperor's behests,
The long-tried friend and patron of all soldiers,
We honour in this noble visitor. [*Universal silence.*
Ille. (*moving towards* QUESTENBERG.) 'Tis not the first time, noble Minister,
You have shown our camp this honour.
Ques. Once before
I stood before these colours.
Ille. Perchance too you remember *where* that was.
It was at Znäim* in Moravia, where
You did present yourself upon the part
Of the Emperor, to supplicate our Duke
That he would straight assume the chief command.
Ques. To *supplicate?* Nay, noble General!
So far extended neither my commission
(At least to my own knowledge) nor my zeal.
Ille. Well, well, then—to *compel* him, if you chuse.
I can remember me right well, Count Tilly
Had suffered total rout upon the Lech.
Bavaria lay all open to the enemy,
Whom there was nothing to delay from pressing
Onwards into the very heart of Austria.
At that time you and Werdenberg appeared
Before our General, storming him with prayers,
And menacing the Emperor's displeasure,
Unless he took compassion on this wretchedness.
Iso. (*Steps up to them.*) Yes, yes, 'tis comprehensible enough,

* A town not far from the Mine-mountains, on the high road from Vienna to Prague.

Wherefore with your commission of to-day
You were not all too willing to remember
Your former one.

Que. Why not, Count Isolan?
No contradiction sure exists between them.
It was the urgent business of that time
To snatch Bavaria from her enemy's hand:
And my commission of to-day instructs me
To free her from her good friends and protectors.

Ill. A worthy office! After with our blood
We have wrested this Bohemia from the Saxon,
To be swept *out* of it is all our thanks.
The sole reward of all our hard-won victories.

Que. Unless that wretched land be doomed to suffer
Only a change of evils, it must be
Freed from the scourge alike of friend and foe.

Ill. What? 'Twas a favourable year; the Boors
Can answer fresh demands already.

Que. Nay,
If *you* discourse of herds and meadow-grounds—

Isol. The war maintains the war. Are the Boors drained,
The Emperor gains so many more new soldiers.

Que. And is the poorer by even so many subjects.

Isol. Poh! We are all his subjects.

Que. Yet with a difference, General! The one fill
With profitable industry the purse,
The others are well skilled to empty it.
The sword has made the Emperor poor; the plough
Must navigate his resources.

Isol. Stuff!
Times are not yet so bad. Mathias Isolan
[*Examining with his glass the [illegible] and [illegible] of*
QUESTENBERG.
Good store of gold that still remains uncoined.

Que. Thank Heaven! that means have been found out to hide
Some little from the fingers of the Croats.

Ill. There! The Stawata and the Martinitz,
On whom the Emperor heaps his gifts and graces,
To the heart-burning of all good Bohemians—
Those minions of court favour, those court harpies,
Who fatten on the wrecks of citizens
Driven from their house and home—who reap no harvests
Save in the general calamity—
Who now, with kingly pomp, insult and mock
The desolation of their country—these,
Let these, and such as these, support the war,
The fatal war, which they alone kindled!

Isol. And those state-parasites, who have their feet
So constantly beneath the Emperor's table,
Who cannot let a benefice fall, but they
Snap up it with dog's hunger—they, forsooth,
Would pare the soldier's bread, [illegible] !

Iso. My life long will it anger me to think,
How when I went to court seven years ago,
To see about new horses for our regiment,
How from one antechamber to another
They dragged me on, and left me by the hour
To kick my heels among a crowd of simpering
Feast-fattened slaves, as if I had come thither
A mendicant suitor for the crumbs of favour
That fall beneath their tables. And, at last,
Whom should they send me but a Capuchin!
Straight I began to muster up my sins
For absolution—but no such luck for *me!*
This was the man, this Capuchin, with whom
I was to treat concerning the army horses:
And I was forced at last to quit the field,
The business unaccomplished. Afterwards
The Duke procured me in three days, what I
Could not obtain in thirty at Vienna.

Ques. Yes, yes! your travelling bills soon found their way to us:
Too well I know we have still accounts to settle.

Illo. War is a violent trade; one cannot always
Finish one's work by soft means; every trifle
Must not be blackened into sacrilege.
If we should wait till you, in solemn council,
With due deliberation had selected
The smallest out of four-and-twenty evils,
I'faith we should wait long.—
"Dash! and though with it!"—That's the better watch-word.
Then after come what may come. 'Tis man's nature
To make the best of a bad thing once past.
A bitter and perplexed "What shall I do?"
Is worse to man than worst necessity.

Ques. Ay, doubtless, it is true: the Duke *does* spare us
The troublesome task of chusing.

But. Yes, the Duke
Cares with a father's feelings for his troops;
But how the Emperor feels for us, we see.

Ques. *His* cares and feelings all ranks share alike,
Nor will he offer one up to another.

Iso. And therefore thrusts he us into the deserts
As beasts of prey, that so he may preserve
His dear sheep fattening in his fields at home.

Ques. (*with a sneer.*) Count, this comparison you make, not I.

But. Why, were we all the Court supposes us,
'Twere dangerous, sure, to give us liberty.

Ques. You have taken liberty—it was not given you.
And therefore it becomes an urgent duty
To rein it in with curbs.

Oct. (*interposing and addressing* QUESTENBERG.) My noble friend,
This is no more than a remembrancing
That you are now in camp, and among warriors.
The soldier's boldness constitutes his freedom.

Could he *act* daringly, unless he dared
Talk even so? One runs into the other.
The boldness of this worthy officer, [*Pointing to* BUTLER.
Which now has but mistaken in its mark,
Preserved, when nought but boldness could preserve it,
To the Emperor his capital city, Prague,
In a most formidable mutiny
Of the whole garrison. [*Military music at a distance.*
Hah! here they come!

Illo. The sentries are saluting them: this signal
Announces the arrival of the Duchess.

Oct. (*to* QUESTENBERG.) Then my son Max. too has returned.
'Twas he
Fetched and attended them from Carinthen hither.

Ter. (*to* ILLO.) Shall we not go in company to greet them?

Illo. Well, let us go.—Ho! Colonel Butler, come.
[*To* OCTAVIO.
You'll not forget, that yet ere noon we meet
The noble Envoy at the General's palace.
[*Exeunt all but* QUESTENBERG *and* OCTAVIO.

SCENE III.—QUESTENBERG *and* OCTAVIO.

Ques. (*with signs of aversion and astonishment.*) What have I not been forced to hear, Octavio!
What sentiments! what fierce, uncurbed defiance!
And were this spirit universal—

Oct. Hm!
You are now acquainted with three fourths of the army.

Ques. Where must we seek then for a second host
To have the custody of this? That Illo
Thinks worse, I fear me, than he speaks. Art thou
This Butler too—he cannot even conceal
The passionate workings of his ill intentions.

Oct. Quickness of temper—irritated pride;
'Twas nothing more. I cannot give up Butler.
I know a spell that will soon dispossess
The evil spirit in him.

Ques. (*walking up and down in evident disquiet.*) Friend, friend!
O! this is worse, far worse, than we had suffered
Ourselves to dream of at Vienna. There
We saw it only with a courtier's eyes,
Eye-dazzled by the splendour of the throne.
We had not seen the War-chief, the Commander,
The man all-powerful in his camp. Here, here,
'Tis quite another thing.
Here is no Emperor more—the Duke is Emperor.
Alas, my friend! alas, my noble friend!
This walk which you have ta'en me through the camp
Strikes my hopes prostrate.

Oct. Nay, you see yourself

Of what a perilous kind the office is,
Which you deliver to me from the Court.
The least suspicion of the General
Costs me my freedom and my life, and would
But hasten his most desperate enterprise.

Ques. Where was our reason sleeping when we trusted
This madman with the sword, and placed such power
In such a hand? I tell you, he'll refuse,
Flatly refuse, to obey the Imperial orders.
Friend, he *can* do't, and what he can, he will.
And then the impunity of his defiance—
O! what a proclamation of our weakness!

Oct. D'ye think too, he has brought his wife and daughter
Without a purpose hither? Here in camp!
And at the very point of time, in which
We're arming for the war? That he has taken
These, the last pledges of his loyalty,
Away from out the Emperor's domains—
This is no doubtful token of the nearness
Of some eruption!

Ques. How shall we hold footing
Beneath this tempest, which collects itself
And threats us from all quarters? The enemy
Of the empire on our borders, now already
The master of the Danube, and still farther,
And farther still, extending every hour!
In our interior the alarum-bells
Of insurrection—peasantry in arms—
All orders discontented—and the army,
Just in the moment of our expectation
Of aidance from it—lo! this very army
Seduced, run wild, lost to all discipline,
Loosened, and rent asunder from the state
And from their sovereign, the blind instrument
Of the most daring of mankind, a weapon
Of fearful power, which at his will *he* wields!

Oct. Nay, nay, friend! let us not despair too soon.
Men's words are ever bolder than their deeds:
And many a resolute, who now appears
Made up to all extremes, will, on a sudden,
Find in his breast a heart he wot not of,
Let but a single honest man speak out
The true name of his crime! Remember too,
We stand not yet so wholly unprotected.
Counts Altringer and Galas have maintained
Their little army faithful to its duty,
And daily it becomes more numerous.
Nor can he take us by surprise: you know,
I hold him all encompassed by my listeners.
Whate'er he does, is mine, even while 'tis doing—
No step so small, but instantly I hear it;
Yea, his own mouth discloses it.

Qu. 'Tis quite
Incomprehensible, that he detects not
The foe so near!
Ott. Beware, you do not think,
That I by lying arts, and complaisant
Hypocrisy, have skulked into his graces:
Or with the sustenance of smooth professions
Nourish his all-confiding friendship! No—
Compelled alike by prudence, and that duty
Which we all owe our country, and our sovereign,
To hide my genuine feelings from him, yet
Ne'er have I duped him with base counterfeits!
Qu.s. It is the visible ordinance of heaven.
Ott. I know not what it is that so attracts
And links him both to me and to my son.
Comrades and friends we always were—long hold it,
Adventurous deeds performed in company,
And all those many and various incidents
Which store a soldier's memory with affections,
Had bound us long and early to each other—
Yet I can name the day, when all at once
His heart rest on me, and his confidence
Shot out in sudden growth. It was the morning
Before the memorable night at Lützner.
Urged by an ugly dream, I sought him out,
To press him to accept another charger.
At distance from the tents, beneath a tree,
I found him in a sleep. When I had waked him,
And had related all my bodings to him,
Long time he stared upon me, like a man
Astounded; thereon fell upon my neck,
And manifested to me an emotion
That far outstripped the worth of that small service.
Since then his confidence has followed me
With the same pace that mine has fled from him.
Qu.s. You lead your son into the secret?
Ott. No!
Qu.s. What? and not warn him either what bad hands
His lot has placed him in?
Ott. I must perforce
Leave him in wardship to his innocence.
His young and open soul—dissimulation
Is foreign to its habits! Ignorance
Alone can keep alive the cheerful air,
The unembarrassed sense and light free spirit,
That make the Duke secure.
Qu.s. (*aside to Ott.*) My honoured friend! most highly do I deem
Of Colonel Piccolomini—yet—if——
Reflect a little——
Ott. I must venture it.
Hush!—There he comes!

SCENE IV.—MAX. PICCOLOMINI, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, QUESTENBERG.

Max. Ha! there he is himself. Welcome, my father!
[*He embraces his father. As he turns round, he observes* QUESTENBERG, *and draws back with a cold and reserved air.*
You are engaged, I see. I'll not disturb you.
Oct. How, Max.? Look closer at this visitor.
Attention, Max., an old friend merits—Reverence
Belongs of right to the envoy of your sovereign.
Max. (*drily*). Von Questenberg!—Welcome—if you bring with you
Aught good to our head quarters.
Ques. (*seizing his hand.*) Nay, draw not
Your hand away, Count Piccolomini!
Not on mine own account alone I seized it,
And nothing common will I say therewith. [*Taking both hands of both.*
Octavio—Max. Piccolomini!
O saviour names, and full of happy omen!
Ne'er will her prosperous genius turn from Austria,
While two such stars, with blessed influences
Beaming protection, shine above her hosts.
Max. Heh!—Noble minister! You miss your part.
You came not here to act a panegyric.
You're sent, I know, to find fault and to scold us—
I must not be beforehand with my comrades.
Octavio. (*to* MAX.) He comes from court, where people are not quite
So well contented with the duke, as here.
Max. What now have they contrived to find out in him?
That he alone determines for himself
What he himself alone doth understand?
Well, therein he does right, and will persist in't.
Heaven never meant him for that passive thing
That can be struck and hammered out to suit
Another's taste and fancy. He'll not dance
To every tune of every minister.
It goes against his nature—he can't do it.
He is possessed by a commanding spirit,
And his too is the station of command.
And well for us it is so! There exist
Few fit to rule themselves, but few that use
Their intellects intelligently.—Then
Well for the whole, if there be found a man,
Who makes himself what nature destined him,
The pause, the central point to thousand thousands—
Stands fixed and stately, like a firm-built column,
Where all may press with joy and confidence.
Now such a man is Wallenstein; and if
Another better suits the court—no other
But such a one as he can serve the army.

Ques. The army? Doubtless!
Oct. (*to* QUESTENBERG.) Hush! Suppress it, friend!
Unless *some* end were answered by the utterance.—
Of *him* there you'll make nothing.
Max. (*continuing.*) In their distress
They call a spirit up, and when he comes,
Straight their flesh creeps and quivers, and they dread him
More than the ills for which they called him up.
The uncommon, the sublime, must seem and be
Like things of every day. But in the field,
Aye, *there* the *Present Being* makes itself felt.
The personal must command, the actual eye
Examine. If to be the chieftain asks
All that is great in nature, let it be
Likewise his privilege to move and act
In all the correspondencies of greatness.
The oracle within him, that which *lives*,
He must invoke and question—not dead books,
Not ordinances, not mould-rotted papers.
Oct. My son! of those old narrow ordinances
Let us not hold too lightly. They are weights
Of priceless value, which oppressed mankind
Tied to the volatile will of their oppressors.
For always formidable was the league
And partnership of free power with free will.
The way of ancient ordinance, though it winds,
Is yet no devious way. Straight forward goes
The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path
Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies and rapid,
Shattering that it *must* reach, and shattering what it reaches.
My son! the road, the human being travels,
That, on which BLESSING comes and goes, doth follow
The river's course, the valley's playful windings,
Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines,
Honouring the holy bounds of property!
And thus secure, though late, leads to its end.
Ques. O hear your father, noble youth! hear *him*,
Who is at once the hero and the man.
Oct. My son, the nursling of the camp spoke in thee!
A war of fifteen years
Hath been thy education and thy school.
Peace hast thou never witnessed! There exists
An higher than the warrior's excellence.
In war itself war is no ultimate purpose.
The vast and sudden deeds of violence,
Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment,
These are not they, my son, that generate
The Calm, the Blissful, and the enduring Mighty!
Lo there! the soldier, rapid architect!
Builds his light town of canvas, and at once
The whole scene moves and bustles momently,
With arms, and neighing steeds, and mirth and quarrel

The motley market fills; the roads, the streams
Are crowded with new freights, trade stirs and hurries!
But on some morrow morn, all suddenly,
The tents drop down, the horde renews its march.
Dreary, and solitary as a church-yard
The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie,
And the year's harvest is gone utterly.

Max. O let the Emperor make peace, my father!
Most gladly would I give the blood-stained laurel
For the first violet * of the leafless spring,
Plucked in those quiet fields where I have journeyed!

Ott. What ails thee? What so moves thee all at once?

Max. Peace have I ne'er beheld? I *have* beheld it.
From thence am I come hither: O! that sight,
It glimmers still before me, like some landscape
Left in the distance,—some delicious landscape!
My road conducted me through countries where
The war has not yet reached. Life, life, my father—
My venerable father, Life has charms
Which *we* have ne'er experienced. We have been
But voyaging along its barren coasts,
Like some poor ever-roaming horde of pirates,
That, crowded in the rank and narrow ship,
House on the wild sea with wild usages,
Nor know aught of the main land, but the bays
Where safeliest they may venture a thieves' landing,
Whate'er in the inland dales the land conceals
Of fair and exquisite, O! nothing, nothing,
Do we behold of that in our rude voyage.

Ott. (*attentive, with an appearance of uneasiness.*) And so your journey has revealed this to you?

Max. 'Twas the first leisure of my life. O tell me,
What is the meed and purpose of the toil,
The painful toil, which robbed me of my youth,
Left me an heart unsoul'd and solitary,
A spirit uninformed, unornamented,
For the camp's stir and crowd and ceaseless 'larum,
The neighing war-horse, the air-shattering trumpet,
The unvaried, still-returning hour of duty,
Word of command, and exercise of arms—
There's nothing here, there's nothing in all this
To satisfy the heart, the gasping heart!
Mere bustling nothingness, where the soul is not—
This cannot be the sole felicity,
These cannot be man's best and only pleasures!

Ott. Much hast thou learnt, my son, in this short journey.

Max. O! day thrice lovely! when at length the soldier

* In the original,

Den blutgen Lorbeer geb ich hin mit Freuden
Für erste Veilchen, das der März uns bringt,
Das duftige Pfand der neuverjüngten Erde.

Returns home into life; when he becomes
A fellow-man among his fellow-men.
The colours are unfurled, the cavalcade
Marshals, and now the buzz is hushed, and hark!
Now the soft peace-march beats, home, brothers, home!
The caps and helmets are all garlanded
With green boughs, the last plundering of the fields.
The city gates fly open of themselves,
They need no longer the petard to tear them.
The ramparts are all filled with men and women,
With peaceful men and women, that send onwards
Kisses and welcomings upon the air,
Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures.
From all the towers rings out the merry peal,
The joyous vespers of a bloody day.
O happy man, O fortunate! for whom
The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,
The faithful tender arms with mute embracing.

Que. (*starting, as if from a dream.*) O! that you should speak
Of such a distant, distant time, and not
Of the to-morrow, but of this to-day.

Max. (*turning round to him, quick and vehement.*) Where lies the fault but on you in Vienna?
I will deal openly with you, Questenberg.
Just now, as first I saw you standing here,
(I'll own it to you freely) indignation
Crowded and pressed my inmost soul together.
'Tis ye that hinder peace, ye!—and the warrior,
It is the warrior that must force it from you.
Ye fret the General' life out, blacken him,
Hold him up as a rebel, and Heaven knows
What else still worse, because he spares the Saxons,
And tries to awaken confidence in the enemy;
Which yet's the only way to peace: for if
War intermit not during war, *when* then
And *where* can peace come?—Your own plagues fall on you!
Even as I love what's virtuous, hate I you.
And here make I this vow, here pledge my-self;
My blood shall spurt out for this Wallenstein,
And my heart grain off, drop by drop, ere ye
Shall revel and dance jubilee o'er his ruin. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—QUESTENBERG, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

Que. Alas, alas! and stands it so?
[*Turns in pacing and impatient tone,*
What, friend! and do we let him go away
In this delusion—let him go away?
Not call him back immediately, not open
His eyes upon the spot?

Oct. (*roused himself out of a deep study.*) He has opened mine,
And I see more than pleases me.
Ques. What is it?
Oct. Curse on this journey!
Ques. But why so? What is it?
Oct. Come, come along, friend! I must follow up
The ominous track immediately. Mine eyes
Are opened now, and I must use them. Come!
[*Draws* QUESTENBERG *on with him.*
Ques. What now? *Where* go you then?
Oct. To her herself.
Ques. To——
Oct. (*interrupting him, and correcting himself.*) To the Duke.
Come, let us go—'Tis done, 'tis done,
I see the net that is thrown over him.
O! he returns not to me as he went.
Ques. Nay, but explain yourself.
Oct. And that I should not
Foresee it, not prevent this journey! Wherefore
Did I keep it from him?—You were in the right.
I should have warned him! Now it is too late.
Ques. But *what's* too late? Bethink yourself, my friend,
That you are talking absolute riddles to me.
Oct. (*more collected.*) Come!—to the Duke's. 'Tis close upon the hour
Which he appointed you for audience. Come!
A curse, a threefold curse, upon this journey!
[*He leads* QUESTENBERG *off.*

SCENE VI.—*Changes to a spacious chamber in the house of the* DUKE OF FRIEDLAND. Servants *employed in putting the tables and chairs in order. During this enters* SENI, *like an old Italian doctor, in black, and clothed somewhat fantastically. He carries a white staff, with which he marks out the quarters of the heaven.*

1st Ser. Come—to it, lads, to it! Make an end of it. I hear the sentry call out, "Stand to your arms!" They will be there in a minute.

2nd Ser. Why were we not told before that the audience would be held here? Nothing prepared—no orders—no instructions——

3rd Ser. Ay, and why was the balcony-chamber countermanded, that with the great worked carpet?—there one can look about one.

1st Ser. Nay, that you must ask the mathematician there. He says it is an unlucky chamber.

2nd Ser. Poh! stuff and nonsense! That's what I call a *hum.* A chamber is a chamber; what much can the place signify in the affair?

Seni (*with gravity.*) My son, there's *nothing* insignificant,
Nothing! But yet in every earthly thing
First and most principal is place and time.

1*st Ser.* (*to the Second.*) Say nothing to him, Nat. The Duke himself must let him have his own will.

Seni. (*counts the chairs, half in a loud, half in a low voice, till he comes to eleven, which he repeats.*) Eleven! an evil number!
Set twelve chairs.
Twelve! twelve signs hath the zodiac: five and seven,
The holy numbers, include themselves in twelve.

2*nd Ser.* And what may you have to object against eleven? I should like to know that now.

Seni. Eleven is—transgression; eleven oversteps
The ten commandments.

2*nd Ser.* That's good! and why do you call five an holy number?

Seni. Five is the soul of man: for even as man
Is mingled up of good and evil, so
The five is the first number that's made up
Of even and odd.

2*nd Ser.* The foolish old coxcomb!

1*st Ser.* Ey! let him alone though. I like to hear him; there is more in his words than can be seen at first sight.

3*rd Ser.* Off! They come.

2*nd Ser.* There! Out at the side-door.

[*They hurry off.* SENI *follows slowly.* A Page *brings the staff of command on a red cushion, and places it on the table near the* DUKE'S *chair. They are announced from within, and the wings of the door fly open.*

SCENE VII.—WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.

Wal. You went then through Vienna, were presented
To the Queen of Hungary?

Duch. Yes? and to the Empress too,
And by both Majesties were we admitted
To kiss the hand.

Wal. And how was it received,
That I had sent for wife and daughter hither
To the camp, in winter time?

Duch. I did even that
Which you commissioned me to do. I told them,
You had determined on our daughter's marriage,
And wished, ere yet you went into the field,
To shew the elected husband his betrothed.

Wal. And did they guess the choice which I had made?

Duch. They only hoped and wished it may have fallen
Upon no foreign nor yet Lutheran noble.

Wal. And you—what do *you* wish, Elizabeth?

Duch. Your will, you know, was always mine.

Wal. (*after a pause.*) Well then?
And in all else, of what kind and complexion
Was your reception at the court?
[*The* DUCHESS *sits down on the sofa, and remains silent.*
Hide nothing from me. How were you received?

Duch. O! my dear lord, all is not what it was.
A cankerworm, my lord, a cankerworm
Has stolen into the bud.
Wal. Ay! is it so?
What, they were lax? they failed of the old respect?
Duch. Not of respect. No honours were omitted,
No outward courtesy; but in the place
Of condescending, confidential kindness,
Familiar and endearing, there were given me
Only these honours and that solemn courtesy.
Ah! and the tenderness which was put on,
It was the guise of pity, not of favour.
No! Albrecht's wife, Duke Albrecht's princely wife,
Count Harrach's noble daughter, should not so
Not wholly so should she have been received.
Wal. Yes, yes; they have ta'en offence. My latest conduct,
They railed at it, no doubt.
Duch. O that they had!
I have been long accustomed to defend you,
To heal and pacify distempered spirits.
No; no one railed at you. They wrapped them up,
O Heaven! in such oppressive, solemn silence!—
Here is no every-day misunderstanding,
No transient pique, no cloud that passes over;
Something most luckless, most unhealable,
Has taken place. The Queen of Hungary
Used formerly to call me her dear aunt,
And ever at departure to embrace me—
Wal. *Now* she omitted it?
Duch. (*wiping away her tears, after a pause.*) She *did* embrace me,
But then first when I had already taken
My formal leave, and when the door already
Had closed upon me, then did she come out
In haste, as she had suddenly bethought herself,
And pressed me to her bosom, more with anguish
Than tenderness.
Wal. (*seizes her hand soothingly.*) Nay, now collect yourself,
And what of Eggenberg and Lichtenstein,
And of our other friends there?
Duch. (*shaking her head.*) I saw none.
Wal. The Ambassador from Spain, who once was wont
To plead so warmly for me?—
Duch. Silent, silent!
Wal. These suns then are eclipsed for us. Henceforward
Must we roll on, our own fire, our own light.
Duch. And were it—were it, my dear lord, in that
Which moved about the court in buzz and whisper,
But in the country let itself be heard
Aloud—in that which Father Lamormain
In sundry hints and——
Wal. (*eagerly.*) Lamormain! what said *he*?
Duch. That you're accused of having daringly

O'erstepped the powers entrusted to you, charged
With traitorous contempt of the Emperor
And his supreme behests. The proud Bavarian,
He and the Spaniards stand up your accusers—
That there's a storm collecting over you
Of far more fearful menace than that former one
Which whirled you headlong down at Regensburg.
And people talk, said he, of——Ah!— [*Stifling extreme emotion.*
Wal. Proceed!
Duch. I cannot utter it!
Wal. Proceed!
Duch. They talk——
Wal. Well!
Duch. Of a second—— [*Catches her voice and hesitates.*
Wal. Second——
Duch. More disgraceful
——Dismission.
Wal. Talk they?
[*Strides across the chamber in great agitation.*
O! they force, they thrust me
With violence, against my own will, onward!
Duch. (*presses near to him, in entreaty.*) O! if there yet be time, my husband! if
By giving way and by submission, this
Can be averted—my dear lord, give way!
Win down your proud heart to it! Tell that heart,
It is your sovereign lord, your Emperor
Before whom you retreat. O let no longer
Low tricking malice blacken your good meaning
With abhorred venomous glosses. Stand you up
Shielded and helm'd and weapon'd with the truth,
And drive before you into utternost shame
These slanderous liars! Few firm friends have we.—
You know it!—The swift growth of our good fortune
It hath but set us up, a mark for hatred.
What are we, if the sovereign's grace and favour
Stand not before us!

SCENE VIII.—*Enter the* COUNTESS TERTSKY, *weeping, in her hand the* PRINCESS THEKLA, *richly adorned with brilliants.*

COUNTESS, THEKLA, WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.

Ter. How, sister? What already upon business,
[*Observing the countenance of the* DUCHESS.
And business of no pleasing kind I see,
Ere he has gladdened at his child. The first
Moment belongs to joy. Here, Friedland! father!
This is thy daughter.
[THEKLA *[illegible] and timid [illegible] bends her [illegible] knees before him. He [illegible] her in his arms, and remains [illegible] for some time lost in the feeling of her presence.*

Wal. Yes! pure and lovely hath hope risen on me:
I take her as the pledge of greater fortune.
Duch. 'Twas but a little child when you departed
To raise up that great army for the Emperor:
And after, at the close of the campaign,
When you returned home out of Pomerania,
Your daughter was already in the convent,
Wherein she has remain'd till now.
Wal. The while
We in the field here gave our cares and toils
To make her great, and fight her a free way
To the loftiest earthly good; lo! mother Nature
Within the peaceful silent convent walls
Has done her part, and out of her free grace
Hath she bestowed on the beloved child
The godlike; and now leads her thus adorned
To meet her splendid fortune, and my hope.
Duch. (*to* THEKLA.) Thou wouldest not have recognized thy father,
Wouldst thou, my child? She counted scarce eight years,
When last she saw your face.
Thek. O yes, yes, mother!
At the first glance!—My father is not altered.
The form, that stands before me, falsifies
No feature of the image that hath lived
So long within me!
Wal. The voice of my child! [*Then after a pause,*
I was indignant at my destiny
That it denied me a man-child to be
Heir of my name and of my prosperous fortune,
And re-illume my soon extinguished being
In a proud line of princes.
I wronged my destiny. Here upon this head
So lovely in its maiden bloom will I
Let fall the garland of a life of war,
Nor deem it lost, if only I can wreath it
Transmitted to a regal ornament,
Around these beauteous brows.
[*He clasps her in his arms as* PICCOLOMINI *enters.*

SCENE IX.—*Enter* MAX. PICCOLOMINI, *and some time after* Count TERTSKY, *the others remaining as before.*

Coun. There comes the Paladin who protected us.
Wal. Max.! Welcome, ever welcome! Always wert thou
The morning star of my best joys!
Max. My General——
Wal. 'Till now it was the Emperor who rewarded thee,
I but the instrument. This day thou hast bound
The father to thee, Max! the fortunate father,
And this debt Friedland's self must pay.

Max. My prince!
You made no common hurry to transfer it.
I come with shame: yea, not without a pang!
For scarce have I arrived here, scarce delivered
The mother and the daughter to your arms,
But there is brought to me from your equerry
A splendid richly-plated hunting dress
So to remunerate me for my troubles——
Yes, yes, remunerate me! Since a trouble
It must be, a mere office, not a favour
Which I leapt forward to receive, and which
I came already with full heart to thank you for.
No! 'twas not so intended, that my business
Should be my highest best good fortune!

[TERTSKY *enters, and delivers letters to the* DUKE, *which he breaks open hurryingly.*

Coun. (*to* MAX.) Remunerate your trouble! For his joy
He makes you recompense. 'Tis not unfitting
For you, Count Piccolomini, to feel
So tenderly—my brother it beseems
To shew himself for ever great and princely.

Thek. Then I too must have scruples of his love:
For his munificent hands did ornament me
Ere yet the father's heart had spoken to me.

Max. Yes; 'tis his nature ever to be giving
And making happy.

[*He grasps the hand of the* DUCHESS *with still increasing warmth.*

How my heart pours out
Its all of thanks to him: O! how I seem
To utter all things in the dear name Friedland.
While I shall live, so long will I remain
The captive of this name: in it shall bloom
My every fortune, every lovely hope.
Inextricably as in some magic ring
In this name hath my destiny charm-bound me!

Coun. (*who during this time has been anxiously watching the* DUKE, *and remarks that he is lost in thought over the letters*) My brother wishes us to leave him. Come.

Wall. (*turns himself round quick, collects himself, and with cheerfulness to the* DUCHESS.) Once more I bid thee welcome to the camp,
Thou art the hostess of this court. You, Max.
Will now again administer your old office,
While we perform the sovereign's business here.

[MAX. PICCOLOMINI *offers the* DUCHESS *his arm, the* COUNTESS *accompanies the* PRINCESS.

Ter. (*calling after him.*) Max., we depend upon seeing you at the meeting.

SCENE X.—WALLENSTEIN, Count TERTSKY.

Wal. (*in deep thought to himself.*) She hath seen all things as they are—It is so,
And squares completely with my other notices.
They have determined finally in Vienna,
Have given me my successor already;
It is the king of Hungary, Ferdinand,
The Emperor's delicate son! he's now their saviour,
He's the new star that's rising now! Of us
They think themselves already fairly rid,
And as we were deceased, the heir already
Is entering on possession.—Therefore—dispatch!
[*As he turns round he observes* TERTSKY, *and gives him a letter.*
Count Altringer will have himself excused,
And Galas too—I like not this!
Ter. And if
Thou loiterest longer, all will fall away,
One following the other.
Wal. Altringer
Is master of the Tyrole passes. I must forthwith
Send some one to him, that he let not in
The Spaniards on me from the Milanese.
——Well, and the old Sesin, that ancient trader
In contraband negociations, he
Has shown himself again of late. What brings he
From the Count Thur?
Ter. The Count communicates,
He has found out the Swedish chancellor
At Halberstadt, where the convention's held,
Who says, you've tired him out, and that he'll have
No further dealings with you.
Wal. And why so?
Ter. He says, you are never in earnest in your speeches,
That you decoy the Swedes—to make fools of them,
Will league yourself with Saxony against them,
And at last make yourself a riddance of them
With a paltry sum of money.
Wal. So then, doubtless,
Yes, doubtless, this same modest Swede expects
That I shall yield him some fair German tract
For his prey and booty, that ourselves at last
On our own soil and native territory,
May be no longer our own lords and masters!
An excellent scheme!—No, no! They must be off,
Off, off! away! *we* want no such neighbours.
Ter. Nay, yield them up that dot, that speck of land—
It goes not from your portion. If you win
The game, what matters it to you who pays it?
Wal. Off with them, off! Thou understand'st not this.
Never shall it be said of me, I parcelled

My native land away, dismembered Germany,
Betrayed it to a foreigner, in order
To come with stealthy tread, and filch away
My own share of the plunder.—Never! never!—
No foreign power shall strike root in the empire,
And least of all, these Goths! these hunger-wolves!
Who send such envious, hot and greedy glances
T'wards the rich blessings of our German lands!
I'll have their aid to cast and draw my nets,
But not a single fish of all the draught
Shall they come in for.

Ter. You will deal, however,
More fairly with the Saxons? They lose patience
While you shift ground and make so many curves.
Say, to what purpose all these masks? Your friends
Are plunged in doubts, baffled, and led astray in you.
There's Oxenstein, there's Arnheim—neither knows
What he should think of your procrastinations.
And in the end I prove the liar; all
Passes through me. I have not even your hand-writing.

Wal. I *never* give my hand-writing; thou knowest it.

Ter. But how can it be *known* that you're in earnest,
If the act follows not upon the word?
You must yourself acknowledge, that in all
Your intercourses hitherto with the enemy
You might have done with safety all you have done,
Had you meant nothing further than to gull him
For the Emperor's service.

Wal. (*after a pause, during which he looks narrowly on* TERTSKY.)
And from whence dost *thou* know
That I'm *not* gulling him for the Emperor's service?
Whence knowest thou that I'm not gulling all of you?
Dost thou know *me* so well! When made I thee
The intendant of my secret purposes?
I am not conscious that I ever open'd
My inmost thoughts to thee. The Emperor, it is true,
Hath dealt with me amiss; and if I *would*,
I could repay him with usurious interest
For the evil he hath done me. It delights me
To know my *power*; but whether I shall use it,
Of that, I should have thought that thou couldst speak
No wiselier than thy fellows.

Ter. So hast thou always played thy game with us.

Enter ILLO.

SCENE XI.—ILLO, WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

Wal. How stand affairs without? Are they prepared?

Ill. You'll find them in the very mood you wish.
They know about the Emperor's requisitions,
And are tumultuous.

Wal. How hath Isolan
Declared himself?
Illo. He's yours, both soul and body,
Since you built up again his Faro bank.
Wal. And which way doth Kolatto bend? Hast thou
Made sure of Tiefenbach and Deodate?
Illo. What Piccolomini does, that they do too.
Wal. You mean then I may venture somewhat with them?
Illo. —If you are assured of the Piccolomini.
Wal. Not more assured of mine own self.
Ter. And yet
I would you trusted not so much to Octavio,
The fox!
Wal. Thou teachest me to know my man?
Sixteen campaigns I have made with that old warrior.
Besides, I have his horoscope,
We both are born beneath like stars—in short
[*With an air of mystery,*
To this belongs its own particular aspect,
If therefore thou canst warrant me the rest——
Illo. There is among them all but this one voice,
You *must* not lay down the command, I hear
They mean to send a deputation to you.
Wal. If I'm in aught to bind myself to them,
They too must bind themselves to me.
Illo. Of course.
Wal. Their words of honour they must give, their oaths,
Give them in writing to me, promising
Devotion to my service *unconditional.*
Illo. Why not?
Ter. Devotion *unconditional?*
The exception of their duties towards Austria
They'll always place among the premises.
With this reserve——
Wal. (*shaking his head.*) All *unconditional!*
No premises, no reserves.
Illo. A thought has struck me.
Does not Count Tertsky give us a set banquet
This evening?
Ter. Yes; and all the Generals
Have been invited.
Illo (*to* WALLENSTEIN.) Say, will you here fully
Commission me to use my own discretion?
I'll gain for you the Generals' words of honour,
Even as you wish.
Wal. Gain me their signatures!
How you come by them, that is *your* concern.
Illo. And if I bring it to you, black on white,
That all the leaders who are present here
Give themselves up to you, without condition;
Say, will you *then*—*then* will you shew yourself

In earnest, and with some decisive action
Make trial of your luck?
Wall. The signatures!
Gain me the signatures.
Ter. Seize, seize the hour
Ere it slips from you. Seldom comes the moment
In life, which is indeed sublime and weighty,
To make a great decision possible,
O! many things, all transient and all rapid,
Must meet at once: and, haply, they thus met
May by that confluence be enforced to pause
Time long enough for wisdom, though too short,
Far, far too short a time for doubt and scruple!
This is that moment. See, our army chieftains,
Our best, our noblest, are assembled round you,
Their kinglike leader! On your nod they wait.
The single threads, which here your prosperous fortune
Hath woven together in one potent web
Instinct with destiny, O let them not
Unravel of themselves. If you permit
These chiefs to separate, so unanimous
Bring you them not a second time together.
'Tis the high tide that heaves the stranded ship,
And every individual's spirit waxes
In the great stream of multitudes. Behold,
They are still here, here still! But soon the war
Bursts them once more asunder, and in small
Particular anxieties and interests
Scatters their spirit, and the sympathy
Of each man with the whole. He, who to-day
Forgets himself, forced onward with the stream,
Will become sober, seeing but himself,
Feel only his own weakness, and with speed
Will face about, and march on in the old
High road of duty, the old broad trodden road,
And seek but to make shelter in good plight.
Wall. The time is not yet come.
Ter. So you say always.
But when will it be time?
Wall. When I shall say it.
Ter. You'd wait upon the stars, and on their hours,
Till the earthly hour escapes you. O, believe me,
In your own bosom are your destiny's stars.
Confidence in yourself, prompt resolution,
This is your VENUS! and the sole malignant,
The only one that harmeth you is DOUBT.
Wall. Thou speakest as thou understand'st. How oft
And many a time I've told thee, Jupiter,
That lustrous god, was setting at thy birth.
Thy visual power subdues no mysteries:
Mole eyed, thou mayest but burrow in the earth,
Blind as that subterranean, who with wan,

Lead-coloured shine lighted thee into life.
The common, the terrestrial, thou mayest see,
With serviceable cunning knit together
The nearest with the nearest; and therein
I trust thee and believe thee! but whate'er
Full of mysterious import Nature weaves,
And fashions in the depths—the spirits ladder,
That from this gross and visible world of dust
Even to the starry world, with thousand rounds,
Builds itself up; on which the unseen powers
Move up and down on heavenly ministries—
The circles in the circles, that approach
The central sun with ever-narrowing orbit—
These sees the glance alone, the unsealed eye,
Of Jupiter's glad children born in lustre.

[He walks across the chamber, then returns, and standing still, proceeds.

The heavenly constellations make not merely
The day and nights, summer and spring, not merely
Signify to the husbandman the seasons
Of sowing and of harvest. Human action,
That is the seed too of contingencies,
Strewed on the dark land of futurity
In hopes to reconcile the powers of fate.
Whence it behoves us to seek out the seed-time,
To watch the stars, select their proper hours,
And trace with searching eye the heavenly houses,
Whether the enemy of growth and thriving
Hide himself not, malignant, in his corner.
Therefore permit me my own time. Meanwhile
Do you your part. As yet I cannot say
What *I* shall do—only, give way I will not.
Depose me too they shall not. On these points
You may rely.

Page (entering). My Lords, the Generals.

Wal. Let them come in.

SCENE XII. WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, ILLO.—*To them enter* QUESTENBERG, OCTAVIO, *and* MAX. PICCOLOMINI, BUTLER, ISOLANI, MARADAS, *and three other* Generals. WALLENSTEIN *motions* QUESTENBERG, *who in consequence takes the chair directly opposite to him; the others follow, arranging themselves according to their rank. There reigns a momentary silence.*

Wal. I have understood, 'tis true, the sum and import
Of your instructions, Questenberg, have weighed them,
And formed my final, absolute resolve;
Yet it seems fitting, that the Generals
Should hear the will of the Emperor from your mouth,
May't please you then to open your commission
Before these noble Chieftains.

Quest. I am ready

To obey you: but will first entreat your Highness,
And all these noble Chieftains, to consider,
The Imperial dignity and sovereign right
Speaks from my mouth, and not my own presumption.
Wal. We excuse all preface.
Octav. When his Majesty
The Emperor to his courageous armies
Presented in the person of Duke Friedland
A most experienced and renowned commander,
He did it in glad hope and confidence
To give thereby to the fortune of the war
A rapid and auspicious change. The onset
Was favourable to his royal wishes.
Bohemia was delivered from the Saxons.
The Swede's career of conquest checked! These lands
Began to draw breath freely, as Duke Friedland
From all the streams of Germany forced hither
The scattered armies of the enemy,
Hither invoked as round one magic circle
The Rhinegrave, Bernhard, Banner, Oxenstirn,
Yea, and that never-conquered King himself;
Here finally, before the eye of Nurnberg,
The fearful game of battle to decide.
Wal. May't please you to the point.
Octav. In Nurnberg's camp the Swedish monarch left
His fame—in Lutzen's plains his life. But who
Stood not astounded, when victorious Friedland
After this day of triumph, this proud day,
Marched towards Bohemia with the speed of flight,
And vanished from the theatre of war;
While the young Weimar hero forced his way
Into Franconia, to the Danube, like
Some delving winter-stream, which, where it rushes,
Makes its own channel; with such sudden speed
He marched, and now at once 'fore Regenspurg
Stood to the affright of all good Catholic Christians.
Then did Bavaria's well-deserving Prince
Entreat swift aidance in his extreme need;
The Emperor sends seven horsemen to Duke Friedland,
Seven horsemen couriers sends he with the entreaty:
He superadds his own, and supplicates
Where as the sovereign lord he can command.
In vain his supplication! At this moment
The Duke hears only his old hate and grudge,
Barters the general good to gratify
Private revenge—and so falls Regenspurg.
Wal. Max., to what period of the war alludes he?
My recollection fails me here.
Max. He means
When we were in Silesia.
Wal. Ay! Is it so?
But what had we to do there?

Max. To beat out
The Swedes and Saxons from the province.
Wal. Yes.
In that description which the Minister gave
I seemed to have forgotten the whole war.
(*To* QUESTENBERG.) Well, but proceed a little.
Ques. Yes! at length
Beside the river Oder did the Duke
Assert his ancient fame. Upon the fields
Of Steinau did the Swedes lay down their arms.
Subdued without a blow. And here, with others,
The righteousness of Heaven to his avenger
Delivered that long practised stirrer-up
Of insurrection, that curse laden torch
And kindler of this war, Matthias Thur,
But he had fallen into magnaminous hands;
Instead of punishment he found reward,
And with rich presents did the Duke dismiss
The arch-foe of his Emperor.
Wal. (*laughs.*) I know,
I know you had already in Vienna
Your windows and balconies all forestalled
To see him on the executioner's cart.
I might have lost the battle, lost it too
With infamy, and still retained your graces—
But, to have cheated them of a spectacle,
Oh! *that* the good folks of Vienna never,
No, never can forgive me.
Ques. So Silesia
Was freed, and all things loudly called the Duke
Into Bavaria, now pressed hard on all sides.
And he *did* put his troops in motion: slowly,
Quite at his ease, and by the longest road
He traverses Bohemia; but ere ever
He hath once seen the enemy, faces round,
Breaks up the march, and takes to winter quarters.
Wal. The troops were pitiably destitute
Of every necessary, every comfort.
The winter came. What thinks his Majesty
His troops are made of? An't we men? subjected
Like other men to wet, and cold, and all
The circumstances of necessity?
O miserable lot of the poor soldier!
Wherever he comes in, all flee before him,
And when he goes away, the general curse
Follows him on his route. All must be seized,
Nothing is given him. And compelled to seize
From every man, he's every man's abhorrence.
Behold, here stand my Generals. Karaffa!
Count Deodate! Butler! Tell this man
How long the soldiers' pay is in arrears.
But. Already a full year.

Wal. And 'tis the hire
That constitutes the hireling's name and duties,
The soldier's *pay* is the soldier's *covenant.**

Ques. Ah! this is a far other tone from that
In which the Duke spoke eight, nine years ago.

Wal. Yes! 'tis my fault, I know it: I myself
Have spoilt the Emperor by indulging him.
Nine years ago, during the Danish war,
I raised him up a force, a mighty force,
Forty or fifty thousand men, that cost him
Of his own purse no doubt. Through Saxony
The fury goddess of the war marched on,
E'en to the surf-rocks of the Baltic, bearing
The terrors of his name. That was a time!
In the whole Imperial realm no name like mine
Honoured with festival and celebration—
And Albrecht WALLENSTEIN, it was the title
Of the third jewel in his crown!
But at the Diet, when the Princes met
At Regenspurg, there, there the whole broke out,
There 'twas laid open, there it was made known,
Out of what money-bag I had paid the host.
And what was now my thank, what had I now,
That I, a faithful servant of the Sovereign,
Had loaded on myself the people's curses,
And let the Princes of the empire pay
The expenses of this war, that aggrandizes
The Emperor alone—What thanks had I!
What? I was offered up to their complaints,
Dismissed, degraded!

Ques. Let your Highness know
What little freedom he possessed of action
In that disastrous Diet.

Wal. Death and hell!
I had that which could have procured him freedom.
No! Since 'twas proved so inauspicious to me
To serve the Emperor at the empire's cost,
I have been taught far other trains of thinking
Of the empire, and the Diet of the empire.
From the Emperor, doubtless, I received this staff,
But now I hold it as the empire's general—
For the commonweal, the universal interest,
And no more for the one man's aggrandizement!
But to the point. What is it that's desired of me?

* The original is untranslatable into English:

— — — — Und so muss ich
Mich denn wohl für was halten, was mich herzet.

It might perhaps have been thus rendered:

"And so I must [illegible] [illegible] his services,
[illegible]"

But [illegible] is no more than a [illegible]

Ques. First, his imperial Majesty hath willed
That without pretexts of delay the army
Evacuate Bohemia.
Wal. In this season?
And to what quarter, wills the Emperor,
That we direct our course?
Ques. To the enemy.
His Majesty resolves, that Regenspurg
Be purified from the enemy, ere Easter,
That Lutheranism may be no longer preached
In that cathedral, nor heretical
Defilement desecrate the celebration
Of that pure festival.
Wal. My generals,
Can this be realized?
Ilo. 'Tis not possible.
But. It can't be realized.
Ques. The Emperor
Already hath commanded colonel Suys
To advance toward Bavaria?
Wal. What did Suys?
Ques. That which his duty prompted. He advanced!
Wal. What? he advanced? And I, his general,
Had given him orders, peremptory orders,
Not to desert his station! Stands it thus
With my authority? Is this the obedience
Due to my office, which being thrown aside
No war can be conducted? Chieftains, speak!
You be the judges, generals! What deserves
That officer, who of his oath neglectful
Is guilty of contempt of orders?
Ilo. Death.
Wal. (*raising his voice, as all, but* ILLO, *had remained silent, and seemingly scrupulous.*) Count Piccolomini! what has he deserved?
Max. (*after a long pause.*) According to the letter of the law,
Death.
Iso. Death.
But. Death, by the laws of war.
[QUESTENBERG *rises from his seat,* WALLENSTEIN *follows: all the rest rise.*
Wal. To this the law condemns him, and not I.
And if I show him favour, 'twill arise
From the reverence that I owe my Emperor.
Ques. If *so*, I can say nothing further—*here!*
Wal. I accepted the command but on conditions!
And this the first, that to the diminution
Of my authority no human being,
Not even the Emperor's self, should be entitled
To do aught, or to say aught, with the army.
If I stand warranter of the *event*,
Placing my honour and my head in pledge,
Needs must I have full mastery in all

The means thereto. What rendered this Gustavus
Resistless, and unconquered upon earth?
This—that he was the monarch in his army?
A monarch, one who is indeed a monarch,
Was never yet subdued but by his equal.
But to the point! The best is yet to come.
Attend now, generals!
Octa. The prince Cardinal
Begins his route at the approach of spring
From the Milanese; and leads a Spanish army
Through Germany into the Netherlands.
That he may march secure and unimpeded,
'Tis the Emperor's will you grant him a detachment
Of eight horse-regiments from the army here.
Wall. Yes, yes! I understand!—Eight regiments! Well,
Right well concerted, father Lamormain!
Eight thousand horse! Yes, yes! 'Tis as it should be!
I see it coming.
Octa. There is nothing coming.
All stands in front: the counsel of state-prudence,
The dictate of necessity!——
Wall. What then?
What, my Lord Envoy? May I not be suffered
To understand, that folks are tired of seeing
The sword's hilt in my grasp: and that your court
Snatch eagerly at this pretence, and use
The Spanish title to drain off my forces,
To lead into the empire a new army
Unsubjected to my control. To throw me
Plumply aside,—I am still too powerful for you
To venture that. My stipulation runs,
That all the Imperial forces shall obey me
Where'er the German is the native language.
Of Spanish troops and of Prince Cardinals
That take their route, as visitors, through the empire,
There stands no syllable in my stipulation.
No syllable! And so the politic court
Steals in a tiptoe, and creeps round behind it;
First makes me weaker, then to be dispensed with,
Till it dares strikes at length a bolder blow
And make short work with me.
What need of all these crooked ways, Lord Envoy?
Straight-forward, man! His compact with me pinches
The Emperor. He would that I moved off!—
Well!—I will gratify him!——
[*Here there commences an animated whispering with the Generals which increases continually.*
It grieves me for my noble officers' sakes!
I see not yet, by what means they will come at
The moneys they have advanced, or how obtain
The recompence their services demand.
Still a new leader brings new claimants forward,

And prior merit superannuates quickly.
There serve here many foreigners in the army,
And were the man in all else brave and gallant,
I was not wont to make nice scrutiny
After his pedigree or catechism.
This will be otherwise, if the time to come.
Well—me no longer it concerns. [*He sets down.*]

Max. Forbid it Heaven, that it should come to this!
Our troops will swell in dreadful fermentation
The Emperor is abused—it cannot be.

Isc. It cannot be; all goes to instant wreck.

Wal. Thou hast said truly, faithful Isolani!
What we with toil and foresight have built up,
Will go to wreck—all go to instant wreck.
What then? another chieftain is soon found,
Another army likewise (who dares doubt it?)
Will flock from all sides to the Emperor
At the first beat of his recruiting drum.

[*During this speech,* ISOLANI, TERTSKY, ILLO *and* MARADAS *talk confusedly with great agitation.*

Max. (*busily and passionately going from one to another, and soothing them.*) Hear, my commander! Hear me, generals!
Let me conjure you, Duke! Determine nothing,
Till we have met and represented to you
Our joint remonstrances.—Nay, calmer! Friends!
I hope all may be yet set right again.

Tiz. Away! let us away! in the antechamber
Find we the others. [*They go.*

But. (*to* QUESTENBERG.) If good counsel gain
Due audience from your wisdom, my Lord Envoy!
You will be cautious how you show yourself
In public for some hours to come—or hardly
Will that gold key protect you from mal-treatment.

[*Commotions heard from without.*

Wal. A salutary counsel—— Thou, Octavio!
Wilt answer for the safety of our guest.
Farewell, Von Questenberg! [QUESTENBERG *is about to speak.*
Nay, not a word.
Not one word more of that detested subject!
You have performed your duty. We know how
To separate the office from the man.

[*As* QUESTENBERG *is going off with* OCTAVIO; GOETZ, TIEFENBACH, KOLATTO *press in; several other* Generals *following them.*

Goetz. Where's he who means to rob us of our general?

Tie. (*at the same time.*) What are we forced to hear? That thou wilt leave us?

Kol. (*at the same time.*) We will live with thee, we will die with thee.

Wal. (*with stateliness, and pointing to* ILLO.) There! the Field-Marshal knows our will. [*Exit.*

[*While all are going off the stage, the curtain drops.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A small Chamber.*

ILLO *and* TERTSKY.

Ter. Now for this evening's business! How intend you
To manage with the generals at the banquet?
Illo. Attend! We frame a formal declaration,
Wherein we to the Duke consign ourselves
Collectively, to be and to remain
His both with life and limb, and not to spare
The last drop of our blood for *him*, provided
So doing we infringe no oath or duty,
We may be under to the Emperor.—Mark!
This reservation we expressly make
In a particular clause, and save the conscience.
Now hear! This formula so framed and worded
Will be presented to them for perusal
Before the Banquet. No one will find in it
Cause of offence or scruple. Hear now further!
After the feast, when now the vap'ring wine
Opens the heart, and shuts the eyes, we let
A counterfeited paper, in the which
This one particular clause has been left out,
Go round for signatures.
Ter. How? think you then
That they'll believe themselves bound by an oath,
Which we had tricked them into by a juggle?
Illo. We shall have caught and caged them! Let them then
Beat their wings bare against the wires, and rave
Loud as they may against our treachery,
At court their signatures will be believed
Far more than their most holy affirmations.
Traitors they are, and must be; therefore wisely
Will make a virtue of necessity.
Ter. Well, well, it shall content me; let but something
Be *done*, let only some decisive blow
Set us in motion.
Illo. Besides, 'tis of subordinate importance
How, or how far, we may thereby propel
The generals. 'Tis enough that we persuade
The Duke, that they are his—Let him but act
In his determined mood, as if he had them,
And he *will* have them. Where he plunges in,
He makes a whirlpool, and all stream down to it.
Ter. His policy is such a labyrinth,
That many a time when I have thought myself
Close at his side, he's gone at once, and left me
Ignorant of the ground where I was standing.
He lends the enemy his ear, permits me

To write to them, to Arnheim: to Sesina
Himself comes forward blank and undisguised;
Talks with us by the hour about his plans,
And when I think I have him—off at once—
He has slipped from me, and appears as if
He had no scheme, but to retain his place.

Ter. He give up his old plans! I'll tell you, friend!
His soul is occupied with nothing else,
Even in his sleep—They are his thoughts, his dreams
That day by day he questions for this purpose
The motions of the planets——

Ill. Ay! you know
This night, that is now coming, he with SENI
Shuts himself up in the astrological tower
To make joint observations—for I hear,
It is to be a night of weight and crisis;
And something great, and of long expectation,
Is to make its procession in the heaven.

Ter. Come! be we bold and make dispatch. The work
In this next day or two must thrive and grow
More than it has for years. And let but only
Things first turn up auspicious here below——
Mark what I say—the right stars too will show themselves.
Come, to the generals. All is in the glow,
And must be beaten while 'tis malleable.

Ter. Do you go thither, Illo. I must stay
And *wait* here for the Countess Tertsky. Know,
That we too are not idle. Break one string,
A second is in readiness.

Illo. Yes! yes!
I saw your Lady smile with such sly meaning.
What's in the wind?

Ter. A secret. Hush! she comes. [*Exit* ILLO.

SCENE II.—(*The* COUNTESS *steps out from a door.*) COUNT *and* COUNTESS TERTSKY.

Ter. Well—is she coming—I can keep him back
No longer.

Coun. She will be there instantly.
You only send him.

Ter. I am not quite certain
I must confess it, Countess, whether or not
We are earning the Duke's thanks hereby. You know,
No ray has broke out from him on this point.
You have o'er-rul'd me, and yourself know best,
How far you dare proceed.

Coun. I take it on me.
[*Talking to herself, while she is arranging.*
Here's no need of full powers and commissions—
My cloudy Duke! we understand each other—
And without words. What, could I not unriddle,

Wherefore the daughter should be sent for hither,
Why first *he*, and no other, should be chosen
To fetch her hither! This sham of betrothing her
To a bridegroom,* when no one knows—No! no!——
This may blind others! I see through thee, Brother!
But it beseems thee not, to draw a card
At such a game. Not yet!—It all remains
Mutely delivered up to my finessing——
Well—thou shalt not have been deceived, Duke Friedland!
In her who is thy sister.——
Servant (*enters.*) The commanders!
Ter. (*to the* COUNTESS.) Take care you heat his fancy and affections—
Possess him with a reverie, and send him,
Absent and dreaming, to the banquet; that
He may not boggle at the signature.
Coun. Take you care of your guests!—Go, send him hither.
Ter. All rests upon his undersigning.
Coun. (*interrupting him.*) Go to your guests! Go——
Illo. (*comes back.*) Where art staying, Tertsky?
The house is full, and all expecting you.
Ter. Instantly! Instantly! (*To the* COUNTESS.) And let him not
Stay here too long. It might awake suspicion
In the old man——
Coun. A truce with your precautions!
[*Exeunt* TERTSKY *and* ILLO.

SCENE III.—COUNTESS, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Max. (*peeping in on the stage shily.*) Aunt Tertsky! may I venture?
[*Advances to the middle of the stage, and looks around him with uneasiness.*
She's not here!
Where is she?
Coun. Look but somewhat narrowly
In yonder corner, lest perhaps she lie
Concealed behind that screen.
Max. There lie her gloves!
[*Snatches at them, but the* COUNTESS *takes them herself.*
You unkind Lady! You refuse me this—
You make it an amusement to torment me.
Coun. And this the thanks you give me for my trouble?
Max. O, if you felt the oppression at *my* heart!
Since we've been here, so to constrain myself—
With such poor stealth to hazard words and glances—
These, these are not my habits!
Coun. You have still
Many new habits to acquire, young friend!
But on this proof of your obedient temper
I must continue to insist; and only

* In Germany, after long trouble and [illegible] the [illegible] and finally accepted, the lovers are called Bride and Bridegroom, even though the marriage should not take place till years afterwards.

On this condition can I play the agent
For your concerns.
Max. But wherefore comes she not?
Where is she?
Coun. Into *my* hands you must place it
Whole and entire. Whom could you find, indeed,
More zealously affected to your interest?
No soul on earth must know it—not your father.
He must not above all.
Max. Alas! what danger?
Here is no face on which I might concentre
All the enraptured soul stirs up within me.
O Lady! tell me. Is all changed around me;
Or is it only I?
I find myself,
As among strangers! Not a trace is left
Of all my former wishes, former joys.
Where has it vanished to? There was a time
When even, methought, with such a world, as this,
I was not discontented. Now how flat!
How stale! No life, no bloom, no flavour in it!
My comrades are intolerable to me.
My father—Even to him I can say nothing.
My arms, my military duties—O!
They are such wearying toys!
Coun. But, gentle friend!
I must entreat it of your condescension,
You would be pleased to sink your eye, and favour
With one short glance or two this poor stale world,
Where even now much, and of much moment,
Is on the eve of its completion.
Max. Something,
I can't but know, is going forward round me.
I see it gathering, crowding, driving on,
In wild uncustomary movements. Well,
In due time, doubtless, it will reach even me.
Where think you I have been, dear lady? Nay,
No raillery. The turmoil of the camp,
The spring-tide of acquaintance rolling in,
The pointless jest, the empty conversation,
Oppressed and stifled me. I gasped for air—
I could not breathe—I was constrained to fly,
To seek a silence out for my full heart;
And a pure spot wherein to feel my happiness.
No smiling, Countess! In the church was I.
There is a cloister here to the * heaven's gate,
Thither I went, there found myself alone.
Over the altar hung a holy mother;

* I am doubtful whether this be the description of the cloister, or the church of [illegible] of the city gate, near which it stands. I have translated it in the former sense; but fearful of having made an [illegible] blunder, I [illegible] friends—As is such a Kloster [illegible] *sur Thorn*, [illegible]

A wretched painting 'twas, yet 'twas the friend
That I was seeking in this moment. Ah,
How oft have I beheld that glorious form
In splendour, mid ecstatic worshippers;
Yet, still it moved me not! and now at once
Was my devotion cloudless as my love.

Coun. Enjoy your fortune and felicity!
Forget the world around you. Meantime, friendship
Shall keep strict vigils for you, anxious, active.
Only be manageable when that friendship
Points you the road to full accomplishment.
How long may it be since you declared your passion?

Max. This morning did I hazard the first word.

Coun. This morning the first time in twenty days?

Max. 'Twas at that hunting-castle, betwixt here
And Nepomuck, where *you* had joined us, and—
That was the last relay of the whole journey!
In a balcony we were standing mute,
And gazing out upon the dreary field:
Before us the dragoons were riding onward,
The safe-guard which the Duke had sent us—heavy
The inquietude of parting lay upon me,
And trembling ventured I at length these words:
This all reminds me, noble maiden, that
To-day I must take leave of my good fortune.
A few hours more, and you will find a father,
Will see yourself surrounded by new friends,
And I henceforth shall be but as a stranger,
Lost in the many.—"Speak with my aunt Tertsky!"
With hurrying voice she interrupted me.
She faltered. I beheld a glowing red
Possess her beautiful cheeks, and from the ground
Raised slowly up her eye met mine—no longer
Did I control myself.

[*The* PRINCESS THERESA *appears at the door, and remains standing, as* COUNTESS *leads up* MAX PICCOLOMINI.

With instant boldness
I [illegible] her in my arms, my mouth touched hers;
There was a ringing in the room closely;
It parted us—'Twas you. What since has happened,
You know.

Coun. (*[illegible] to* THERESA) And is it
your excess of modesty;
Or are you in [illegible] that you dare not
Ask me to tell my secret?

Max. Of [illegible] secret?

Coun. Why, you! When in the instant [illegible]
I stepped into the room, and I found [illegible],
What she in this first moment of the heart
Taken with surprise [illegible]

Max. [illegible]

SCENE IV.—THEKLA (*hurries forward*) COUNTESS, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Thek. (*to the* COUNTESS.) Spare yourself the trouble:
That hears he better from myself.
Max. (*stepping backward.*) My Princess!
What have you let her hear me say, Aunt Tertsky!
Thek. (*to the* COUNTESS.) Has he been here long?
Coun. Yes; and soon must go.
Where have *you* stayed so long?
Thek. Alas! my mother
Wept so again! and I—I see her suffer,
Yet cannot keep myself from being happy.
Max. Now once again I have courage to look on you.
To-day at noon I could not.
The dazzle of the jewels that play'd round you
Hid the beloved from me.
Thek. Then you saw me
With your eye only—and not with your heart?
Max. This morning, when I found you in the circle
Of all your kindred, in your father's arms,
Beheld myself an alien in this circle,
O! what an impulse felt I in that moment
To fall upon his neck, to call him *father!*
But his stern eye o'erpowered the swelling passion—
It dared not but be silent. And those brilliants,
That like a crown of stars enwreathed your brows,
They scared me too! O wherefore, wherefore should he
At the first meeting spread as 'twere the ban
Of excommunication round you, wherefore
Dress up the angel as for sacrifice,
And cast upon the light and joyous heart
The mournful burthen of *his* station? Fitly
May love dare woo for love; but such a splendour
Might none but monarchs venture to approach.
Thek. Hush! not a word more of this mummery,
You see how soon the burthen is thrown off.
(*To the* COUNTESS.) He is not in spirits. Wherefore is he not?
'Tis you, aunt, that have made him all so gloomy!
He had quite another nature on the journey
So calm, so bright, so joyous eloquent.
(*To* MAX.) It was my wish to see you always so,
And never otherwise!
Max. You find yourself
In your great father's arms, beloved lady!
All in a new world, which does homage to you,
And which, wer't only by its novelty,
Delights your eye.
Thek. Yes; I confess to you
That many things delight me here: this camp,
This motley stage of warriors, which renews

So manifold the image of my fancy,
And binds to life, binds to reality,
What hitherto had but been present to me
As a sweet dream!

Max. Alas! not so to me.
It makes a dream of my reality.
Upon some island in the ethereal heights
I've lived for these last days. This mass of mea
Forces me down to earth. It is a bridge
That, reconducting to my former life,
Divides me and my heaven.

Thek. The game of life
Looks cheerful, when one carries in one's heart
The unalienable treasure. 'Tis a game,
Which having once reviewed, I turn more joyous
Back to my deeper and appropriate bliss.
[*Breaking off, and in a sportive tone.*
In this short time that I've been present here,
What new unheard-of things have I not seen!
And yet they all must give place to the wonder
Which this mysterious castle guards.

Octav. (*reflecting.*) And what
Can this be then? Methought I was acquainted
With all the dusky corners of this house.

Thek. (*smiling.*) Ay, but the road thereto is watched by spirits,
Two griffins still stand sentry at the door.

Octav. (*laughs.*) The astrological tower!—How happens it
That this same sanctuary, whose access
Is to all others so impracticable,
Opens before you even at your approach.

Thek. A dwarfish old man with a friendly face
And snow-white hairs, whose gracious services
Were mine at first sight, opened me the doors.

Max. That is the Duke's astrologer, old Seni.

Thek. He questioned me on many points; for instance,
When I was born, what month, and on what day,
Whether by day or in the night.

Octav. He wished
To erect a figure for your horoscope.

Thek. My hand too he examined, shook his head
With much sad meaning, and the lines, methought,
Did not square over truly with his wishes.

Octav. Well, Princess, and what found you in this tower?
My highest privilege has been to snatch
A stolen glance, and away!

Thek. It was a strange
Sensation that came over me, when at first
From the broad sunshine I stepped in; and now
The narrowing line of daylight, that ran after
The closing door, was gone; and all about me
'Twas pale and dusky night, with many shadows
Fantastically cast. Here six or seven

Colossal statues, and all kings, stood round me
In a half-circle. Each one in his hand
A sceptre bore, and on his head a star;
And in the tower no other light was there
But from these stars: all seemed to come from them.
"These are the planets," said that low old man,
"They govern worldly fates, and for that cause
"Are imaged here as kings. He farthest from you,
"Spiteful and cold, an old man melancholy,
"With bent and yellow forehead, he is SATURN.
"He opposite, the king with the red light,
"An armed man for the battle, that is MARS:
"And both these bring but little luck to man."
But at his side a lovely lady stood,
The star upon her head was soft and bright,
And that was VENUS, the bright star of joy.
On the left hand, lo! MERCURY, with wings,
Quite in the middle glittered silver-bright
A cheerful man, and with a monarch's mein;
And this was JUPITER, my father's star:
And at his side I saw the SUN and MOON.

Max. O never rudely will I blame his faith
In the might of stars and angels! 'Tis not merely
The human being's PRIDE that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance;
Since likewise for the stricken heart of LOVE
This visible nature, and this common world,
Is all too narrow: yea, a deeper import
Lurks in the legend told my infant years
That lies upon that truth, we live to learn.
For fable is Love's world, his home, his birth-place:
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,
And spirits; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and wat'ry depths; all these have vanished.
They live no longer in the faith of reason!
But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,
And to yon starry world they now are gone,
* Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend; and to the lover
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down: and even at this day

---

* "No more of talk, where god or angel guest
With man, as with his friend familiar, used
To sit indulgent." *Paradise Lost*, b. ix.

'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings every thing that's fair!

Thek. And if this be the science of the stars,
I too, with glad and zealous industry,
Will learn acquaintance with this cheerful faith.
It is a gentle and affectionate thought,
That in immeasurable heights above us,
At our first birth, the wreath of love was woven,
With sparkling stars for flowers.

Coun. Not only roses,
But thorns too hath the heaven; and well for you
Leave they your wreath of love inviolate.
What Venus twined, the bearer of glad fortune,
The sullen orb of Mars soon tears to pieces.

Max. Soon will his gloomy empire reach its close.
Blest be the General's zeal: into the laurel
Will he inweave the olive-branch, presenting
Peace to the shouting nations. Then no wish
Will have remained for his great heart! Enough
Has he performed for glory, and can now
Live for himself and his. To his domains
Will he retire; he has a stately seat
Of fairest view at Gitschin; Reichenberg,
And Friedland Castle doth he pleasantly
Even to the foot of the huge mountains share
Stretches the chase and covers of his forests:
His ruling passion, to create the splendid,
He can indulge without restraint; can give
A princely patronage to every art.
And to all worth a Sovereign' [illegible]
Can build, can plant, can watch the [illegible] —

Coun. Yet I would have you look, and look again,
Before you lay aside your arms, young friend!
A gentle bride, as she is, is well worth it
That you should woo and win her with the sword.

Max. O, that the sword could win her!

Coun. What was that?
Did you not hear a thing? Seem'd as if I heard
Tumult and harm in the banqueting-room. [*Ex[illegible]*

SCENE V.—THERESA, MAX. [illegible]

Th. [illegible] COUNTESS [illegible] PICCOLOMINI) Don't trust them! They are false!

Max. [illegible] Impossible!

Th. [illegible] here [illegible] I saw at once,
They had a [illegible]

Max. [illegible] but why [illegible]?
And how [illegible] be restrained to it?

Th. [illegible] than you; but you [illegible]
There [illegible] happy.

To realize our union—trust me, love!
They but pretend to wish it.

Max. But these Tertskys——
Why use we them at all? Why not your mother?
Excellent creature! she deserves from us
A full and filial confidence.

Thek. She doth love you,
Doth rate you high before all others—but
But such a secret—she would never have
The courage to conceal it from my father.
For her own peace of mind we must preserve it
A secret from her too.

Max. Why any secret?
I love not secrets. Mark, what I will do.
I'll throw me at your father's feet—let him
Decide upon my fortunes!—He is true,
He wears no mask,—he hates all crooked way—
He is so good, so noble!

Thek. (*falls on his neck.*) That are you!

Max. You knew him only since this morn; but I
Have liv'd ten years already in his presence,
And who knows whether in this very moment
He is not merely waiting for us both
To own our loves, in order to unite us.
You are silent?——
You look at me with such a hopelessness!
What have you to object against your father?

Thek. I? Nothing. Only he's so occupied—
He has no leisure time to think about
The happiness of us two. [*Exeunt.*

Follow me!
Let us not place too great a faith in men.
These Tertskys—we will still be grateful to them
For every kindness, but not trust them further
Than they deserve;—and in all else rely——
On our own hearts!

Max. O! shall we *ever* be happy?

Thek. Are we not happy now; Art thou not mine;
Am I not thine; There lives within my soul
A lofty courage—'tis love gives it me!
I ought to be less open—ought to hide
My heart more from thee—so decorum dictates:
But where in this place could'st thou seek for truth,
If in my mouth thou didst not find it?

SCENE VI.—*To them enter the* COUNTESS TERSKY.

Cou. (*in a pretended passion.*) Come!
My husband sends me for you—It is now
The latest moment.
[*Thekla and Max rising to attend her, she says, she*
begs to stay on.
Part you!
Th. O, not yet!
It has been but a moment.
Cou. Aye? Time flies
Flies swiftly with your Highness, Princess niece!
Max. There is no hurry, aunt.
Cou. Away! away!
The folks begin to miss you. Twice already
His father has asked for him.
Th. Ha! his father?
Cou. You never think of him, niece!
Th. Why needs he
To go at all to that society?
'Tis not his proper company. They may
Be worthy men, but he's too young for them.
In brief, he sits not such society.
Cou. You mean, you'd rather keep him wholly here?
Th. (*with affected joy*) Yes! you have hit it, aunt! Time flies
In training.
Cou. Time flies wholly! Tell the company
Th. What? I have got a lot your senses, niece?
Can't you remember the conditions. Come!
Max. Thekla, Lady, I must obey. Farewell, dear lady!
[THEKLA *turns away from him with a quick motion.*
What say you then, dear lady?
Th. (*Bitterly, at last.*) Nothing. Go!
Max. Can I, when you are angry——
[illegible]
Oh! How [illegible] It may come home!
Th. Why should it not? It comes this way.—Oh!
[illegible]
Countess [illegible] THEKLA [illegible]
[illegible]

Th. [illegible]
[illegible]

The billows they tumble with might, with might,
And she flings out her voice to the darksome night*,
Her bosom is swelling with sorrow;
The world it is empty, the heart will die,
There's nothing to wish for beneath the sky:
Then Holy One, call thy child away!
I've lived and loved, and that was to day—
Make ready my gray clothes to-morrow.*

SCENE VII.—COUNTESS (*returns*), THEKLA.

Coun. Fie, lady niece! to throw yourself upon him,
Like a poor gift to one who cares not for it,
And so must be flung after him! For you,
Duke Friedland's only child, I should have thought,
It had been more beseeming to have shewn yourself
More chary of your person.
Thek. (*rising.*) And what mean you?
Coun. I mean, niece, that you should not have forgotten
Who *you* are, and who he is. But perchance
That never once occurred to you.

* I found it not in my power to translate this song with *literal* fidelity, preserving at the same time the Alcaic Movement; and have therefore added the original with a prose translation. Some of my readers may be more fortunate.

THEKLA. (*spielt und singt.*)

Der Eichwald brauset, die Wolken ziehn,
Das Mägdlein wandelt am Ufers Grün,
Es bricht sich die Welle mit Macht, mit Macht,
Und sie singt hinaus in die finstre Nacht,
Das Auge von Weinen getrübet:
Das Herz ist gestorben, die Welt ist leer,
Und weiter giebt sie dem Wunsche nichts an Ihr
Du Heilige, rufe dein Kind zurück,
Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und geliebt.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

THEKLA (*plays and sings*).

The oak-forest bellows, the clouds gather, the damsel walks to and fro on the green of the shore; the wave breaks with might, with might, and she sings out into the dark night, her eye disclosured with weeping; the heart is dead, the world is empty, and further gives it nothing more to the wish. Then Holy One, call thy child home. I have enjoyed the happiness of this world, I have lived and have loved.

I cannot but add here an imitation of this song, with which the author of "The Tale of Rosamund Gray and Blind Margaret," has favoured me, and which appears to me to have caught the happiest manner of our old ballads.

The clouds are blackening, the storms threatening,
The cavern doth mutter, the greenwood moan;
Billows are breaking, the damsel's heart aching,
Thus in the dark night she singeth alone,
Her eye upward roving:
The world is empty, the heart is dead surely,
In this world plainly all seemeth amiss;
To thy heaven, Holy One, take home thy little one.
I have partaken of all earth's bliss,
Both living and loving.

Thek. What then?
Coun. That you're the daughter of the Prince-Duke Friedland.
Thek. Well—and what farther?
Coun. What? a pretty question!
Thek. He was *born* that which we have but *become*.
He's of an ancient Lombard family,
Son of a reigning princess.
Coun. Are you dreaming?
Talking in sleep? An excellent jest, forsooth!
We shall no doubt right courteously *entreat* him
To honour with his hand the richest heiress
In Europe.
Thek. That will not be necessary.
Coun. Methinks 'twere well though not to run the hazard.
Thek. His father loves him, Count Octavio
Will interpose no difficulty——
Coun. *Hi!*
His father! *hi!* But your's niece, what of yours?
Thek. Why I begin to think you fear his father.
So anxiously you hide it from the man!
His father, *his*, I mean.
Coun. (*looks at her, as scrutinizing.*) Niece, you are *fair*.
Thek. Are you then wounded? O, be friends with me!
Coun. You hold your game for won already. Do not
Triumph too soon—!
Thek. (*putting her aside, and attempting to embrace her.*) Nay now,
Be friends with me.
Coun. It is not yet so far gone.
Thek. I believe you.
Coun. Did you suppose your father had laid out
His most important life in toils of war,
Denied himself each quiet earthly bliss,
Had banished slumber from his tent, devoted
His noble head to care, and for this only,
To make a happy pair of you? At length
To draw you from your convent, and conduct
In easy triumph to your arms the man
That chance'd to please your eyes! All this, methinks,
He might have purchased at a cheaper rate.
Thek. That which he did not plant for me might yet
Bear me fair fruitage of its own accord.
And if my friendly and affectionate fate,
Out of his fearful and enormous being,
Will but prepare the joys of life for me——
Coun. Thou seest it with a lovelorn maiden's eyes.
Cast thine eye round, bethink thee who thou art.
Into no house of joyance hast thou stepped,
For no espousals dost thou find the walls
Deck'd out, no guests the nuptial garland wearing.
Here is no splendour but of arms. Or think'st thou
That all these thousands here congregated
To keep up the happy nuptials of thy mother?

Thou see'st thy father's forehead full of thought,
Thy mother's eye in tears: upon the balance
Lies the great destiny of all our house.
Leave now the puny wish, the girlish feeling,
O thrust it far behind thee! Give thou proof,
That thou'rt the daughter of the Mighty—*his*,
Who where he moves creates the wonderful.
Not to herself the woman must belong,
Annexed and bound to alien destinies.
But she performs the best part, she the wisest,
Who can transmute the alien into self,
Meet and disarm necessity by choice;
And what must be, take freely to her heart,
And bear and foster it with mother's love.

Thek. Such ever was my lesson in the convent.
I had no loves, no wishes, knew myself
Only as his—his daughter—his, the Mighty!
His fame, the echo of whose blast drove to me
From the far distance, wakened in my soul
No other thought than this—I am appointed
To offer up myself in passiveness to him.

Coun. That *is* thy fate. Mould thou thy wishes to it.
I and thy mother gave thee the example.

Thek. My fate hath shewn me *him*, to whom behoves it
That I should offer up myself. In gladness
Him will I follow.

Coun. Not thy fate hath shewn him!
Thy heart, say rather—'twas thy heart, my child!

Thek. Fate hath no voice but the heart's impulses.
I am all his! *His* Present—*his* alone,
Is this new life, which lives in me. He hath
A right to his own creature. What was I
Ere his fair love infused a soul into me?

Coun. Thou would'st oppose thy father then, should he
Have otherwise determined with thy person?

[THEKLA *remains silent.* *The* COUNTESS *continues.*

Thou mean'st to force him to thy liking? Child,
His name is Friedland.

Thek. *My* name too is Friedland.
He shall have found a genuine daughter in me.

Coun. What? he has vanquished all impediment,
And in the wilful mood of his own daughter
Shall a new struggle rise for him; Child! child!
As yet thou hast seen thy father's smiles alone;
The eye of his rage thou hast not seen. Dear child,
I will not frighten thee. To that extreme,
I trust, it ne'er shall come. His will is yet
Unknown to me: 'tis possible his aims
May have the same direction as thy wish.
But this can never, never be his will
That thou, the daughter of his haughty fortunes,
Should'st e'er demean thee as a love-sick maiden;

And like some poor cost-nothing, fling thyself
Toward the man, who, *if* that high prize ever
Be destined to await him, yet, with sacrifices
The highest love can bring, must pay for it. [*Exit* COUNT.

Thek. (*who during the last speech had been standing evidently in her reflections.*) I thank thee for the hint. It turns
My sad presentiment to certainty.
And it is so!—Not one friend have we here,
Not one true heart! we've nothing but ourselves!
O she said rightly—no auspicious signs
Beam on this covenant of our affections.
This is no theatre, where hope abides.
The dull thick noise of war alone stirs here.
And love himself, as he were armed in steel,
Steps forth, and girds him for the strife of death.

[*Music from the banquet room is heard.*

There's a dark spirit walking in our house,
And swiftly will the Destiny close on us.
It drove me hither from my calm asylum,
It mocks my soul with charming witchery,
It lures me forward in a seraph's shape,
I see it near, I see it nearer floating,
It draws, it pulls me with a god-like power—
And lo! the abyss—and thither am I moving—
I have no power within me not to move!

[*The music is in the banquet room heard again.*

O when a house is doomed to rise to perish,
Many and dark heaven drives his clouds together,
Yea, shoots his lightnings down from sunny heights,
Flames burst from out the gorgeous pleasure,
* And fiends and angels, mingling in their fray,
Sling fire-brands at the burning edifice. [*Exit* THEKLA.

SCENE VIII.—*A Room. Side Doors open to the Saloon, in the Midst of it, and in the Centre of the Stage, a Table set out, at which sit* OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, TERTSKY, *and* MARADAS. *Right and left of the, but more back, two other Tables, at each of which an Officer is seated. The Middle Door, which is standing open, gives to the Prospect of a Table, with the Number of Persons. Music and dance on the sideboard. [illegible] in the Saloon, [illegible] the* Pages *and* Servants *in waiting. All is in Motion. The band of Music belonging to* TERTSKY'S *Regiment [illegible] the Stage, and dance up round the Tables. Before they go off from the Front of the Stage,*

* There are fools who will not have patience enough to laugh at the two concluding lines of this soliloquy; and still fewer, I would fain hope, who would not have been more disposed to shudder, had I given a *faithful* translation. For the readers of Gerhard I have a child too original:

But [illegible]
Dear [illegible]

MAX. PICCOLOMINI *appears*, TERTSKY *advances towards him with a Paper*, ISOLANI *comes up to him with a Bottle or Service-up.*

TERTSKY, ISOLANI, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Iso. Here brother, what we love! Why, where hast been?
Off, to thy place—quick! Tertsky here has given
The mother's holiday wine up to free booty.
Here it goes on as at the Heidelberg castle.
Already hast thou lost the best. They're giving
At yonder table ducal crowns in shares;
There's Sternberg's lands and chattels are put up,
With Eggenberg's, Stawata's, Lichtenstein's,
And all the great Bohemian feodalties.
Be nimble, lad! and something may turn up
For thee—who knows? off—to thy place! quick! march!

Tert. and Gots. call out from the Table (Count Piccolomini!

Ter. Stop, ye shall have him in an instant. Read!
This oath here, whether as 'tis here set forth,
The wording satisfies you. They've all read it,
Each in his turn, and each one will subscribe
His individual signature.

Max. (*reads.*) "Ingratis servire nefas."

Iso. That sounds to my ears very much like Latin.
And being interpreted, pray what may't mean?

Ter. No honest man will serve a thankless master.

Max. "Inasmuch as our supreme Commander, the illustrious Duke of Friedland, in consequence of the manifold affronts and grievances which he has received, had expressed his determination to quit the Emperor, but on our unanimous entreaty has graciously consented to remain still with the army, and not to part from us without our approbation thereof, so we, collectively and *each in particular*, in the stead of an oath personally taken, do hereby oblige ourselves—likewise by him honourably and faithfully to hold, and in nowise whatsoever from him to part, and to be ready to shed for his interests the last drop of our blood, so far, namely, as *our oath to the Emperor will permit it.* (*These last words are repeated by* ISOLANI.) In testimony of which we subscribe our names."

Ter. Now!—are you willing to subscribe this paper?

Iso. Why should he not? All officers of honour
Can do it, aye must do it.—Pen and ink here!

Ter. Nay, let it rest till after meal.

Iso. (*drawing* MAX. *along.*) Come, Max.

[*Exeunt all the guests at their table.*

SCENE IX.—TERTSKY, NEUMANN.

Ter. (*beckons to* NEUMANN *who is waiting at the sideboard, and steps forward with him to the edge of the stage.*) Have you the copy with you, Neumann? Give it.
It may be changed for the other?

Nin. I have copied it
Letter by letter, line by line; no eye
Would e'er discover other difference,
Save only the omission of that clause,
According to your Excellency's order.
Ter. Right! Lay it yonder, and away with this—
It has performed its business—to the fire with it—
[NEUMANN *lays the copy on the table, and lays back the original to the other papers.*

SCENE X.—ILLO. (*Comes out from the second chamber.*) TERTSKY.

Ill. How goes it with young Piccolomini!
Ter. All right, I think. He has started no objection.
Ill. He is the only one I fear about—
He and his father. Have an eye on both!
Ter. How looks it at your table? You forget not
To keep them warm and stirring?
Ill. O, quite cordial.
They are quite cordial in the scheme. We have them.
And 'tis as I predicted too. Already
It is the talk, not merely to maintain
The Duke in station. "Since we're once for all
Together and unanimous, why not,"
Says Montecuculi, "ay, why not onward,
And make conditions with the Emperor
There in his own Vienna?" Trust me, Count,
Were it not for these said Piccolomini,
We might have spared himself the chaff.
Ter. And Isolani?
How goes it there? Hush!

SCENE XI.—*The* [illegible] BUTLER [illegible] ILLO.

Ill. Don't disturb yourselves.
Hell! Max Stalk! I have understood you perfectly.
Come back be to the scheme; and as to me (*Takes a glass of wine.*)
You may depend upon me.
Ill. (*Calls after him.*) May we, Butler?
But. With or without the clause, all one to me!
You understand me? My fidelity
The Duke may put to any proof—I'm still [illegible]!
Tell him so! I'm the Emperor's officer,
As long as 'tis his pleasure to remain
The Emperor's general! and Friedland's [illegible],
As soon as it shall please him to become
His own lord.
Ter. You will [illegible].
No [illegible] to be [illegible],
Is he [illegible] [illegible].

But. (*Very haughty look.*) I do not put up my [illegible]
To sale, Count Tertsky! Half a year ago
I would not have advised you to have made me
An overture to that, to which I now
Offer myself of my own free accord.—
But that is passed! and to the Duke, Field Marshal,
I bring myself together with my regiment.
And mark you, 'tis my humour to believe,
The example which I give will not remain
Without an influence.
Ill. Who is ignorant,
That the whole army look to Colonel Butler,
As to a light that moves before them?
But. Ey?
Then I repent me not of that fidelity
Which for the length of forty years I held,
If in my sixtieth year my old good name
Can purchase for me a revenge so full.
Start not at what I say, sir Generals!
My real motives—they concern not you.
And you yourselves, I trust, could not expect
That this your game had crooked my judgment—
That fickleness, quick blood, or such light cause,
Has driven the old man from the track of honour,
Which he so long had trodden.—Come, my friends!
I'm not thereto determined with less firmness,
Because I know and have looked steadily
At that on which I have determined.
Ill. Say,
And speak roundly, what are we to deem you?
But. A friend! I give you here my hand! I'm your
With all I have. Not only men, but money
Will the Duke want.—Go, tell him, sirs!
I've earned and laid up somewhat in his service,
I lend it him; and is he my survivor,
It has been already long ago bequeathed him,
He is my heir. For me, I stand alone
Here in the world; nought know I of the feeling
That binds the husband to a wife and children.
My name dies with me, my existence ends.
Ill. 'Tis not your money that he needs—a heart
Like yours weighs tons of gold down, weighs down millions!
But. I came a simple soldier's boy from Ireland
To Prague—and with a master, whom I buried.
From lowest stable duty I climbed up,
Such was the fate of war, to this high rank.
The plaything of a whimsical good fortune.
And Wallenstein too is a child of luck,
I love a fortune that is like my own.
Ill. All powerful souls have kindred with each other.
But. This is an awful moment! to the brave,
To the determined, an auspicious moment.

The Prince of Weimar [illegible] upon the Maine
To found a mighty dukedom. He of Halberstadt,
That MANSFELD, wanted but a longer life
To have marked out with his good sword a lordship
That should reward his courage. Who of these
Equals our Friedland? there is nothing, nothing
So high, but he may set the ladder to it!

Ter. That's spoken like a man!

Isol. Do you secure the Standard and Bohemia—
I'll be your warrant for the Scottishman Leslie.
Come! to the company!

Ter. Where is the master of the cellar? Ho!
Let the best wines come up. Ho! choicer, boy!
Luck comes to-day, so give her hearty welcome.

[*Exeunt* [illegible]

SCENE XII.—*The* [illegible] NEUMANN, Servants [illegible].

Max. of Ks. Cl. The best wine! O! if my old mistress, his lady mother, could but see these wild goings on, she would turn herself round in her grave. Yes, yes, sir officer! 'tis all down the hill with this noble house! no end, no moderation! And this marriage with the Duke's sister, a splendid connection, a very splendid connection! but I tell you, sir officer, it bodes no good.

Neu. Heaven forbid! Why, at this very moment the whole prospect is in bad and [illegible]!

Max. of Ks. Cl. [illegible] Well, [illegible] I'd [illegible] on that head.

Lord of Com. [illegible] with [illegible].

Max. of Ks. Cl. Now, [illegible], is this [illegible] the seventieth [illegible]?

Lord of Com. Why, the [illegible], that German lord Tiefenbach sits at the table.

Max. of Ks. Cl. [illegible] NEUMANN.) They [illegible] too high. They [illegible] rival kings and electors in their pomp and splendour; and wherever the Duke leaps, not a minute [illegible] gracious master, there [illegible], loiter on the brink.——(*To the Servants.*)—What do you stand there listening for? I will let you know you have legs pretty [illegible]. Out! see to the tables, see to the flasks! Look there! Count Palfi has an empty glass before him!

Butler. [illegible] The great [illegible] is wanted, sir; that is [illegible] gold cup with the Bohemian [illegible]. The Count says you know which it is.

Max. of Ks. Cl. Ay! that was made for Frederick's coronation by the [illegible] William [illegible] their price in the whole [illegible] of Prague.

Butler. The [illegible] him.

Max. of Ks. Cl. [illegible] This will [illegible] Vienna.

Neu. Permit me to look at it.—Well, this is a cup indeed! How heavy! as well it may be, being all gold.—And what neat things are embossed on it! how natural and elegant they look!—There, on that first quarter, let me see. That proud Amazon there on horseback, she that is taking a leap over the crosier and mitres, and carries on a wand a hat together with a banner, on which there's a goblet represented. Can you tell me what all this signifies?

Mast. of the Cel. The woman whom you see there on horseback, is the Free Election of the Bohemian Crown. That is signified by the round hat, and by that fiery steed on which she is riding. The hat is the pride of man; for he who cannot keep his hat on before kings and emperors is no free man.

Neu. But what is the cup there on the banner?

Mast. of the Cel. The cup signifies the freedom of the Bohemian Church, as it was in our forefathers' times. Our forefathers in the wars of the Hussites forced from the Pope this noble privilege; for the Pope, you know, will not grant the cup to any layman. Your true Moravian values nothing beyond the cup; it is his costly jewel, and has cost the Bohemians their precious blood in many and many a battle.

Neu. And what says that chart that hangs in the air there, over it all?

Mast. of the Cel. That signifies the Bohemian letter royal, which we forced from the Emperor Rudolph—a precious, never-to-be-enough valued parchment, that secures to the new Church the old privileges of free ringing and open psalmody. But since he of Steiermärk has ruled over us, that is at an end; and after the battle at Prague, in which Count Palatine Frederic lost crown and empire, our faith hangs upon the pulpit and the altar—and our brethren look at their homes over their shoulders; but the letter royal the Emperor himself cut to pieces with his scissars.

Neu. Why, my good Master of the Cellar! you are deep read in the chronicles of your country!

Mast. of the Cel. So were my forefathers, and for that reason were the minstrels, and served under Procopius and Ziska. Peace be with their ashes! Well, well! they fought for a good cause though—There! carry it up!

Neu. Stay! let me but look at this second quarter. Look *there!* That is, when at Prague Castle the Imperial Counsellors, Martinitz and Stawata, were hurled down head over heels. 'Tis even so! there stands Count Thur who commands it.

[Runner *takes the service-up and goes off with it.*

Mast. of the Cel. O let me never more hear of that day. It was the three and twentieth of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand, six hundred, and eighteen. It seems to me as it were but yesterday—from that unlucky day it all began, all the heart-aches of the country. Since that day it is now sixteen years, and there has never once been peace on the earth.

[*Health drank aloud at the second table.*

The Prince of Weimar! Hurra? [*At the third and fourth table.*

Long live Prince William! Long live Duke Bernard? Hurra!

[*Music strikes up.*

1*st Ser.* Hear'em! Hear'em! What an uproar!

2*nd Ser.* (*comes in running.*) Did you hear? They have drank the Prince of Weimar's health.

3*rd Ser.* The Swedish Chief Commander!

1*st Ser.* (*speaking at the same time.*) The Lutheran!

2*nd Ser.* Just before, when Count Deodate gave out the Emperor's health, they were all as mum as a nibbling mouse.

Mast. of the Cel. Po, po! When the wine goes in, strange things come out. A good servant hears, and hears not!—You should be nothing but eyes and feet, except when you're called to.

2*nd Ser.* (*to the* Runner, *who comes with the flask of wine, spin, his arm on it.*) Master of the Cellar, *(running between him and the* Runner.) Quick, Thomas! before the Master of the Cellar runs this way—'tis a flask of Frontignac!—Snapper it up at the third table—Canst go off with it?

Run. (*hides it in his pocket.*) All right!

(*Exeunt the Second Servant.*)

3*rd Ser.* (*at the door.*) Be on the watch, Jack! that we may have right plenty to tell to Father Quiroga—He will give us right plenty of absolution in return for it.

1*st Ser.* For that very purpose I am always having something to do behind Illo's chair.—He is the man for speeches to make you stare with!

Mast. of the Cel. (*to* NEUMANN.) Who, pray, may that swarthy man be, he with the cross, that is chatting so confidentially with Isterhatz?

Neu. Ay! he too is one of those to whom they confide too much. He calls himself Maradas, a Spaniard. He is he.

Mast. of the Cel. (*impatiently.*) Spaniard! Spaniard!—I tell you, friend, nothing good comes of the Spaniards. All these outlandish fellows are little better than rogues.

Neu. Fy, fy! you should not say so, friend. There are among them our very best generals, and those on whom the Duke at this moment relies the most.

Mast. of the Cel. (*taking the flask of wine from the* Runner's *pocket.*) My son, it will be broken to pieces in your pocket.

[TERTSKY *comes in, with a sixth party, and all the* Servants *run out, except the Master of the Cellar.*

Mast. of the Cel. (*to the* Servants.) The Lieutenant-General starts up.—Be on the watch.—Now! They break up.—Off, and move back the forms!

[*The* Servants *do as he orders, and the Guests are seen in the distance.*

The [illegible] given in Schiller's text, [illegible] "Die [illegible] Mondes, die Frontignac." [illegible] Frontignac means the [illegible] wine; but there [illegible] Frontignac [illegible] the wine [illegible] foreign. In [illegible] Our [illegible] Frontignac means [illegible] nuts—Walle-nuts, in Germany. "Wal[illegible]." — I

SCENE XIII.—(OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI *enters in conversation with* MARADAS, *and both place themselves quite on the edge of the stage on one side of the proscenium. On the side directly opposite,* MAX. PICCOLOMINI, *by himself, lost in thought, and taking no part in anything that is going forward. The middle space between them, but rather more distant from the front of the stage, is filled up by* BUTLER, ISOLANI, GOLTZ, TIEFENBACH, *and* KOLATTO.)

Iso. (*while the company is coming forward.*) Good night, good night, Kolatto! Good night, Lieutenant-General!—I should rather say, good morning.

Goltz. (*to* TIEFENBACH.) Noble brother! (*making the usual compliment after meals.*)

Tief. Ay! 'twas a royal feast indeed.

Goltz. Yes, my Lady Countess understands these matters. Her mother-in-law, heaven rest her soul, taught her!—Ah! that was a housewife for you!

Tief. There was not her like in all Bohemia for setting out a table.

Oct. (*aside to* MARADAS.) Do me the favour to talk to me—talk of what you will—or of nothing. Only preserve the appearance at least of talking. I would not wish to stand by myself, and yet I conjecture that there will be goings on here worthy of our attentive observation. [*He continues to gaze his eye on the door of the saloon.*

Iso. (*on the point of going.*) Lights! lights!

Ter. (*advances with the paper to* ISOLANI.) Noble brother! two minutes longer!—Here is something to subscribe.

Iso. Sub-scribe as much as you like—but you must excuse me from reading it.

Ter. There is no need. It is the oath which you have already read.—Only a few marks of your pen!

[ISOLANI *hands over the paper to* OCTAVIO *respectfully.*

Ter. Nay, nay, first come first served. There is no precedence here.

[OCTAVIO *runs over the paper with apparent indifference.*

TERTSKY *watches him at some distance.*

Goltz. (*to* TERTSKY.) Noble Count! with your permission—Good night.

Ter. Where's the hurry? Come, one other composing draught. (*To the servants.*)—Ho!

Goltz. Excuse me—can't able.

Ter. A thimble-full!

Goltz. Excuse me.

Tief. (*sits down.*) Pardon me, nobles!—This standing does not agree with me.

Ter. Consult only your own convenience, General!

Tief. Clear at head, sound in stomach—only my legs won't carry me any longer.

Iso. (*pointing at his corpulence.*) Poor legs! how *should* they? Such an unmerciful load!

[OCTAVIO *subscribes his name, and reaches over the paper to* TERTSKY, *who gives it to* ISOLANI; *and he goes to the table to sign his name.*

Tief. 'Twas that war in Pomerania that first brought it on. Out in all weathers—ice and snow—no help for it.—I shall never get the better of it all the days of my life.

Götz. Why, in simple verity, your Swede makes no nice enquiries about the season.

Ter. (*observing* ISOLANI, *whose hand trembles excessively, so that he can scarcely direct his pen.*) Have you had that ugly complaint long, noble brother?—Dispatch it.

Iso. The sins of youth! I have already tried the Chalybeate waters. Well—I must bear it.

[TERTSKY *gives the paper to* MARADAS; *he gives it to* ILLO *to subscribe.*

Oct. (*advancing to* BUTLER.) You are not over fond of the orgies of Bacchus, Colonel! I have observed it. You would I think, find yourself more to your liking in the uproar of a battle, than of a feast.

But. I must confess, 'tis not in my way.

Oct. (*stepping nearer to him friendlily.*) Nor in mine either, I can assure you; and I am not a little glad, my much honoured Colonel Butler, that we agree so well in our opinions. A half dozen good friends at most, at a small round table, a glass of genuine Tokay, open hearts, and a rational conversation—that's my taste!

But. And mine too, when it can be had.

[*The paper passes to* TIEFENBACH, *who glances over it at the same time with* GÖTZ *and* KOLATTO. MARADAS *in the mean time returns to* OCTAVIO, *all this takes place, the conversation with* BUTLER *proceeding uninterrupted.*

Oct. (*introducing* MARADAS *to* BUTLER.) Don Balthasar Maradas! likewise a man of our stamp, and long ago your admirer.

[BUTLER *bows.*

Oct. (*continuing.*) You are a stranger here—'twas but yesterday you arrived; you are ignorant of the ways and means here. 'Tis a wretched place—I know, at our age, one loves to be snug and quiet—What if you moved your lodgings?—Come, be my visitor. (BUTLER *makes a low bow.*) Nay, without compliment!—For a friend like you, I have still a corner remaining.

But. (*coldly.*) Your obliged humble servant, my Lord Lieutenant-General!

[*The paper comes to* BUTLER, *who goes to the table to subscribe it. The front of the stage is vacant, so that both the* PICCOLOMINIS, *each on the side where he had been from the commencement of the scene, remain alone.*

Oct. (*After having some time watched his son in silence, advances somewhat nearer to him.*) You were long absent from us, friend!

Max. I—urgent business detained me.

Oct. And, I observe, you are still absent!

Max. You know this crowd and bustle always makes me silent.

Oct. (*advancing still nearer.*) May I be permitted to ask what the business was that detained you? *Tertsky* knows it without asking!

Max. What does Tertsky know?

Oct. He was the only one who did not miss you.

Ise. (*who has been attending to them from some distance, steps up.*) Well done, father! Rout out his baggage! Beat up his quarters! there is something there that should not be.

Ter. (*with the paper.*) Is there none wanting? Have the whole subscribed?

Oct. All.

Ter. (*calling aloud.*) Ho! Who subscribes?

But. (*to* TERTSKY.) Count the names. There ought to be just thirty.

Ter. Here is a cross.

Tief. That's my mark.

Ise. He cannot write; but his cross is a good cross, and is honoured by Jews as well as Christians.

Oct. (*presses on to* MAX.) Come, General! let us go. It is late.

Ter. *One* Piccolomini only has signed.

Ise. (*pointing to* MAX.) Look! that is your man, that statue there, who has had neither eye, ear, nor tongue for us the whole evening.

[MAX *receives the paper from* TERTSKY, *which he looks upon vacantly.*)

SCENE XIV.—(*To these enter* ILLO *from the inner room. He has in his hand the golden service-cup, and is extremely distempered with drinking:* GOETZ *and* BUTLER *follow him, endeavouring to keep him back.*)

Illo. What do you want? Let me go.

Goetz and But. Drink no more, Illo! For heaven's sake, drink no more.

Illo. (*goes up to* OCTAVIO, *and shakes him cordially by the hand, and then drinks.*) Octavio! I bring this to you! Let all grudge be drowned in this friendly bowl! I know well enough, ye never loved me—Devil take me!—and I never loved you!—I am always even with people in that way!—Let what's past be past—that is, you understand—forgotten! I esteem you infinitely. (*Embracing him repeatedly*). You have not a dearer friend on earth than I—but that you know. The fellow that cries rogue to you calls me villain—and I'll strangle him!—my *dear* friend!

Ter. (*whispering to him.*) Art in thy senses? For heaven's sake, Illo! think where you are.

Illo. (*aloud.*) What do you mean? There are none but friends here, are there! (*Looks round the whole circle with a jolly and triumphant air.*) Not a sneaker among us thank heaven!

Ter. (*to* BUTLER, *eagerly.*) Take him off with you, force him off, I entreat you, Butler!

But. (*to* ILLO.) Field Marshal! a word with you.

[*Leads him to the side-board.*

Illo. (*cordially.*) A thousand for one; Fill—Fill it once more up to the brim.—To this gallant man's health!

Ise. (*to* MAX. *who all the while has been staring on the paper with fixed but vacant eyes.*) Slow and sure, my noble brother?—Hast *passed* it all yet?—Some words yet to go through?—Ha?

Max. (*awaking as from a dream.*) What am I to do?

Ter. (*and at the same time* Isolani.) Sign your name.

[Octavio *fixes his eyes on him with intense anxiety.*

Max. (*returns the paper.*) Let it stay till to-morrow. It is *business* to-day. I am not sufficiently collected. Send it to me to-morrow.

Ter. Nay, collect yourself a little.

Iso. Awake, man! awake! Come, thy signature, and have done with it! What? Thou art the youngest in the whole company, and wouldst be wiser than all of us together? Look there! thy father has signed—we have all signed.

Ter. (*to* Octavio.) Use your influence. Instruct him.

Oct. My son is at the age of discretion.

Illo. (*leaves the wine-cup on the side-board.*) What's the dispute?

Ter. He declines subscribing the paper.

Max. I say, it may as well stay till to-morrow.

Illo. It cannot stay. We have all subscribed to it—and so must you.—You must subscribe.

Max. Illo good night!

Illo. No! you come not off so! The Duke shall learn who are his friends.

[*All collect round* Illo *and* Max.

Max. What my sentiments are towards the Duke, the Duke knows, every one knows—what need of this wild stuff?

Illo. This is the thanks the Duke gets for his partiality to Italians and foreigners. Us Bohemians he holds for little better than dullards—nothing pleases him but what's outlandish.

Ter. (*in a stern, but suppressed, both commanding, and at* Illo's *word. Illo suddenly starts, as if preparing to resent them.*) It is the wine that speaks, and not his reason. Attend not to him, I entreat you.

Iso. (*with a kind of fear, &c.*) Wine invents nothing: it only *tattles*.

Illo. He who is not with me is against me. Your tender consciences! Unless they can slip out by a back door, by a puny proviso—

Ter. (*and interrupting him.*) He is stark mad—don't listen to him!

Illo. (*raising his voice to the highest pitch.*) Unless they can slip out by a *proviso*. What of the proviso? The devil take this proviso!

Max. (*has been attentive to reason, and looks again into the paper.*) What is there here then of such perilous import? You make me curious—I must look closer at it.

Ter. (*in a low voice to* Illo.) What are you doing, Illo? You are ruining us.

Iso. (*to* Octavio.) Ay, ay! I observed, that before we sat down to supper, it was read differently.

Oct. Why, I seemed to think so too.

Iso. What do I care for that? Where there stand other names, mine can stand too.

Tief. Before supper there was a certain proviso therein, or else a clause concerning our duties to the Emperor.

Ter. (*to the* Commanders.) For shame, for shame! Bethink ye, what is man's business here? The question now is, whether we will keep our General, or let him retire. One must not talk thus, so thoughtlessly and over-emphatically.

Isol. (*to one of the* Generals.) Did the Duke make any of these provisos when he gave you your regiment?

Tert. (*to* GOETZ.) Or when he gave you the office of army purveyancer, which brings you in yearly a thousand pistoles!

Illo. He is a rascal who makes us out to be rogues. If there be any one that wants satisfaction, let him say so,—I am his man.

Tief. Softly, softly! 'Twas but a word or two.

Max (*having read the paper gives it back.*) Till to-morrow, therefore!

Illo. (*stammering with rage and fury, loses all command over himself, and presents the paper to* MAX *with one hand, and his sword in the other.*) Subscribe—Judas!

Isol. Out upon you, Illo!

Oct. Tert. But. (*all together.*) Down with the sword!

Max. (*rushes on him suddenly and seizes him, then to* COUNT TERSKY.) Take him off to bed.

[MAX. *leaves the stage.* ILLO *goes off, raving, is held back by some of the others, who are all in great confusion the curtain drops.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber in* PICCOLOMINI'S *House.—It is Night.*

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI. *A* Valet de Chambre, *with lights.*

Oct. ——And when my son comes in, conduct him hither.
What is the hour?

Valet. 'Tis on the point of morning.

Oct. Set down the light. We mean not to undress.
You may retire to sleep.

[*Exit* Valet. OCTAVIO *paces, musing, across the chamber:* MAX. PICCOLOMINI *enters unobserved, and looks at his father for some moments in silence.*

Max. Art thou offended with me? Heaven knows
That odious business was no fault of mine.
'Tis true, indeed, I saw thy signature.
What *thou* hadst sanctioned, should not, it might seem,
Have come amiss to me. But—'tis my nature—
Thou know'st, that in such matters I must follow
My own light, not another's.

Oct. (*goes up to him, and embraces him.*) Follow it,
O follow it still further, my best son!
To-night, dear boy! it hath more faithfully
Guided thee than the example of thy father.

Max. Declare thyself less darkly.

Oct. I will do so.
For after what has taken place this night,
There must remain no secrets 'twixt us two. [*Both sit themselves.*

Max. Piccolomini! what thinkest thou of
The oath that was sent round for signatures?
Max. I hold it for a thing of harmless import,
Although I love not these set declarations.
Oct. And on no other ground hadst thou refused
The signature they fain had wrested from thee?
Max. It was a serious business——I was afraid—
The affair itself seemed not so urgent to me.
Oct. Be open, Max. Thou hadst then no suspicion?
Max. Suspicion! what suspicion? Not the least.
Oct. Thank thy good angel, Piccolomini:
He drew thee back unconscious from the abyss.
Max. I know not what thou meanest.
Oct. I will tell thee.
Fain would they have extorted from thee, son,
The sanction of thy name to villainy;
Yea, with a single flourish of thy pen,
Made thee renounce thy duty and thy honour!
Max. (*rises.*) Octavio!
Oct. Patience! Seat yourself. Much by
Hast thou to hear from me, friend!—hast for years
Lived in incomprehensible illusion.
Before thine eyes is Treason drawing out
As black a web as e'er was spun for venom:
A power of hell o'erclouds thy understanding.
I dare no longer stand in silence—dare
No longer see thee wandering on in darkness,
Nor pluck the bandage from thine eyes.
Max. My father!
Yet, ere thou speakest, a moment's pause of thought!
If your disclosures should appear to be
Conjectures only—and almost I fear
They will be nothing further—spare them! I
Am not in that collected mood at present,
That I could listen to them quietly.
Oct. The deeper cause thou hast to hate this light,
The more impatient cause have I, my son,
To force it on thee. To the innocence
And wisdom of thy heart I could have trust. I thee
With calm assurance—but I see the net
Preparing—and it is thy heart itself
Alarms me for thine innocence—that secret
[*Having, during the last words, fixed his eye on his son.*
Which thou concealest, forces *me* from me.
[Max. *attempts to answer, but hesitates, and casts his eye upon the ground, in silence.*
Oct. (*rises, and says*) Know, then, they are playing thee!—a mere foul game
With thee and with us all—may, hear it—they
The Duke even now is playing. He deceives
The nation, as if he would forsake the cause;
And in this moment makes he peace

That army from the Emperor—to wind,
And carry it over to the enemy!
Max. That low Priest's legend I know well, but did not
Expect to hear it from thy mouth.
Oct. That mouth,
From which thou hearest it at this present moment,
Doth warrant thee that it is no Priest's legend.
Max. How mere a maniac they supposed the Duke;
What, he can meditate?—the Duke?—can dream
That he can lure away full thirty thousand
Tried troops and true, all honourable soldiers,
More than a thousand noblemen among them,
From oaths, from duty, from their honour lure them,
And make them all unanimous to do
A deed that brands them scoundrels?
Oct. Such a deed,
With such a front of infamy, the Duke
No ways desires—what he requires of us
Bears a far gentler appellation. Nothing
He wishes, but to give the Empire peace.
And so, because the Emperor hates this peace,
Therefore the Duke—the Duke will force him to it.
All parts of the Empire will he pacify,
And for his trouble will retain in payment
(What he has already in his gripe)—Bohemia!
Max. Has he, Octavio, merited of us,
That we—that we should think so vilely of him?
Oct. What *we would* think is not the question here.
The affair speaks for itself—and clearest proof!
Hear me, my son—'tis not unknown to me,
In what ill credit with the Court we stand.
But little dost thou know, or guess, what tricks,
What base intrigues, what lying artifices,
Have been employed—for this sole end—to sow
Mutiny in the camp! All bands are loosed—
Loosed all the bands, that link the officer
To his liege Emperor, all that bind the soldier
Affectionately to the citizen.
Lawless he stands, and threateningly beleaguers
The state he's bound to guard. To such a height
'Tis swoln, that at this hour the Emperor
Before his armies—his own armies—trembles;
Yea, in his capital, his palace, fears
The traitors' poniards, and is meditating
To hurry off and hide his tender offspring—
Not from the Swedes, not from the Lutherans—
No! from his own troops hide and hurry them!
Max. Cease, cease! thou torturest, shatterest me. I know
That oft we tremble at an empty terror;
But the false phantasm brings a real misery.
Oct. It is no phantasm. An intestine war,
Of all the most unnatural and cruel,

Will burst out into flames, if instantly
We do not fly and stifle it. The Generals
Are many of them long ago won over;
The subalterns are vacillating—whole
Regiments and garrisons are vacillating.
To foreigners our strongholds are entrusted;
To that suspected Schafgotch is the whole
Force of Silesia given up: to Tertsky
Five regiments, foot and horse—to Isolani,
To Illo, Kinsky, Butler, the best troops.

Max. Likewise to both of us.

Oct. Because the Duke
Believes he has secured us—means to lure us
Still further on by splendid promises.
To me he portions forth the princedoms, Glatz
And Sagan; and too plain I see the angel
With which he doubts not to catch *thee*.

Max. No! no!
I tell thee—no!

Oct. O open yet thine eyes!
And to what purpose think'st thou he has called us
Hither to Pilsen?—to avail himself
Of our advice?—O when did Friedland ever
Need our advice? Be calm, and listen to me.
To sell ourselves are we called hither, and
Decline we that—to be his hostages.
Therefore doth noble Galas stand aloof;
Thy father, too, thou would'st not have seen here,
If higher duties had not held him fettered.

Max. He makes no secret of it—needs make none—
That we're called hither for his sake—he owns it.
He needs our alliance to maintain himself—
He did so much for us; and 'tis but fair
That we too should do somewhat now for him.

Oct. And know'st thou what it is which we must do?
That Illo's drunken mood betrayed it to thee.
Bethink thyself—what hast thou heard, what seen?
The counterfeited paper—the omission
Of that particular clause, so full of meaning,
Does it not prove, that they would bind us down
To nothing good?

Max. That counterfeited paper
Appears to me no other than a trick
Of Illo's own device. These underhand
Traders in great men's interests ever use
To urge and hurry all things to the extreme.
They see the Duke at variance with the court,
And fondly think to serve him, when they widen
The breach irreparably. Trust me, father,
The Duke knows nothing of all this.

Oct. It grieves me
That I must be the man, that I must shatter

A faith so specious; but I may not spare thee!
For this is not a time for tenderness.
Thou must take measures, speedy ones—must act.
I therefore will confess to thee, that all
Which I've entrusted to thee now—that all
Which seems to thee so unbelievable,
That—yes, I will tell thee—(*a pause*)—Max! I had it all
From his own mouth—from the Duke's mouth I had it.
Max. (*in excessive agitation.*) No!—no!—never!
Oct. Himself confided to me
What I, 'tis true, had long before discovered
By other means—himself confided to me,
That 'twas his settled plan to join the Swedes;
And, at the head of the united armies,
Compel the Emperor——
Max. He is passionate.
The Court has stung him—he is sore all over
With injuries and affronts; and in a moment
Of irritation, what if he, for once,
Forgot himself? He's an impetuous man.
Oct. Nay, in cold blood he did confess this to me:
And having construed my astonishment
Into a scruple of his power, he shewed me
His written evidences—shewed me letters,
Both from the Saxon and the Swede, that gave
Promise of aidance, and defin'd the amount.
Max. It cannot be!—can *not* be! *can* not be!
Dost thou not see, it cannot!
Thou wouldest of necessity have shewn him
Such horror, such deep loathing—that or he
Had taken thee for his better genius, or
Thou stood'st not now a living man before me
Oct. I have laid open my objections to him,
Dissuaded him with pressing earnestness;
But my *abhorrence*, the full sentiment
Of my *whole* heart—that I have still kept sacred
To my own consciousness.
Max. And *thou* hast been
So treacherous? That looks not like my father!
I trusted not thy words, when thou didst tell me
Evil of him; much less can I *now* do it,
That thou calumniatest thy own self.
Oct. I did not thrust myself into his secresy.
Max. Uprightness merited his confidence.
Oct. He was no longer worthy of sincerity.
Max. Dissimulation, sure, was still less worthy
Of thee, Octavio!
Oct. Gave I him a cause
To entertain a scruple of my honour?
Max. That he did not, evinced his confidence.
Oct. Dear son, it is not always possible
Still to preserve that infant purity

Which the voice teaches in our inmost heart.
Still in alarum, for ever on the watch
Against the wiles of wicked men, e'en Virtue
Will sometimes bear away her outward robes
Soiled in the wrestle with Iniquity.
This is the curse of every evil deed,
That, propagating still, it brings forth evil.
I do not cheat my better soul with sophisms:
I but perform my orders; the Emperor
Prescribes my conduct to me. Dearest boy,
Far better were it, doubtless, if we all
Obeyed the heart at all times; but so [illegible]
In this our present sojourn with bad men,
We must abandon many an honest object.
'Tis now our call to serve the Emperor,
By what means he can best be served—the law
May whisper what it will—this is our call!

Max. It seems a thing appointed, that to thy
I should not comprehend, not understand thee.
The Duke, thou say'st, did honestly pour out
His heart to thee, but for an evil purpose;
And thou dishonestly hast cheated him
For a good purpose! Silence, I entreat thee—
My friend thou steal'st not from me—
Let me not lose my father!

Ott. (*aside, in great emotion*) As yet thou know'st not all, my son. I have
Yet somewhat to disclose to thee. [*Aloud to the Duke.*

Duke Friedland
Hath made his peace with [illegible] He relies
Upon his stars. He dreams in unprovided,
And thinks to fall upon a lily surprise.
Yea, in his dream of love, he grasps already
The golden circle in his hand. He errs.
We too have been in action—but grasps
His evil fate, most evil, most mysterious!

Max. O nothing rash, my sire! By all that's good
Let me invoke thee—no precipitation!

Ott. With light tread stole he on his evil way,
And light of tread hath Vengeance stole on after him.
Unseen she stands already, dark behind him—
But one step more—he shakes in her grasp!
Thou hast seen Questenberg with me. Aye!
Thou know'st but his errand of commission.
He brought with him a private one, my son!
And that was for me only.

Max. May I know it?

Ott. (*[illegible]*) Max! [*[illegible]*
—In this hollow one place I in thy hand
The Empire's welfare and thy father's fate.
Dear to thy heart of hearts is Wallenstein:
A [illegible] love, a veneration,

Hath knit thee to him from thy earliest youth.
Thou nourishest the *wish*.—O let me still
Anticipate thy loitering confidence!
The *hope* thou nourishest to knit thyself
Yet closer to him— — —

Max. Father— —

Oct. O my son!

I trust thy heart undoubtingly. But am I
Equally sure of thy collectedness?
Wilt thou be able, with calm countenance,
To enter this man's presence, when that I
Have trusted to thee his whole fate?

Max. According
As thou dost trust me, father, with his crime.

[Octavio *takes a paper out of his pocket-book, and gives it to him.*

Max. What? how? a full Imperial patent!

Oct. Read it.

Max. (*just glances on it.*) Duke Friedland sentenced and condemned!

Oct. Even so.

Max. (*throws down the paper.*) O this is too much! O unhappy error!

Oct. Read on. Collect thyself.

Max. (*after he has read further, with a look of affright and astonishment on his visage.*) How! what! Thou! thou!

Oct. But for the present moment, till the King
Of Hungary may safely join the army,
Is the command assigned to me.

Max. And think'st thou,
Dost thou believe, that thou wilt tear it from him?
O never hope it!—Father! father! father!
An inauspicious office is enjoined thee.
This paper here—this! and wilt thou enforce it
The mighty, in the middle of his host,
Surrounded by his thousands, him would'st thou
Disarm—degrade! Thou art lost, both thou and all of us.

Oct. What hazard I incur thereby, I know
In the great hand of God I stand. The Almighty
Will cover with his shield the Imperial house,
And shatter, in his wrath, the work of darkness.
The Emperor hath true servants still; and, even
Here in the camp, there are enough brave men,
Who for the good cause will fight gallantly.
The faithful have been warned—the dangerous
Are closely watched. I wait but the first step,
And then immediately— — —

Max. What! on suspicion?
Immediately?

Oct. The Emperor is no tyrant.
The deed alone he'll punish, not the wish.
The Duke hath yet his destiny in his power.

Let him but leave the treason uncompleted,
He will be silently displaced from office,
And make way to his Emperor's royal son.
An honourable exile to his castles
Will be a benefaction to him rather
Than punishment. But the first open step —

Max. What callest thou such a step? A wicked step
Ne'er will he take; but thou mightest easily,
Yea, thou hast done it, misinterpret him.

Ott. Nay, howsoever punishable were
Duke Friedland's purposes, yet still the steps
Which he hath taken openly, permit
A mild construction. It is my intention
To leave this paper wholly uninforced
Till some act is committed which convicts him
Of an high-treason, without doubt or plea,
And that shall sentence him.

Max. But who the judge?

Ott. Thyself.

Max. For ever, then, this paper will be dead.

Ott. Too soon, I fear, its powers must all be proved.
After the counter-promise of this evening,
It cannot be but he must deem himself
Secure of the majority with us;
And of the army's general sentiment
He hath a pleasing proof in that petition
Which thou delivered'st to him from the regiment.
Add this too—I have letters that the Rhinegrave
Hath changed his route, and travels by forced marches
To the Bohemian Forest. What this puppet,
Remains unknown; and, to confirm suspicion,
This night a Swedish noblesman arrived here.

Max. I have thy word. Thou'lt not proceed to action
Before thou hast convinced me—me myself.

Ott. Is it possible? Still, after all thou know'st,
Canst thou believe still in his innocence?

Max. (*with enthusiasm.*) Thy judgment may mistake; my heart
cannot. [*Moderate silence and pause.*

These reasons might expound thy spirit or mine;
But they expound not Friedland—I have faith:
For as he knits his fortunes to the stars,
Even so doth he resemble them in secret,
Wonderful, still inexplicable courses!
Trust me, they do him wrong. All will be solved.
These smokes, at once, will kindle into flame—
The edges of this black and stormy cloud
Will brighten suddenly, and we shall view
The Unapproachable glittering in splendour.

Ott. I will await it.

SCENE II.—OCTAVIO *and* MAX. *as before.* *To them the* Valet of the Chamber.

Oct. How now, then?
Val. A dispatch is at the door.
Oct. So early? From whom comes he then? Who is it?
Val. That he refused to tell me.
Oct. Lead him in:
And, hark you—let it not transpire.
[*Exit* Valet—*the* Cornet *enters.*
Oct. Ha! Cornet—is it you? and from Count Galas?
Give me your letters.
Cor. The Lieutenant-general
Trusted it not to letters.
Oct. And what is it?
Cor. He bade me tell you—Dare I speak openly here?
Oct. My son knows all.
Cor. We have him.
Oct. Whom?
Cor. Sesina,
The old negotiator.
Oct. (*eagerly.*) And you have him?
Cor. In the Bohemian Forest Captain Mohrbrand
Found and secured him yester morning early:
He was proceeding then to Regenspurg,
And on him were dispatches for the Swede.
Oct. And the dispatches—
Cor. The Lieutenant-general
Sent them that instant to Vienna, and
The prisoner with them.
Oct. This is, indeed, a tiding!
That fellow is a precious casket to us,
Enclosing weighty things.—Was much found on him?
Cor. I think, six packets, with Count Terzky's arms.
Oct. None in the Duke's own hand?
Cor. Not that I know.
Oct. And old Sesina?
Cor. He was sorely frightened,
When it was told him he must to Vienna.
But the Count Altringer bade him take heart,
Would he but make a full and free confession.
Oct. Is Altringer then with your Lord? I hear I
That he lay sick at Linz.
Cor. These three days past
He's with my master, the Lieutenant-general,
At Frauemburg. Already have they sixty
Small companies together, chosen men;
Respectfully they greet you with assurances,
That they are only waiting your commands.
Oct. In a few days may great events take place.
And when must you retain?

Oth. [illegible]
Oth. Remain till [illegible]
[Count[illegible], *exit.*
Oth. No [illegible] you [illegible]?
Oth. No living creature. Though the Corsier's lake
The Capuchins, as usual, let me in.
Oth. Go, rest your limbs, and keep yourself [illegible] the lake.
I hold it probable, that yet ere evening
I shall dispatch you. The development
Of this affair approaches: ere the day,
That even now is dawning in the heaven,
Ere this eventful day hath set, the lot
That must decide on Fortunes will be drawn. [*Exit.* Oth.

SCENE III.—[illegible] MARL. PE[illegible].

Oth. Well [illegible] all [illegible] ;
I'll call, I'm certain, went through that Sesina.
Mar. (*Soliloquy.* [illegible] *forgiven* [illegible] *what call* [illegible] *feelings of feelings, of sight and sense, &c.*) I will procure me light a shorter way.
Farewell.
Oth. Where now? Remain here.
Mar. To the Duke.
Oth. (*Aside.*) What——
Mar. (*Aside.*) If thou hast believed that I shall act
A part in this thy play——
Thou hast miscalculate I on me grievously.
My way must be straight on. Thou with treacherous tongue,
False with the heart—I may not, cannot be:
Nor can I suffer that a man should trust me
As his friend trust me—and then lull my conscience
With such low pleas as these:—"I asked him not—
He did it all at his own hazard"—and
My *honor* has never lied to him?—No, no!
What a friend takes me for, that I must be.
I'll to the Duke; every thing may [illegible]
Will I demand of him that he [illegible] save
His good name from the world [illegible]
Break through and [illegible] this [illegible] web of you[illegible]
He can, he will! I still am [illegible] believer.
Yet I'll not pledge myself, but [illegible]
May mislead you, perchance, with [illegible]
How far may not this Tertsky have [illegible]
What may not he himself too have [illegible]
Himself to do, to [illegible] the enemy,
The laws of war [illegible]
He [illegible]
And [illegible]
Oth. [illegible]
Mar. [illegible]

Octa. I have, indeed, miscalculated on thee.
I calculated on a prudent son,
Who would have blessed the hand beneficent
That plucked him back from the abyss—ah! oh!
A fascinated being I discover,
Whom his two eyes befool, whom passion blinds,
Whom not the broadest light of noon can heal.
Go, question him!—Be mad enough, I pray thee,
The purpose of thy father, of thy Emperor,
Go, give it up free booty!—Force me, drive me
To an open breach before the time. And now,
Now that a miracle of heaven had guarded
My secret purpose even to this hour,
And laid to sleep Suspicion's piercing eyes,
Let me have lived to see that mine own son,
With frantic enterprise, annihilates
My toilsome labours and state-policy.

Max. Aye—this state-policy? O how I curse it!
You will some time, with your state-policy,
Compel him to the measure: it may happen,
Because you are *determined* that he is guilty,
Guilty ye'll *make* him. All retreat cut off,
You close up every outlet, hem him in
Narrower and narrower, till at length ye force him—
Yes, *ye*,—ye *force* him, in his desperation,
To set fire to his prison. Father! Father!
That never can end well—it cannot—will not!
And let it be decided as it may,
I see with boding heart the near approach
Of an ill-starred, unblest catastrophe.
For this great Monarch-spirit, if he fall,
Will drag a world into the ruin with him.
And as a ship (that midway on the ocean
Takes fire) at once, and with a thunder-burst
Explodes, and with itself shoots out its crew
In smoke and ruin betwixt sea and heaven;
So will he, falling, draw down in his fall
All us, who're fixed and mortised to his fortune.
Deem of it what thou wilt; but pardon me,
That I must bear me on in my own way.
All must remain pure betwixt him and me;
And, ere the day-light dawns, it must be known
Which I must lose—my father, or my friend.

[*During this exit the curtain drops.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room fitted up for astrological Labours, and provided with celestial Charts, with Globes, Telescopes, Quadrants, and other mathematical Instruments.—Seven Colossal Figures, representing the Planets, each with a transparent Star of a different Colour on its Head, stand in a Semicircle in the Back-ground, so that Mars and Saturn are nearest the Eye.—The Remainder of the Scene, and its Disposition, is given in the Fourth Scene of the Second Act.—There must be a Curtain over the Figures, which may be dropped, and conceal them on Occasions.*

[*In the Fifth Scene of this Act it must be dropped; but, in the Seventh Scene, it must be again drawn up wholly or in part.*]

WALLENSTEIN *at a black Table, on which a Speculum Astrologicum is described with Chalk.* SENI *is taking Observations through a window.*

Wal. All well—and now let it be ended, Seni.—Come,
The dawn commences, and Mars rules the hour.
We must give o'er the operation. Come,
We know enough.
Seni. Your Highness must permit me
Just to contemplate Venus. She's now rising:
Like as a sun, so shines she in the east.
Wal. She is at present in her perigee,
And shoots down now her strongest influences.
[*Contemplating the figure on the table.*
Auspicious aspect! fateful in conjunction,
At length the mighty three corradiate;
And the two stars of blessing, Jupiter
And Venus, take between them the malignant
Slily-malicious Mars, and thus compel
Into *my* service that old mischief-founder:
For long he viewed me hostilely, and ever
With beam oblique, or perpendicular,
Now in the Quartile, now in the Secundan,
Shot his red lightnings at my stars, disturbing
Their blessed influences and sweet aspects.
Now they have conquered the old enemy,
And bring him in the heavens a prisoner to me.
Seni. (*who has come down from the window.*) And in a co[illegible]
house, your Highness—think of that!
That makes each influence of double strength.
Wall. And sun and moon, too, in the Sextile aspect,
The soft light with the vehement—so I love it.
SOL is the heart, LUNA the head of heaven.
Bold be the plan, fiery the execution.
Seni. And both the mighty Lumina by no
Maleficus afflicted. Lo! Saturnus,
Innocuous, powerless, in cadente Domo.
Wal. The empire of Saturnus is gone by;

Lord of the secret birth of things is he;
Within the lap of earth, and in the depths
Of the imagination dominates;
And his are all things that eschew the light.
The time is o'er of brooding and contrivance;
For Jupiter, the lustrous, lordeth now,
And the dark work, complete of preparation,
He draws by force into the realm of light.
Now must we hasten on to action, ere
The scheme, and most auspicious position
Flits o'er my head, and takes once more its flight;
For the heavens journey still, and sojourn not.
[*There are knocks at the door.*
There's some one knocking there. See who it is.
Ter. (*from without.*) Open, and let me in.
Wal. Aye—'tis Tertsky.
What is there of such urgence? We are busy.
Ter. (*from without.*) Lay all aside at present, I entreat you.
It suffers no delaying.
Wal. Open, Seni!
[*While* SENI *opens the door for* TERTSKY, WALLENSTEIN *draws the curtain over the figures.*
Ter. (*enters.*) Hast thou already heard it? He is taken.
Galas has given him up to the Emperor.
[SENI *draws off the black table, and exit.*

SCENE II.—WALLENSTEIN, COUNT TERTSKY.

Wal. (*to* TERTSKY.) Who has been taken? Who is given up?
Ter. The man who knows our secrets, who knows every
Negociation with the Swede and Saxon,
Through whose hands all and everything has passed—
Wal. (*drawing back.*) Nay, not Sesina?—Say, No! I entreat thee.
Ter. All on his road for Regenspug to the Swede
He was plunged down upon by Galas' agent,
Who had been long in ambush, lurking for him.
There must have been found on him my whole packet
To Thur, to Kinsky, to Oxenstirn, to Arnheim:
All this is in their hands; they have now an insight
Into the whole—our measures, and our motives.

SCENE III.—*To them enters* ILLO.

Illo. (*to* TERTSKY.) Has he heard it?
Ter. He has heard it.
Illo. (*to* WALLENSTEIN.) Thinkest thou still
To make thy peace with the Emperor, to regain
His confidence?—E'en were it now thy wish
To abandon all thy plans, yet still they know
What thou hast wished; then forwards thou must press;
Retreat is now no longer in thy power.
Ter. They have documents against us, and in hands,
Which show beyond all power of contradiction—

Wal. Of my hand-writing—no iota. Thee
I punish for thy lies.
Ter. And thou believest,
That what this man, that what thy sister's husband,
Did in thy name, will not stand on thy reck'ning?
His word must pass for thy word with the Swede,
And not with those that hate thee at Vienna.
Wal. In writing thou gav'st nothing—But bethink thee,
How far thou ventured'st by word of mouth
With this Sesina? And will he be silent?
If he can save himself by yielding up
Thy secret purposes, will he retain them?
Ter. Thyself does not conceive it possible;
And since they now have evidence authentic
How far thou hast already gone, speak!—tell us,
What art thou waiting for? thou canst no longer
Keep thy command; and beyond hope of rescue
Thou'rt lost, if thou resign'st it.
Wal. In the army
Lies my security. The army will not
Abandon me. Whatever they may know,
The power is mine, and they must gulp it down—
And substitute I caution for my fealty,
They must be satisfied, at least appear so.
Ter. The army, Duke, *is* thine now—for this moment—
'Tis thine: but think with terror on the slow,
The quiet power of time. From open violence
The attachment of thy soldiery secures thee
To-day—to-morrow; but grant'st thou them a respite,
Unheard, unseen, they'll undermine that love
On which thou now dost feel so firm a footing,
With wily theft will draw away from thee
One after the other——
Wal. 'Tis a cursed accident!
Ter. O I will call it a most blessed one,
If it work on thee as it ought to do,
If it may thee on to action—to decision—
The Swedish General——
Wal. He's arrived! Know'st thou
What his commission is——
Ter. To thee alone
Will he entrust the purpose of his coming.
Wal. A cursed, cursed accident! Yes, yes,
Sesina knows too much, and won't be silent.
Ter. He's a Bohemian fugitive and rebel,
His neck his forfeit. Can he save himself
At thy cost, think you he will scruple it?
And if they put him to the torture, will he,
Will he, that dastardling, have strength enough——
Wal. (*Pacing in great Perturbation.*) Their confidence is lost—irreparably!
And I may act what way I will, I shall
Be held remain for ever in their thought.

A traitor to my country. How sincerely
Soever I return back to my duty,
It will no longer help me——
Ill. Ruin thee.
That it will do! Not thy fidelity.
Thy weakness will be deemed the sole occasion—
Wal. (*raising up and drawn to a view of Illo.*) What! I must
realize it now in earnest,
Because I toy'd too freely with the thought?
Accursed he who dallies with a devil!
And must I—I *must* realize it now—
Now, while I have the power, it *must* take place?
Ill. Now—now—ere they can ward and parry it!
Wal. (*looking at the paper of remonstrance.*) I have the Generals' word—a written promise!
Max. Piccolomini stands not here—how's that?
Ill. It was——he fancied——
Wal. Mere self-willedness.
There needed no such thing 'twixt him and you.
Ill. He is quite right—there needeth no such thing.
The regiments, too, deny to march for Flanders—
Have sent me in a paper of remonstrance,
And openly resist the Imperial orders.
The first step to revolt's already taken.
Ill. Believe me, thou wilt find it far more easy
To lead them over to the enemy
Than to the Spaniard.
Wal. I will hear, however,
What the Swede has to say to me.
Ill. (*eagerly to* TERTSKY.) Go, call him!
He stands without the door in waiting.
Wal. Stay!
Stay yet a little. It hath taken me
All by surprise,—it came too quick upon me;
'Tis wholly novel, that an accident,
With its dark lordship, and blind agency,
Should force me on with it.
Ill. First hear him only,
And after weigh it. [*Exeunt* TERTSKY *and* ILLO.

SCENE IV.

Wallenstein (*in soliloquy.*) Is it possible?
Is't so? I *can* no longer what I *would?*
No longer draw back at my liking? I
Must *do* the deed, because I *thought* of it,
And fed this heart here with a dream? Because
I did not scowl temptation from my presence,
Dallied with thoughts of possible fulfilment,
Commenced no movement, left all time uncertain,
And only kept the road, the access open?

By the great God of Heaven! It was not
My serious meaning, it was ne'er resolve.
I but amused myself with thinking of it.
The free-will tempted me, the power to do
Or not to do it.—Was it criminal
To make the fancy minister to hope,
To fill the air with pretty toys of air,
And clutch fantastic sceptres moving t'ward me?
Was not the will kept free? Beheld I not
The road of duty close beside me—but
One little step, and once more I was in it!
Where am I? Whither have I been transported?
No road, no track behind me, but a wall,
Impenetrable, insurmountable,
Rises obedient to the spells I muttered
And meant not—my own doings tower behind me.
[*Pauses and remains in deep thought.*
A punishable man I seem, the guilt,
Try what I will, I cannot roll off from me;
The equivocal demeanour of my life
Bears witness on my prosecutor's party,
And even my purest acts from purest motives
Suspicion poisons with malicious gloss.
Were I that thing, for which I pass, that traitor,
A goodly outside I had sure reserved,
Had drawn the coverings thick and double round me,
Been calm and chary of my utterance.
But being conscious of the innocence
Of my intent, my uncorrupted will,
I gave way to my humours, to my passion:
Bold were my words, because my deeds were *not*.
Now every plainless measure, chance event,
The threat of rage, the vaunt of joy and triumph,
And all the May-games of a heart o'erflowing,
Will they connect, and weave them all together
Into one web of treason; all will be plan,
My eye ne'er absent from the far-off mark,
Step tracing step, each step a politic progress;
And out of all they'll fabricate a charge
So specious, that I must myself stand dumb.
I am caught in my own net, and only force,
Naught but a sudden rent can liberate me. [*Pauses a*
How else! since that the heart's unbiass'd instinct
Impelled me to the daring deed, which now
Necessity, self preservation, *orders*.
Stern is the Ordinance of Necessity,
Not without shudder may a human hand
Grasp the mysterious urn of destiny.
My deed was mine, remaining in my bosom,
Once suffered to escape from its safe corner
Within the heart, its nursery and birth-place,
Sent forth into the Foreign, it belongs

For ever to those sly malicious powers
Whom never art of man conciliated.

[*Paces in agitation through the chamber, then pauses, and, after the pause, breaks out again into earlier violency.*

What is thy enterprize? thy aim? thy object?
Hast honestly confessed it to thyself!
Power seated on a quiet throne thou'dst shake,
Power on an ancient consecrated throne,
Strong in possession, founded in old custom;
Power by a thousand tough and stringy roots
Fixed to the people's pious nursery-faith.
This, this will be no strife of strength with strength.
That feared I not. I brave each combatant,
Whom I can look on, fixing eye to eye,
Who full himself of courage kindles courage
In me too. 'Tis a foe invisible,
The which I fear—a fearful enemy,
Which in the human heart opposes me,
By its coward fear alone made fearful to me.
Not that, which full of life, instinct with power,
Makes known its present being, that is not
The true, the perilously formidable.
O no! it is the common, the quite common,
The thing of an eternal yesterday,
What ever was, and evermore returns,
Sterling to-morrow, for to-day 'twas sterling!
For of the wholly common is man made,
And custom is his nurse! Woe then to the m,
Who lay irreverent hands upon his old
House furniture, the dear inheritance
From his forefathers. For time consecrates;
And what is grey with age becomes religion,
Be in possession, and thou hast the right,
And sacred will the many guard it for thee!

[*To the* Page, *who leaves the room.*

The Swedish officer?—Well, let him enter.

[*The* Page *exit,* WALLENSTEIN *fixes his eye in deep thought on the door.*

Yet is it pure—as yet!—the crime has come
Not o'er this threshold yet—so slender is
The boundary that divideth life's two paths.

SCENE V.—WALLENSTEIN *and* WRANGEL.

Wall. (*after having paused a searching look on him.*) Your name is Wrangel?

Wran. Gustave Wrangel, General
Of the Sudermanian Blues.

Wall. It was a Wrangel
Who injured me materially at Stralsund,
And by his brave resistance was the cause
Of the opposition which that city met me.

Wran. It was the doing of the element
With which you fought, my Lord! and not my merit.
The Baltic Neptune did assert his freedom,
The sea and land, it seemed, were not to serve
One and the same.

Wal. (*makes the motion for him to take a seat, and seats him.*)
And where are your credentials?
Come you provided with full powers, Sir General?

Wran. There are so many scruples yet to solve ——

Wal. (*having read the credentials.*) An able letter!—Ay—he is a prudent
Intelligent master, whom you serve, Sir General!
The Chancellor writes me, that he but fulfils
His late departed Sovereign's own idea
In helping me to the Bohemian crown.

Wran. He says the truth. Our great King, now in heaven,
Did ever deem most highly of your Grace's
Pre-eminent sense and military genius;
And always the commanding Intellect,
He said, should have command, and be the King.

Wal. Yes, he might say it safely. General Wrangel,
[*Taking his hand affectionately.*
Come, fair and open. Trust me, I was always
A Swede at heart. Ay! that did you experience
Both in Silesia and at Nuremburg:
I had you often in my power, and let you
Always slip out by some back door or other.
'Tis this for which the Court can ne'er forgive me,
Which drives me to the present step: and since
Our interests so run in one direction,
Even let us have a thorough confidence
Each in the other.

Wran. Confidence will come
Has each but only in its security.

Wal. The Chancellor still, I see, does not quite trust me;
And, I confess—the gain does not lie wholly
To my advantage. Without doubt he thinks
If I can play false with the Emperor,
Who is my Sov'reign, I can do the like
With the enemy, and that *Swede* too were
Sooner to be forgiven me than the *Czech*.
Is not this your opinion too, Sir General?

Wran. I have here an office merely, no opinion.

Wal. The Emperor hath urged me to the utterment.
I can no longer honourably serve him.
For my security, in self defence,
I take this hard step, which my conscience blames.

Wran. That I believe. So far would no one go
Who were not forced to it. [*Ap[illegible]*
What may have impelled
Your princely Highness in this wise to act
Toward your Sovereign Lord and Emperor,

Beseems not us to expound or criticize.
The Swede is fighting for his good old cause,
With his good sword and conscience. This concurrence,
This opportunity, is in our favour,
And all advantages in war are lawful.
We take what offers without questioning;
And if all have its due and just proportions——

Wal. Of what then are ye doubting? Of my will?
Or of my power? I pledged me to the Chancellor,
Would he trust *me* with sixteen thousand men,
That I would instantly go over to them
With eighteen thousand of the Emperor's troops.

Wran. Your Grace is known to be a mighty warrior,
To be a second Attila and Pyrrhus.
'Tis talked of still with fresh astonishment,
How some years past, beyond all human faith,
You called an army forth, like a creation:
But yet——

Wal. But yet?

Wran. But still the Chancellor thinks,
It might yet be an easier thing from nothing
To call forth sixty thousand men of battle,
Than to persuade one sixtieth part of them

Wal. What now? Out with it, friend?

Wran. To break their oaths.

Wal. And he thinks *so?*—He judges like a Swede,
And like a Protestant. You Lutherans
Fight for your Bible. You are interested
About the cause; and with your *hearts* you follow
Your banners.—Among *you*, whoe'er deserts
To the enemy, hath broken covenant
With two Lords at one time.—We've no such fancies.

Wran. Great God in Heaven! Have then the people here
No house and home, no fire-side, no altar?

Wal. I will explain that to you, how it stands—
The Austrian *has* a country, ay, and loves it,
And has good cause to love it—but this army,
That calls itself the Imperial, this that houses
Here in Bohemia, this has none—no country;
This is an outcast of all foreign lands,
Unclaim'd by town or tribe, to whom belongs
Nothing, except the universal sun.

Wran. But then the Nobles and the Officers?
Such a desertion, such a felony,
It is without example, my Lord Duke,
In the world's history.

Wal. They are all mine—
Mine unconditionally—mine on all terms.
Not me, your own eyes you must trust.

[*He gives him the paper containing the* [illegible]
WRANGEL *reads it through, and* [illegible]
[illegible] *astonishment, all in.*

So then?
Now comprehend you?
Wran. Comprehend, who can!
My Lord Duke; I will let the mask drop—yes!
I've full powers for a final settlement.
The Rhinegrave stands but four days' march from here,
With fifteen thousand men, and only waits
For orders to proceed and join your army.
Those orders I give out, immediately
We're compromised.
Wall. What asks the Chancellor?
Wran. [illegible] Twelve regiments, every man a Swede—
my head
The warranty—and all might prove at last
Only false play—
Wall. (*Martinitz.*) Sir Swede!
Wran. (*calmly gives that.*) Am therefore forced
To insist thereon, that he do formally,
In evocal by breaf with the Emperor,
Declare a Swede is trusted to Duke Friedland.
Wall. Come, brief, and open! What is the demand?
Wran. That he forthwith dismiss the Spanish regiments
Attached to the Emperor, that he seize Prague,
And to the Swedes give up the city, with
The strong passes Egra.
Wall. That is much indeed!
Prague!—Egra's granted—But—but Prague!—I won't do!
I give you every security
Which you may ask of me in common reason—
But Prague—Bohemia—these, Sir General,
I can myself protect.
Wran. We doubt it not.
But 'tis not the protection that is now
Our sole concern. We want security,
That we shall not expend our men and money
All to no purpose.
Wall. 'Tis but reasonable.
Wran. And till we are indemnified, so long
Stays Prague in pledge.
Wall. [illegible] Pledge, say rather hostage?
Wran. (*Coldly.*) The Swede, if he would live well with the German,
Must keep a sharp look-out. We have been called
Over the Baltic, we have saved the empire
From ruin—with our best blood have we sealed
The liberty of faith and religious truth.
But now already is the benefaction
No longer felt, the load alone is felt.
Ye look askance with evil eye upon us
As foreigners, intruders in the empire,
And would fain see us back to the sea-side [illegible]
Of money, home-sick [illegible]
No, no! my Lord Duke! we [illegible] ever [illegible]

For Judas' pay, for chinking gold and silver,
That we did leave our king by the Great Stone.*
No, not for gold and silver have there bled
So many of our Swedish Nobles—neither
Will we with empty laurels for our payment,
Hoist sail for our own country. *Citizens*
Will we remain upon the soil, the which
Our Monarch conquered for himself, and died.
Wal. Help to keep down the common enemy.
And the fair border land must needs be yours.
Wran. But when the common enemy lies vanquished,
Who knits together our new friendship then?
We know Duke Friedland! though perhaps the Swede
Ought not t' have known it, that you carry on
Secret negotiations with the Saxons,
Who is our warranty, that *we* are not
The sacrifices in those articles
Which 'tis thought needful to conceal from us?
Wal. (*aside*) Think you of something Lutzen, Gustave Wrangel?
Of Prague no more.
Wran. Here my commission ends.
Wal. Surrender up to you my capital!
Far liever would I face about, and step
Back to my Emperor.
Wran. If time yet permits——
Wal. That lies with me, even now, at any hour.
Wran. Some days ago, perhaps. To-day, no longer,
No longer since Sesina's been a prisoner.
[WALLENSTEIN *starts, and stands amazed.*
My Lord Duke hear me—We believe that you
At present do mean honourably by us.
Since *yesterday* we're sure of that—and now
This paper warrants for the troops, there's nothing
Stands in the way of our full confidence.
Prague shall not part us. Hear! The Chancellor
Contents himself with Albstadt, to your Grace
He gives up Ratschin and the narrow side,
But Egra, above all, must open to us,
Ere we can think of any junction.
Wal. You.
You therefore must I trust, and you not me?
I will consider of your proposition.
Wran. I must entreat that your consideration
Occupy not too long a time. Already
Has this negociation, my Lord Duke!
Crept on into the second year. If nothing
Is settled this time, will the Chancellor
Consider it as broken off for ever.

* A great stone near Lützen, since called the Swede's Stone, the body of their great King having been found at the foot of it, after the battle in which he fell.

Wal. Ye press me hard. A measure, such as this,
Ought to be *thought* of.
Wran. Ay! but think of this too,
That sudden action only can procure it
Success—think first of this, your Highness. [*Exit* WRANGEL.

SCENE VI.—WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, *and* ILLO. (*re-enters.*)

Illo. Is't all right?
Ter. Are you compromised?
Illo. This Swede
Went smiling from you. Yes! you're compromised.
Wal. As yet is nothing settled: and (well weighed)
I feel myself inclined to leave it so.
Ter. How? What is that?
Wal. Come on me what will come,
The doing evil to avoid an evil
Cannot be good!
Ter. Nay, but bethink you, Duke?
Wal. To live upon the mercy of these Swedes!
Of these proud-hearted Swedes I could not bear it.
Illo. Goest thou as fugitive, as mendicant?
Bringest thou not more to them than thou receivest?

SCENE VII.—*To them enters* COUNTESS TERTSKY.

Wal. Who sent for you? There is no business here
For women.
Cour. I am come to bid you joy.
Wal. Use thy authority, Tertsky, bid her go.
Cour. Come I perhaps too early? I hope not.
Wal. Set not this tongue upon me, I entreat you.
You know it is the weapon that destroys me.
I am routed, if a woman but attack me.
I cannot traffic in the trade of words
With that unreasoning sex.
Cour. I know already
Given the Bohemian Kings.
Wal. (*to Illo.*) They have done,
In consequence, no doubt.
Cour. (*to Tertsky.*) Hah! what new scruple?
Ter. The Duke will not.
Cour. He will not what he *must*!
Illo. It lies with you now. Try. For I am sickened,
When folks begin to talk to me of conscience,
And of fidelity.
Cour. How? then, when all
Lay in the fairest distance, when the road
Stretched out before thine eyes interminably,
Then halt? then coming, resolve; and now,
Now that the distance [illegible] and,

The purpose ripe, the issue ascertained,
Dost thou begin to play the dastard now?
Planned merely, 'tis a common felony;
Accomplished, an immortal undertaking;
And with success comes pardon hand in hand;
For all event is God's arbitrement.
Servant (enters). The Colonel Piccolomini.
Conn. (hastily.) —Must wait.
Wal. I cannot see him now. Another time.
Ser. But for two minutes he entreats an audience.
Of the most urgent nature is his business.
Wal. Who knows what he may bring us? I will hear him.
Conn. (hastily.) Urgent for him, no doubt; but thou mayest wait.
Wal. What is it?
Conn. Thou shalt be informed hereafter.
First let the Swede and thee be compromised. [*Exit Servant.*
Wal. If there were yet a choice! if yet some middle way
Way of escape were possible—I would
Will chuse it, and avoid the last extreme.
Conn. Desir'st thou nothing farther? Sweden's key
Lies still before thee. Send this Wrangel off,
Forget thou thy old hopes, cast far away
All thy past life; determine to commence
A new one. Virtue hath her heroes too,
As well as Fame and Fortune.—To Vienna—
Hence—to the Emperor—kneel before the throne;
Take a full coffer with thee—say aloud,
Thou did'st but wish to prove thy fealty;
Thy whole intention but to dupe the Swede.
Illo. For that too 'tis too late. They know too much.
He would but bear his own head to the block.
Conn. I fear not that. They have not evidence;
To attaint him legally, and they avoid
The avowal of an arbitrary power.
They'll let the Duke resign without disturbance.
I see how all will end. The King of Hungary
Makes his appearance, and 'twill of it self
Be understood, that then the Duke resigns.
There will not want a formal declaration.
The young King will administer the oath
To the whole army; and so all returns
To the old position. On some morrow morning
The Duke departs; and now 'tis air and breeze
Within his castles. He will hunt, and build
Superintend his horses' pedigrees.
Creates himself a court, gives golden keys
And introduceth strictest ceremony
In fine proportions, and nice etiquette;
Keeps open table with high cheer; in brief
Commenceth mighty King—in miniature.
And while he prudently demeans himself,
And gives himself no actual importance,

He will be let appear what'er he likes;
And who dares doubt, that Friedland will appear
A mighty Prince to his last dying hour?
Well now, what then? Duke Friedland is, as others,
A fire-new Noble, whom the war hath raised
To price and currency, a Jonah's Gourd,
An over-night creation of court-favour,
Which with an undistinguishable ease
Makes Baron or makes Prince.

Wall. (*in extreme agitation.*) Take her away.
Let in the young Count Piccolomini.

Coun. Art thou in earnest? I entreat thee! Canst thou
Consent to bear thyself to thy own grave,
So ignominiously to be dried up?
Thy life, that arrogated such an height,
To end in such a nothing! To be nothing,
When one was always nothing, is an evil
That asks no stretch of patience, a light evil,
But to become a nothing, having been —

Wall. (*Rises in violent agitation.*) Shew me a way out of this
reeling crowd,
Ye powers of Vidance! Shew me such a way
As I am capable of going — I
Am no to struggle hero, no fine virtuoso;
I cannot warm by thinking; cannot say
To the poor dagger that turns back in anger,
Magnanimously: "Out; I need thee not."
Crave I to work, I am annihilated.
Daring I nor scruples will I shun,
If so I may void the last extreme;
But ere I sink down into nothingness,
I leave off so little, who began so great,
Ere that the world confuses me with those
Poor wretches, whom a day creates and crumbles,
That so an hafter ages shall speak my name
With hate and dread; and Friedland be redemption
For each accursed deed!

Coun. What is there here, then,
So against nature? Help me to speak it!
O let not Superstition's nightly goblin
Stab the thy clear bright spirit! Art thou afraid
To murder? — with all horrid accoutrement,
To visit the haeats that nourished thee?
That [illegible] against our nature, that might apply
Make thy flesh shudder, and thy whole heart sicken,†

[illegible]

† [illegible]

Yet not a few, and for a meaner object
Have ventured even this, ay, and performed it.
What is there in thy case so black and monstrous
Thou art accused of treason—whether with
Or without justice is not now the question—
Thou art lost if thou dost not avail thee quickly
Of the power which thou possessest—Friedland! *Pick!*
Tell me, where lives that thing so meek and tame,
That doth not all his living faculties
Put forth in preservation of his life?
What deed so daring, which necessity
And desperation will not sanctify?
Wal. Once was this Ferdinand so gracious to me:
He loved me; he esteemed me; I was placed
The nearest to his heart. Full many a time
We, like familiar friends, both at one table,
Have banqueted together. He and I—
And the young kings themselves held me the bason
Wherewith to wash me—and is't come to this?
Coun. So faithfully preserv'st thou each small favour,
And hast no memory for contumelies?
Must I remind thee, how at Regenspurg
This man repaid thy faithful services?
All ranks and all conditions in the empire
Thou hadst wronged, to make him great. Thou hadst loaded on thee,
On *thee*, the hate, the curse of the whole world.
No friend existed for thee in all Germany,
And why? because thou hadst existed only
For the Emperor. To the Emperor alone
Clung Friedland in that storm which gathered round him
At Regenspurg in the Diet—and he dropped thee!
He let thee fall! He let thee fall a victim
To the Bavarian, to that insolent!
Deposed, stript bare of all thy dignity
And power, amid the taunting of thy foes,
Thou wert let drop into obscurity.—
Say not, the restoration of thy honour
Has made atonement for that first injustice.
No honest good-will was it that replaced thee,
The law of hard necessity replaced thee,
Which they had fain opposed, but that they could not.
Wal. Not to their good wishes, that is certain,
Nor yet to his affection I'm indebted
For this high office; and if I abuse it,
I shall therein abuse no confidence.
Coun. Affection! confidence!—They *made* thee.
Necessity, impetuous remonstrant!
Who not with empty names, or shews of proxy,
Is served, who'll have the thing and not the symbol,
Ever seeks out the greatest and the best,
And at the rudder places *him*, e'en though
She had been forced to take him from the rabble—

She, this Necessity, it was that placed thee
In this high office, it was she that gave thee
Thy letters patent of inauguration.
For, to the uttermost moment that they can,
This race still help themselves at cheapest rate
With slavish tools, with puppets! At the approach
Of extreme peril, when a hollow image
Is found a hollow image, and no more,
Then falls the power into the mighty hands
Of Nature, of the spirit giant-born,
Who listens only to himself, knows nothing
Of stipulations, duties, reverences,
And, like the emancipated force of fire,
Unmastered scorches, ere it reaches them,
Their fine-spun webs, their artificial policy.

Wal. 'Tis true! they saw me always as I am—
Always! I did not cheat them in the bargain.
I never held it worth my pains to hide
The bold all-grasping habit of my soul.

Gran. Nay rather—thou hast ever shewn thyself
A formidable man, without restraint,
Hast exercised the full prerogatives
Of thy impetuous nature, which had been
Once granted to thee. Therefore, Duke, not *thou*,
Who has still remained consistent with thyself,
But *they* are in the wrong, who letting thee,
Entrusted such a power in hand they feared.
For, by the laws of Spirit, in the right
Is every individual character
That acts in strict consistence with itself.
Self-contradiction is the only wrong.
Wert thou another being, then, when thou
Eight years ago pursuedst thy march with fire
And sword, and desolation, through the Circles
Of Germany, the universal scourge,
Didst mock all ordinances of the empire
The fearful rights of strength alone exertedst,
Trampledst to earth each rank, each magistracy,
All to extend thy sole domination?
Then was the time to fear them, to curb
Thy haughty will, to teach thee ordinance.
But no! the Emperor let thee touch of conscience,
What served him pleased him, and without a murmur
He stamped his broad seal on these lawless deeds,
What at that time was right, because thou didst it
Twice, to-day is all too late. [illegible] time
Oppressed, [illegible] chastised
After [illegible] Oh, most thou [illegible]!

Wal. [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible] I [illegible],

I owe to what were services to him,
But most high misdemeanours 'gainst the empire.
Cam. Then betwixt thee and him (confess it Friedland!)
The point can be no more of right and duty,
Only of power and the opportunity.
That opportunity, lo! it comes yonder,
Approaching with swift steeds; then with a swing
Throw thyself up into the chariot seat,
Seize with firm hand the reins, ere thy opponent
Anticipate thee, and himself make conquest
Of the now empty seat. The moment comes,
It is already here, when thou must write
The absolute total of thy life's vast sum.
The constellations stand victorious o'er thee,
The planets shoot good fortune in fair junctions,
And tell thee, "Now's the time!" The starry orbs
Hast thou thy life-long measured to no purpose?
The quadrant and the circle, were they playthings?
[*Pointing to the different objects in the room.*
The zodiacs, the rolling orbs of heaven,
Hast pictured on these walls, and all around thee
In dumb, foreboding symbols hast thou placed
These seven presiding Lords of Destiny—
For toys? Is all this preparation nothing?
Is there no marrow in this hollow art,
That even to thyself it doth avail
Nothing, and has no influence over thee
In the great moment of decision?—
Wal. (*during this last speech walks up and down with inward struggles, labouring with passions; stops suddenly, stands still, then interrupting the* COUNTESS.)
Send Wrangel to me—I will instantly
Dispatch three couriers—
Ilo. (*hurrying out.*) God in heaven be praised!
Wal. It is *his* evil genius and *mine.*
Our evil genius! It chastises *him*
Through me, the instrument of his ambition;
And I expect no less, than that Revenge
E'en now is whetting for *my* breast the poniard.
Who sows the serpent's teeth, let him not hope
To reap a joyous harvest. Every crime
Has, in the moment of its perpetration
Its own avenging angel—dark Misgiving,
An ominous Sinking at the inmost heart.
He can no longer trust me.—Then no longer
Can I retreat—so come that which must come.—
Still destiny preserves its due relations,
The heart within us is its absolute
Vicegerent. [*To* TERTSKY.
Go, conduct you Gustave Wrangel
To my state-cabinet.—Myself will speak to
The couriers.—And dispatch immediately

A servant for Octavio Piccolomini.

[*To the* COUNTESS *who cannot conceal her triumph.*]

No exultation! woman, triumph not!
For jealous are the Powers of Destiny.
Joy premature, and Shouts ere victory,
Intrench upon their rights and privileges.
We sow the seed, and they the growth determine.

[*While he is making his exit the curtain drops.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*As in a Gallery, Act.* WALLENSTEIN, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

Wal. (*coming forward in conversation.*) He sends me word from
Linz, that he lies sick;
But I have sure intelligence, that he
Secrets himself at Frauenberg with Galas.
Secure them both, and send them to me hither.
Remember, thou tak'st on thee the command
Of those same Spanish regiments,—constantly
Make preparation, and be never ready;
And if they urge thee to draw out against me,
Still answer YES, and stand as thou wert fettered.
I know, that it is doing them a service
To keep thee out of action in this business.
Thou lovest to linger on in fair appearances;
Steps of extremity are not thy province.
Therefore have I sought out this part for thee.
Thou wilt this time be of most service to me
By thy inertness. The mean time, if fortune
Declare itself on my side, thou wilt know
What is to do.

[*Exeunt* MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Now, my Octavio,
The night must thee and me off, take my own leave:
Him here I keep with me, to make short farewell—
Trust me, I think we shall both meet again
In joy and thriving; fare thee well.
Oct. (*with Scorn*) I shall see you
Yet ere I go.

SCENE II.—WALLENSTEIN, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Max. (*coming forward*) My General!
Wal. Thou art no longer, it
Thou stylest thyself the Emperor's officer.
Max. Thou wilt not leave the army, General?
Wal. I? [illegible] the service of the Emperor.

Max. And thou wilt leave the army?
Wal. Rather hope I
To bind it nearer still and faster to me. [*He seats himself.*
Yes, Max., I have delayed to open it to thee,
Even till the hour of acting 'gins to strike.
Youth's fortunate feeling doth seize easily
The absolute right, yea, and a joy it is
To exercise the single apprehension
Where the sums square in proof;
But where it happens, that of two sure evils
One must be taken, where the heart not wholly
Brings itself back from out the strife of duties,
There 'tis a blessing to have no election,
And blank necessity is grace and favour.
—This is now present: do not look behind thee.—
It can no more avail thee. Look thou forward!
Think not! judge not! prepare thyself to act!
The Court—it hath determined on my ruin,
Therefore I will to be beforehand with them.
We'll join the Swedes—right gallant fellows are they,
And our good friends.
[*He stops himself, expecting* PICCOLOMINI's *answer.*
I have ta'en thee by surprise. Answer me not.
I grant thee time to recollect thyself.
[*He rises, and retires at the back of the stage.* MAX. *remains for a long time motionless, in a frame of excessive anguish. At his first motion* WALLENSTEIN *returns, and places himself before him.*
Max. My General, this day thou makest me
Of age, to speak in my own right and person,
For till this day I have been spared the trouble
To find out my own road. Thee have I followed
With most implicit unconditional faith,
Sure of the right path if I followed thee.
To day, for the first time, dost thou refer
Me to myself, and forcest me to make
Election between thee and my own heart.
Wal. Soft cradled thee thy Fortune till to day;
Thy duties thou could'st exercise in sport,
Indulge all lovely instincts, act for ever
With undivided heart. It can remain
No longer thus. Like enemies, the roads
Start from each other. Duties strive with duties.
Thou must needs chuse thy party in the war
Which is now kindling 'twixt thy friend and him
Who is thy Emperor.
Max. War! is that the name?
War is as frightful as heaven's pestilence.
Yet it is good, is it heaven's will as that is.
Is that a good war, which against the Emperor
Thou wagest with the Emperor's own army?
O God of heaven! what a change is this.

Beseems it me to offer such persuasion
To thee, who like the fixed star of the pole
Were all I gazed at on life's trackless ocean?
O! what a rent thou makest in my heart!
The ingrained instinct of old reverence,
The holy habit of obedience,
Must I pluck live asunder from thy name?
Nay, do not turn thy countenance upon me
It always was as a god looking at me!
Duke Wallenstein, its power is not departed:
The senses still are in thy bonds, although,
Bleeding, the soul hath freed itself.

Wall. Max. hear me.

Max. O! do it not. I pray thee, do it not!
There is a pure and noble soul within thee,
Knows not of this unblest, unlucky doing.
Thy will is chaste, it is thy fancy only
Which hath pollated thee—and innocence,
It will not let itself be driven away
From that world-awing aspect. Thou wilt not,
Thou canst not, end in this. It would reduce
All human creatures to disloyalty
Against the nobleness of their own nature.
'Twill justify the vulgar misbelief,
Which holdeth nothing noble in free will,
And trusts itself to impotence alone
Made powerful only in an unknown power.

Wall. The world will judge me sternly, I expect it.
What have I said to my own self
All thou canst say to me. Who but avoids
The extreme, can he by going round avoid it?
But here there is no choice. Yes—I must use
Or rather violence—so stand the case,
There remains nothing possible but that.

Max. O that it never possible for thee!
'Tis the last desperate resource of those
Who have no choice, to whom their honour, their good name
Is their poor *stake*, their last worthless *stake*,
Which having staked and lost, they stake themselves
In the mad game of gaming. Thou art rich,
And glorious; with an unpolluted heart
Thou canst make conquest of whate'er seems highest!
But he, who once hath acted infamy,
Does nothing more in this world.

Wall. (*gives him his hand*) Calmly, Max.!
Much that is great and excellent will we
Perform together yet. And if we only
Stand on the height with dignity, 'tis soon
Forgotten, Max., by what road we ascended.
Before me, many a crown shines spotless now
That yet was deeply stained in the winning.
To the soil unfruitfulness belong,

Not to the good. All, that the powers divine
Send from above, are universal blessings:
Their light rejoices us, their air refreshes,
But never yet was man enriched by them:
In their eternal realm no *property*
Is to be struggled for—all there is general.
The jewel, the all valued gold we win
From the deceiving Powers, depraved in nature,
That dwell beneath the day and blessed sun-light.
Not without sacrifices are they rendered
Propitious, and there lives no soul on earth
That e'er retired unsullied from their service.

Max. Whate'er is human, to the human I bring
Do I allow and to the vehement
And striving spirit readily I pardon
The excess of action; but to thee, my general!
Above *all* others make I large concession.
For thou must move a world, and be the master—
He kills thee, who condemns thee to inaction.
So be it then! maintain thee in thy post
By violence. Resist the Emperor,
And if it must be, force with force repel:
I will not praise it, yet I can forgive it.
But not—not to the *traitor*—yes!—the word
Is spoken out——
Not to the traitor can I yield a pardon.
That is no mere excess! that is no error
Of human nature—that is wholly different,
O that is black, black as the pit of hell!

[WALLENSTEIN *betrays a sudden agitation.*

Thou can'st not hear it *name'd*, and wilt thou *do* it?
O turn back to thy duty. That thou canst,
I hold it certain. Send me to Vienna,
I'll make thy peace for thee with the Emperor.
He knows thee not. But I do know thee. He
Shall see thee, Duke! with my unclouded eye,
And I bring back his confidence to thee.

Wal. It is too late. Thou knowest not what has happened.

Max. Were it too late, and were things gone so far,
That a crime only could prevent thy fall,
Then—fall! fall honourably, even as thou stood'st.
Lose the command. Go from the stage of war.
Thou canst with splendour do it—do it too
With innocence. Thou hast liv'd much for others,
At length live thou for thy own self. I follow thee.
My destiny I never part from thine.

Wal. It is too late! Even now, while thou art losing
Thy words, one after the other are the mile stones
Left fast behind by my post couriers,
Who bear the order on to Prague and Egra.

[MAX. *stands as consuls d, with a gesture and countenance expressing the most intimate pain.*

Yield thyself to it. We act as we are forced.
I cannot give assent to my own shame
And ruin. *Ter.*—no—thou canst not forsake me!
So let us do, what must be done, with dignity,
With a firm step. What am I doing worse
Than did famed Cæsar at the Rubicon,
When he the legions led against his country,
The which his country had delivered to him?
Had he thrown down the sword, he had been lost,
As I were, if I but disarmed myself.
I trace out something in me of his spirit.
Give me his luck, *that other thing* I'll bear.

[MAX. *quits him abruptly.* WALLENSTEIN, *startled and astonished, continues looking after him, and is still in this posture when* TERTSKY *enters.*

SCENE III.—WALLENSTEIN. TERTSKY.

Ter. Max. Piccolomini just left you?
Wal. Where is Wrangel?
Ter. He is already gone.
Wal. In such a hurry?
Ter. It is as if the earth had swallowed him.
He had scarce left thee, when I went to seek him.
I wished some words with him—but he was gone.
How, when, and where, could no one tell me. Nay,
I half believe it was the devil himself;
A human creature could not so at once
Have vanished.
Ill. (*aside.*) Is it true that thou wilt send
Octavio?
Ter. How, Octavio! Whither send him!
Wal. He goes to Frauenberg, and will lead hither
The Spanish and Italian regiments.
Ill. No!—
Nay, Heaven forbid!
Wal. And why should Heaven forbid?
Ill. Him! that deceiver! Would'st thou trust to him
The soldiery? Him wilt thou let slip from thee,
Now, in the very instant that decides us——
Ter. Thou wilt not do this!—No! I pray thee, no!
Wal. Ye are whimsical.
Ill. O let for this time, Duke,
Yield to our warning! Let him not depart.
Wal. And why should I not trust him only this time,
Who have always trusted him? What, then, has happened,
That I should lose my good opinion of him?
In complaisance to your whims, not my own,
I must, forsooth, give up a rooted judgment.
Think not I am a woman. Having trusted him
Even till to-day, to-day too will I trust him.

Ter. Must it be he—he only? Send another.
Wal. It must be he, whom I myself have chosen:
He is well fitted for the business. Therefore
I gave it him.
Ilo. Because he's an Italian—
Therefore is he well fitted for the business.
Wal. I know you love them not—nor sire nor son—
Because that I esteem them, love them visibly
Esteem them, love them more than you and others,
E'en as they merit. Therefore are they eye-blights,
Thorns in your foot-path. But your jealousies,
In what affect they me or my concerns?
Are they the worse to *me* because you hate them?
Love or hate one another as you will,
I leave to each man his own moods and liking:
Yet know the worth of each of you to me.
Ilo. Von Questenberg, while he was here, was always
Lurking about with this Octavio.
Wal. It happened with my knowledge and permission.
Ilo. I know that secret messengers came to him
From Galas—
Wal. That's not true.
Ilo. O thou art blind
With thy deep-seeing eyes.
Wal. Thou wilt not shake
My faith for me—my faith, which founds itself
On the profoundest science. If 'tis false,
Then the whole science of the stars is false,
For know, I have a pledge from Fate itself,
That he is the most faithful of my friends.
Ilo. Hast thou a pledge, that this pledge is not false
Wal. There exist moments in the life of man,
When he is nearer the great Soul of the world
Than is man's custom, and possesses freely
The power of questioning his destiny:
And such a moment 'twas, when in the night
Before the action in the plains of Lützen,
Leaning against a tree, thoughts crowding thoughts,
I looked out far upon the ominous plain.
My whole life, past and future, in this moment
Before my mind's eye glided in procession,
And to the destiny of the next morning
The spirit, filled with anxious presentiment,
Did knit the most removed futurity.
Then said I also to myself, "So many
Dost thou command. They follow all thy stars,
And as on some great number set their All
Upon thy single head, and only man
The vessel of thy fortune. Yet a day
Will come, when Destiny shall once more scatter
All these in many a several direction:
Few be they who will stand out faithful to thee."

I yearn'd to know which one was faithfullest
Of all, this camp included. Great Destiny,
Give me a sign! And he shall be the man,
Who, on the approaching morning, comes the first
To meet me with a token of his love:
And thinking this, I fell into a slumber.
Then midmost in the battle was I led
In spirit. Great the pressure and the tumult!
Then was my horse killed under me: I sank;
And over me away, all unconcernedly,
Drove horse and rider—and thus trod to pieces
I lay, and panted like a dying man.
Then seized me suddenly a saviour arm.
It was Octavio's—I awoke at once.
'Twas broad day, and *Octavio* stood before me.
"My brother," said he, "do not ride to-day
"The dapple, as you're wont; but mount the horse
"Which I have chosen for thee. Do it, brother!
"In love to me. A strong dream warned me so."
It was the swiftness of this horse that snatched me
From the hot pursuit of Bannier's dragoons.
My cousin rode the dapple on that day,
And never more saw I or horse or rider.

Ill. That was a chance.

Wal. (*significantly.*) There's no such thing as chance.
In brief, 'tis signed and sealed that this Octavio
Is my good angel—and now no word more. [*He is retiring.*

Tert. This is my comfort—Max. remains our hostage.

Ill. And he shall never far from here alive.

Wal. (*rises and turns to the assembled.*) Are ye not like the women, who for ever
Only recur to their first word, although
One had been talking reason by the hour?
Know, that the human being's thoughts and deeds
Are not, like ocean billows, blindly moved.
The inner world, his microcosmus, is
The deep shaft, out of which they spring eternally.
They grow by certain laws, like the tree's fruit—
No juggling chance can metamorphose them.
Have I the human *heart*? first examined?
Then I know, too, the future will and action.

SCENE IV.—*A Chamber in* PICCOLOMINI'S *Dwelling-House.*
OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, ISOLANI, *entering.*

Isol. Here am I—Well! who comes yet of the others?

Oct. (*with an air of mystery.*) But, first, a word with you, Count Isolani.

Isol. (*[illegible]*) Will it explode, hey?—Is the Duke at out
To make the attempt? In my [illegible]
Full confidence. Nay, put me to the proof.

Oct. That may happen.

Iso. Noble brother, I am
Not one of those men who in words are valiant,
And when it comes to action skulk away.
The Duke has acted towards me as a friend.
God knows it is so; and I owe him all.
He may rely on my fidelity.

Oct. That will be seen hereafter.

Iso. Be on your guard.
All think not as I think; and there are many
Who still hold with the Court—yes, and they say
That those stolen signatures bind them to nothing.

Oct. I am rejoiced to hear it.

Iso. You rejoice!

Oct. That the Emperor has yet such gallant servants,
And loving friends.

Iso. Nay, jeer not, I entreat you.
They are no such worthless fellows, I assure you.

Oct. I am assured already. God forbid
That I should jest!—In very serious earnest
I am rejoiced to see an honest cause
So strong.

Iso. The Devil!—what!—why, what means this?
Are you not, then——For what, then, am I here?

Oct. That you may make full declaration, whether
You will be called the friend or enemy
Of the Emperor.

Iso. (*with an air of reflection.*) That declaration, friend,
I'll make to him in whom a right is placed
To put that question to me.

Oct. Whether, Count,
That right is mine, this paper may instruct you.

Iso. (*starting.*) Why—why—what! this is the Emperor's hand
and seal! [*Reads.*
"Whereas the officers collectively
"Throughout our army will obey the orders
"Of the Lieutenant-general Piccolomini.
"As from ourselves."——*Hem!* Yes! so! Yes! yes!—
I—I give you joy, Lieutenant-general!

Oct. And you submit you to the order?

Iso. I——
But you have taken me so by surprise—
Time for reflection one *must* have——

Oct. Two minutes.

Iso. My God! But then the case is——

Oct. Plain and simple.
You must declare you, whether you determine
To act a treason 'gainst your Lord and Sovereign,
Or whether you will serve him faithfully.

Iso. Treason!—My God!—But who talks then of treason?

Oct. That is the case. The Prince-duke is a traitor—
Means to lead over to the enemy

The Emperor's army.—Now, Count!—brief and full—
Say, will you break your oath to the Emperor?
Sell yourself to the enemy?—Say, will you?

Isol. What mean you? I—I break my oath, d'ye say,
To his Imperial Majesty?
Did I say so?—When, when have I said that?

Ott. You have not said it yet—not yet. This instant
I wait to hear, Count, whether you *will* say it.

Isol. Ay! that delights me now, that you yourself
Bear witness for me that I never said so.

Ott. And you renounce the Duke then?

Isol. If he's planning
Treason—why, treason breaks all bonds asunder.

Ott. And are determined, too, to fight against him?

Isol. He has done me service—but if he's a villain,
Perdition seize him!—All scores are rubbed off.

Ott. I am rejoiced that you're so well disposed.
This night break off in the utmost secresy
With all the light-armed troops—it must appear
As came the order from the Duke himself.
At Frauenberg's the place of rendezvous;
There will Count Galas give you further orders.

Isol. It shall be done. But you'll remember me
With the Emperor—how well-disposed you found me.

Ott. I will not fail to mention it honourably.

[*Exit* Isolani. *A* Servant *enters.*

What, Colonel Butler! Show him up.

Isol. (*returning*) Forgive me too my bearish ways, old father!
Lord God! how should I know, then, what a great
Person I had before me.

Ott. No excuses!

Isol. I am a merry lad, and if at times
A rash word might escape me 'gainst the court
Amidst my wine—You know no harm was meant. [*Exit.*

Ott. You need not be uneasy on that score.
That has succeeded. Fortune favour us
With all the others only but as much!

SCENE V.—Octavio Piccolomini, Butler.

Butl. At your command, Lieut.-colonel-general.

Oct. Welcome, a honoured friend and visitor.

Butl. You do me too much honour.

Oct. (*after a pause, during which he keeps his eye on him*) You have not
Returned the advances which I made you yesterday—
Misunderstood them, as mere empty forms.
That wish proceeded from my heart—I was
In earnest with you—for 'tis now a time
In which the honest should unite most closely.

Butl. 'Tis only the like-minded I can unite.

Oct. True! and I mean—all honest men like-minded.
I never change a man's heart with two words.

To which his character deliberately
Impels him; for alas! the violence
Of blind misunderstandings often thrusts
The very best of us from the right track.
You came through Frauenberg. Did the Count Galas
Say nothing to you? Tell me. He's my friend.

But. His words were lost on *me*.

Ott. It grieves me sorely,
To hear it: for his counsel was most wise.
I had myself the like to offer.

But. Spare
Yourself the trouble—me th' embarrassment
To have deserved so ill your good opinion.

Ott. The time is precious—let us talk openly.
You know how matters stand here. Wallenstein
Meditates treason—I can tell you further—
He has committed treason; but few hours
Have past, since he a covenant concluded
With the enemy. The messengers are now
Full on their way to Egra and to Prague.
To-morrow he intends to lead us over
To the enemy. But he deceives himself;
For Prudence wakes—the Emperor has still
Many and faithful friends here, and they stand
In closest union, mighty though unseen.
This manifesto sentences the Duke—
Recalls the obedience of the army from him,
And summons all the loyal, all the honest,
To join and recognize in me their leader.
Choose—will you share with us an honest cause?
Or with the evil share an evil lot.

But. (*rises.*) His lot is mine.

Ott. Is that your last resolve?

But. It is.

Ott. Nay, but bethink you, Colonel Butler!
As yet you have time. Within my faithful breast
That rashly uttered word remains interred.
Recall it, Butler! choose a better party:
You have not chosen the right one.

But. (*going.*) Any other
Commands for me, Lieutenant General?

Ott. See your white hairs! Recall that word!

But. Farewell!

Ott. What, would you draw this good and gallant sword
In such a cause? Into a curse would you
Transform the gratitude which you have earned
By forty years' fidelity from Austria?

But. (*laughing with bitterness.*) Gratitude from the house of Austria. (*He is going.*

Ott. (*permits him to go as far as the door, then calls after him.*) Butler!

But. What wish you?

O. How was't with the Count?
But. Count? what?
O. (*coldly.*) The title that you wished I mean.
But. (*starts in sudden passion.*) Hell and damnation!
O. (*coldly.*) You petitioned for it—
And your petition was repelled—Was it so?
But. Your insolent scoff shall not go by unpunished.
Draw!
O. Nay! your sword to 'ts sheath! and tell me calmly,
How all that happened. I will not refuse you
Your satisfaction afterwards.—Calmly, Butler!
But. Be the whole world acquainted with the weakness
For which I never can forgive myself.
Lieutenant General! Yes—I have ambition.
Ne'er was I able to endure contempt.
It stung me to the quick, that birth and title
Should have more weight than merit has in the army.
I would fain not be meaner than my equal,
So in an evil hour I let myself
Be tempted to that measure—It was folly!
But yet so hard a penance it deserved not.
It might have been refused; but wherefore bait
And venom the refusal with contempt?
Why dash to earth and crush with heaviest scorn
The grey-haired man, the faithful Veteran?
Why to the baseness of his parentage
Refer him with such cruel roughness, only
Because he had a weak hour and forgot himself?
But nature gives a sting, e'en to the worm
Which wanton Power treads on inport and pride?
O. You must have been calumniated. Come, say you
The enemy, who did you this ill-service?
But. Be't who it will—a most low-hearted scoundrel,
Some vile contamination must it be, some Spaniard,
Some young squire of some ancient family,
In whose light I may stand—one envious knave,
Stung to his soul by my high self-earned honours!
O. But tell me! Did the Duke approve that measure?
But. He himself impelled me to it, used his interest
In my behalf with all the warmth of friendship.
O. Ay? Are you sure of that?
But. I read the letter.
O. And so did I—but then my eyes were different.
[BUTLER *suddenly grasps at the letter.*
By chance I'm in possession of that letter—
Can leave it to your own eyes to convince you.
[*He gives it to him.*
But. Ha! what is this?
O. [illegible] Duke,
[illegible] with you,
The Duke, you say, [illegible]?
Now, in this letter [illegible]

Concerning you, counsels the Minister
To give sound chastisement to your conceit.
For so he calls it.

[BUTLER *reads through the letter, [illegible] a chair, and sits down in it.*

You have no enemy, no persecutor;
There's no one wishes ill to you. Ascribe
The insult you received to the Duke only.
His aim is clear and palpable. He wished
To tear you from your Emperor—he hoped
To gain from your revenge what he well knew
(What your long-tried fidelity convinced him
He ne'er could dare expect from your calm reason)
A blind tool would he make you, in contempt
Use you, as means of most abandoned ends.
He has gained his point. Too well has he succeeded
In luring you away from that good path
On which you had been journeying forty years!

But. (*[illegible]*) Can ever the Emperor's Majesty forgive me?

Oct. More than forgive you. He would fain compensate
For that affront, and most unmerited grievance
Sustained by a deserving, gallant veteran.
From his free impulse he confirms the present,
Which the Duke made you for a wicked purpose.
The regiment, which you now command, is yours.

[BUTLER *attempts to rise, but sinks down again. He [illegible] inwardly with violent emotion [illegible] overcome it. At length he takes [illegible] offers it to* PICCOLOMINI.

Oct. What wish you? Recollect yourself, friend!

But. Take it.

Oct. But to what purpose? Calm yourself.

But. O take it!
I am no longer worthy of this sword.

Oct. Receive it then anew from my hands—[illegible]
Wear it with honour for the right cause ever.

But. ——Perjure myself to such a gracious sovereign!

Oct. You'll make amends. Quick! [illegible] the Irish!

But. Break it from him!

Oct. What now? Bethink thyself.

But. (*[illegible] interruption.*) Only break off from him
—He dies! he dies!

Oct. Come after me to Frauenberg, where now
All who are loyal, are assembling under
Counts Altringer and Galas. Many others
I've brought to a remembrance of their duty.
This night be sure, that you escape from Pilsen.

But. (*strides up and down in [illegible], then, [illegible] to* OCTAVIO *with resolute countenance.*) Count Piccolomini!
Dare that man speak
Of honour to you, who once broke his word.

O.t. He, who repents so deeply of it, dares.
But. Then leave me here, upon my word of honour!
O.t. What's your design?
But. Leave me and my regiment.
O.t. I have full confidence in you. But tell me
What are you brooding?
But. That the deed will tell you.
Ask me no more at present. Trust to me.
Ye may trust safely. By the living God
Ye give him over, not to his good angel!
Farewell. [*Exit* BUTLER.
Serv. (*enters with a billet.*) A stranger left it, and is gone.
The Prince-Duke's horses wait for you below. [*Exit* Servant.
O.t. (*reads.*) "Be sure, make haste! Your faithful Isolan."
—O that I had but left this town behind me.
To split upon a rock so near the haven!—
Away! This is no longer a safe place for me!
Where can my son be tarrying?

SCENE VI.—OCTAVIO *and* MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

[MAX. *enters almost in a state of derangement from extreme agitation, his eyes roll wildly, his walk is unsteady, and he appears not to observe his father, who stands at a distance, and gazes at him with a countenance expressive of compassion. He paces with long strides through the chamber, then stands still again, and at last throws himself into a chair, looking steadily at the objects before his eyes.*]

O.t. (*[illegible]*) I am going off, my son.
[*Receiving no answer he takes his hand.*
My son, farewell.
Max. Farewell.
O.t. Thou wilt soon follow me?
Max. I follow thee?
Thy way is crooked—it is not my way.
[OCTAVIO *drops his hand, and starts back.*
O, hadst thou been but simple and sincere,
Ne'er had it come to this—all had stood otherwise.
He had not done that foul and horrible deed,
The virtuous had retained their influence over him:
He had not fallen into the snares of villains,
Wherefore so like a thief, and thief's accomplice
Dd'st creep behind him—lurking for thy prey?
O, subtlest falsehood! Mother of all evil!
Thou misery-making demon, it is thou
That sink'st us in perdition. Simple truth,
Sustaining of the world, had saved us all!
Father, I will not, I cannot even curse thee!
Wallenstein has deceived me—O, not foully!
But thou hast [illegible] me [illegible].

Oct. Son!
My son, ah! I forgive thy agony!
Max. (Gives, and contemplates his father with looks of suspicion.)
Was't possible? had'st thou the heart, my father,
Had'st thou the heart to drive it to such lengths,
With cold premeditated purpose? Thou—
Had'st thou the heart, to wish to see him guilty,
Rather than saved? Thou risest by his fall.
Octavio, 'twill not please me.
Oct. God in Heaven!
Max. O, woe is me! sure I have changed my nature.
How comes suspicion here—in the free soul?
Hope, confidence, belief, are gone; for all
Lied to me, all what I e'er loved or honoured.
No! No! Not all! She—she yet lives for me,
And she is true, and open as the Heavens!
Deceit is everywhere, hypocrisy,
Murder, and poisoning, treason, perjury:
The single holy spot is our love,
The only unprofaned in human nature.
Oct. Max!—we will go together. 'Twill be better.
Max. What? ere I've taken a last parting leave,
The very last—no never!
Oct. Spare thyself
The pang of necessary separation.
Come with me! Come, my son! *[Attempts to take him with him.*
Max. No! as sure as God lives, no!
Oct. (more urgently.) Come with me, I command thee! I, thy father.
Max. Command me what is human. I stay here.
Oct. Max! in the Emperor's name I bid thee come.
Max. No Emperor hath power to prescribe
Laws to the heart; and would'st thou wish to rob me
Of the sole blessing which my fate has left me,
Her sympathy. Must then a cruel deed
Be done with cruelty? The unalterable
Shall I perform ignoble—steal away,
With stealthy coward flight forsake her? No!
She shall behold my suffering, my sore anguish,
Hear the complaints of the disparted soul,
And weep tears o'er me. Oh! the human race
Have steely souls—but she is as an angel.
From the black deadly madness of despair
Will she redeem my soul, and in soft words
Of comfort, plaining, loose this pang of death!
Oct. Thou will not tear thyself away, thou canst not.
O, come, my son! I bid thee save thy virtue.
Max. Squander not thou thy words in vain.
The heart I follow, for I dare trust to it.
Oct. (trembling, and losing all self-command.) Max! Max! if the most damned thing could be,
If thou—my son—my own blood—(dare I *think* it?)

Do sell thyself to him, the infamous,
Do stamp this brand upon our noble house,
Then shall the world behold the horrible deed,
And in unnatural combat shall the steel
Of the son trickle with the father's blood.

Max. O hadst thou always better thought of men,
Thou hadst then acted better. Curst suspicion!
Unholy miserable doubt! To him
Nothing on earth remains unwrenched and firm,
Who has no faith.

Oct. And if I trust thy heart,
Will it be always in thy power to follow it?

Max. The heart's voice *thou* hast not o'erpower'd—as little
Will Wallenstein be able to o'erpower it.

Oct. O, Max! I see thee never more again!

Max. Unworthy of thee wilt thou never see me.

Oct. I go to Frauenberg—the Pappenheimers
I leave thee here, the Lothrings too; Toskana
And Tiefenbach remain here to protect thee.
They love thee, and are faithful to their oath,
And will far rather fall in gallant contest
Than leave their rightful leader, and their honour.

Max. Rely on this, I either leave my life
In the struggle, or conduct them out of Pilsen.

Oct. Farewell, my son!

Max. Farewell!

Oct. How? not one look
Of filial love? No grasp of the hand at parting?
It is a bloody war, to which we are going,
And the event uncertain and in darkness.
So used we not to part—it was not so!
Is it then true? I have a son no longer?

[MAX. *falls into his arms. They hold each for a long time in a silent embrace, then go away at different sides.*

THE CURTAIN DROPS.

THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.

PREFACE OF THE TRANSLATOR.

THE two Dramas, PICCOLOMINI, or the first part of WALLENSTEIN, and WALLENSTEIN, are introduced in the original manuscript by a Prelude in one Act, entitled WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP. This is written in rhyme, and in nine-syllable verse, in the same *Fitting* metre (if that expression may be permitted) with the second Eclogue of Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar.

This Prelude possesses a sort of broad humour, and is not deficient in character; but to have translated it into prose, or into any other metre than that of the original, would have given a false idea both of its style and purport; to have translated it into the same metre would have been incompatible with a faithful adherence to the sense of the German, from the comparative poverty of our language in rhymes; and it would have been unadvisable from the incongruity of those lax verses with the present taste of the English Public. Schiller's intention seems to have been merely to have prepared his reader for the Tragedies by a lively picture of the laxity of discipline, and the mutinous dispositions of Wallenstein's soldiery. It is not necessary as a preliminary explanation. For these reasons it has been thought expedient not to translate it.

The admirers of Schiller, who have abstracted their idea of that author from the Robbers, and the Cabal and Love, plays in which the main interest is produced by the excitement of curiosity, and in which the curiosity is excited by terrible and extraordinary incident, will not have perused without some portion of disappointment the Dramas, which it has been my employment to translate. They should, however, reflect that these are Historical Dramas, taken from a popular German History; that we must therefore judge of them in some measure with the feelings of Germans; or by analogy, with the interest excited in us by similar Dramas in our own language. Few, I trust, would be rash or ignorant enough to compare Schiller with Shakspeare; yet, merely as illustration, I would say that we should proceed to the perusal of Wallenstein, not from Lear or Othello, but from Richard the Second, or the three parts of Henry the Sixth. We scarcely expect rapidity in an Historical Drama; and many prolix speeches are pardoned from characters, whose names and actions have formed the most amusing tales of our early life. On the other hand, there exist in these plays more individual beauties, more passages, whose excellence will bear reflection, than in the former productions of Schiller. The description of the Astrological Tower, and the reflections of the Young Lover, which follow it, form in the original a fine poem; and my translation must have been wretched indeed, if it can have wholly overclouded the beauties of the Scene in the first Act of the first Play between Questenberg, Max, and Octavio Piccolomini. If we except the Scene of the setting sun in the Robbers, I know of no part in Schiller's Plays which equals the whole of the first Scene of the fifth Act of the concluding Play. It would be unbecoming in me to be more diffuse on this subject. A Translator stands connected with the original Author by a certain law of subordination, which makes it more decorous to point out excellencies than defects; indeed he is not likely to be a fair judge of either. The pleasure or disgust from his own labour will mingle with the feelings that arise from an afterview of the original. Even in the first perusal of a work in any foreign language which we understand, we are apt to attribute to it more excellence than it really possesses from our own pleasurable sense of difficulty overcome without effort. Translation of poetry into poetry is difficult, because the Translator must give a brilliancy to his language without that warmth of original conception, in which such brilliancy would follow of its

own accord. But the Translator of a living Author is encumbered with additional inconveniencies. If he render his original faithfully, as to the *sense* of each passage, he must necessarily destroy a considerable portion of the *spirit*; if he endeavour to give a work executed according to laws of *composition*, he subjects himself to imputations of vanity, or misrepresentation. I have thought it my duty to remain bound by the sense of my original, with as few exceptions as the nature of the languages rendered possible.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WALLENSTEIN, *Duke of Friedland, Commander-in-chief of the Imperial Forces in the Thirty-years' War.*
DUCHESS OF FRIEDLAND, *Wife of* WALLENSTEIN.
THEKLA, *her Daughter, Princess of Friedland.*
THE COUNTESS TERTSKY, *Sister of the Duchess.*
LADY NEUBRUNN.
OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, *Lieutenant General.*
MAX. PICCOLOMINI, *his Son, Colonel of a Regiment of Cuirassiers.*
COUNT TERTSKY, *the Commander-in-chief of several Regiments, and Brother-in-law of* WALLENSTEIN.
ILLO, *Field Marshal,* WALLENSTEIN'S *Confidant.*
BUTLER, *an Irishman, Commander of a Regiment of Dragoons.*
GORDON, *Governor of Egra.*
MAJOR GERALDIN.
CAPTAIN DEVEREUX.
CAPTAIN MACDONALD.
NEUMANN, *Captain of Count Piccolomini's Cuirassiers, Adjutant to* TERTSKY.
SWEDISH CAPTAIN.
SENI.
DETACHMENT.
ANSPESSADE.
GROOM OF THE CHAMBER.
A PAGE.
CUIRASSIERS, DRAGOONS, SERVANTS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber in the Palace of the* DUCHESS *of* FRIEDLAND. COUNTESS TERTSKY, THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN. (*The two latter are at their embroidery.*)

Countess. (*Will you not [illegible] for your sister?*) So you know nothing, niece, to ask me? Nothing?
I have been waiting for a word from you,
And could you then endure in all the time
Not once to speak his name?

[THEKLA *in trouble, silent. The Countess [illegible] her.*

Why, how comes this?
Perhaps I am already grown apathetic,
An lo other ways exist, less sluggish minds?
Confess it to me. Then I have your secret?
Thekla. To-day and yesterday I have not seen him.
Countess. And you heard from him either? Come, tell me!
Thekla. Not a word.

Coun. And still you are so calm?
Thek. I am.
Coun. May't please you, leave us, Lady Neubrunn!
[*Exit* LADY NEUBRUNN.

SCENE II.—*The* COUNTESS, THEKLA.

Coun. It does not please me, Princess! that he holds
Himself so *still*, exactly at *this* time.
Thek. Exactly at *this* time?
Coun. He now knows all.
'Twere now the moment to declare himself.
Thek. If I'm to understand you, speak less darkly.
Coun. 'Twas for that purpose that I bade her leave us.
Thekla, you are no more a child. Your heart
Is now no more in nonage: for you love,
And boldness dwells with love—that you have proved.
Your nature moulds itself upon your father's.
More than your mother's spirit. Therefore may you
Hear, what were too much for her fortitude.
Thek. Enough! no further preface, I entreat you.
At once, out with it! Be it what it may,
It is not possible that it should torture me
More than this introduction. What have you
To say to me? Tell me the whole, and briefly!
Coun. You'll not be frightened—
Thek. Name it, I entreat you.
Coun. It lies within your power to do your father
A weighty service—
Thek. Lies within *my* power?
Coun. Max. Piccolomini loves you. You can link him
Indissolubly to your father.
Thek. I?
What need of me for that? And is he not
Already linked to him?
Coun. He was.
Thek. And wherefore
Should he not be so now—not be so always?
Coun. He cleaves to the Emperor too.
Thek. Not more than duty
And honour may demand of him.
Coun. We ask
Proofs of his love, and not proofs of his honour.
Duty and honour!
Those are ambiguous words with many meanings.
You should interpret them for him: his love
Should be the sole definer of his honour.
Thek. How?
Coun. The Emperor or you must he renounce
Thek. He will accompany my father gladly
In his retirement. From himself you heard,
How much he wished to lay aside the sword.

Coun. He must *not* lay the sword aside, we mean;
He must unsheath it in your father's cause.
Thek. He'll spend with gladness and alacrity
His life, his heart's blood in my father's cause,
If shame or injury be intended him.
Coun. You will not understand me. Well, hear then!
Your father has fallen off from the Emperor,
And is about to join the enemy
With the whole soldiery—
Thek. Alas, my mother!
Coun. There needs a great example to draw on
The army after him. The Piccolomini
Possess the love and reverence of the troops;
They govern all opinions, and wherever
They lead the way, none hesitate to follow.
The son secures the father to our interests—
You've much in your hands at this moment.
Thek. Ah,
My miserable mother! what a death-stroke
Awaits thee!—No! She never will survive it.
Coun. She will accommodate her soul to that
Which is and must be. I do know your mother.
The far-off future weighs upon her heart
With torture of anxiety; but is it
Unalterably, actually present,
She soon resigns herself, and bears it calmly.
Thek. O my foreboding bosom! Even now,
E'en now, 'tis here, that icy hand of horror!
And my young hope lies shuddering in its grasp.
I knew it well—no sooner had I entered,
An heavy ominous presentiment
Revealed to me, that spirits of death were hovering
Over my happy fortune. But why think I
First of myself? My mother! O my mother!
Coun. Calm yourself! Break not out in vain lamenting!
I reserve you for your father the firm friend,
And for yourself the lover, all will yet
Prove good and fortunate.
Thek. Prove good? What good?
Must we not part? Part ne'er to meet again?
Coun. He parts not from you! He cannot part from you.
Thek. Alas for his sore anguish! It will rend
His heart asunder.
Coun. If indeed he loves you,
His resolution will be speedily taken.
Thek. His resolution will be speedily taken—
Oh do not doubt of that! A resolution!
Does there remain one to be taken?
Coun. Hush!
Collect yourself! I hear your mother coming.
Thek. How shall I dare to see her?
Coun. [illegible]

SCENE III.—*To them enter the* DUCHESS.

Duch. (*to the* COUNTESS.) Who was here, sister? I heard some one talking,
And passionately too.
Coun. Nay! There was no one.
Duch. I am grown so timorous, every trifling noise
Scatters my spirits, and announces to me
The footstep of some messenger of evil.
And can you tell me, sister, what the event is?
Will he agree to do the Emperor's pleasure,
And send the horse-regiments to the Cardinal?
Tell me, has he dismissed Von Questenberg
With a favourable answer?
Coun. No, he has not.
Duch. Alas! then all is lost! I see it coming,
The worst that can come! Yes, they will depose him;
The accursed business of the Regenspurg diet
Will all be acted o'er again!
Coun. No! never!
Make your heart easy, sister, as to that.
[THEKLA, *in extreme agitation, throws herself upon her mother, and enfolds her in her arms, weeping.*
Duch. Yes, my poor child!
Thou too hast lost a most affectionate godmother
In the Empress. O that stern unbending man!
In this unhappy marriage what have I
Not suffered, not endured. For ev'n as if
I had been linked on to some wheel of fire
That restless, ceaseless, whirls impetuous onward,
I have passed a life of frights and horrors with him,
And ever to the brink of some abyss
With dizzy headlong violence he whirls me.
Nay, do not weep, my child! Let not my sufferings
Presignify unhappiness to thee,
Nor blacken with their shade the fate that waits thee.
There lives no second Friedland: thou, my child,
Hast not to fear thy mother's destiny.
Thek. O let us supplicate him, dearest mother!
Quick! quick! here's no abiding-place for us.
Here every coming hour broods into life
Some new affrightful monster.
Duch. Thou wilt share
An easier, calmer lot, my child! We too,
I and thy father, witnessed happy days.
Still think I with delight of those first years,
When he was making progress with glad effort,
When his ambition was a genial fire,
Not that consuming flame which now it is.
The Emperor loved him, trusted him: and all
He undertook could not but be successful.

But since that ill-starred day at Regenspurg,
Which plunged him headlong from his dignity,
A gloomy uncompanionable spirit.
Unsteady and suspicious, has possessed him.
His quiet mind forsook him, and no longer
Did he yield up himself in joy and faith
To his old luck, and individual power;
But thenceforth turned his heart and best affections
All to those cloudy sciences, which never
Have yet made happy him who followed them.

Cam. You see it, sister! as your eyes permit you.
But surely this is not the conversation
To pass the time in which we're waiting for him.
You know he will be soon here. Would you have him
Find us so in this condition?

Duch. Come, my child!
Come wipe away thy tears, and show thy father
A cheerful countenance. See, the tie-knot here
Is off—this hair must not hang so dishevelled.
Come, dearest! dry thy tears up. They deform
Thy gentle eye—well now—what was I saying?
Yes, in good truth, this Piccolomini
Is a most noble and deserving gentleman.

Cam. That is he, sister!

Tick. (*to the* COUNTESS, *with an air of great vexation*) [illegible]
Aunt, you will excuse me? [illegible]

Cam. But whither? See, your father comes.

Tick. I cannot see him now.

Cam. Nay, but bethink you.

Tick. Believe me, I cannot sustain his presence.

Cam. But he will miss you, will ask after you.

Duch. What now? Why is she going?

Cam. She's not well.

Duch. ([illegible]) What ails then my beloved child?

[*Exit* [illegible] *the* PRINCESS, *and calls upon to* [illegible]
[illegible] WALLENSTEIN *appears, engrossed in* [illegible] ILLO.

SCENE IV. WALLENSTEIN, ILLO, COUNTESS, DUCHESS, TERZKY.

Wall. All quiet in the camp?

Terz. It is all quiet.

Wall. In a few hours may couriers come from Prague
With things that this capital is ours.
Then we may drop the mask, and to the troops
Assembled in this town make known the measure
And its result together. In such business
Example does the whole. Whoever is first most
Still is the [illegible]. An [illegible]
[illegible]

Than that the Pilsen army has gone through
The forms of homage to us; and in Pilsen
They shall swear fealty to us, because
The example has been given them by Prague.
Butler, you tell me, has declared himself.

Ilo. At his own bidding, unsolicited,
He came to offer you himself and regiment.

Wal. I find we must not give implicit credence
To every warning voice that makes itself
Be listened to in the heart. To hold us back,
Oft does the lying spirit counterfeit
The voice of Truth and inward Revelation.
Scattering false oracles. And thus have I
To intreat forgiveness, for that secretly
I've wronged this honourable gallant man.
This Butler: for a feeling of the which
I am not master (*for* I would not call it)
Creeps o'er me instantly, with sense of shuddering,
At his approach, and stops love's joyous motion.
And this same man, against whom I am warned,
This honest man is he, who reaches to me
The first pledge of my fortune.

Ill. And doubt not
That his example will win over to you
The best men in the army.

Wal. Go and see!
Isolani hither. Send him immediately.
He is under recent obligations to me.
With him will I commence the trial. Go. [*Exit* Ilo.

Wal. (*turns himself round to the musicians*) Lo, there the mother
with the darling daughter,
For once we'll have an interval of rest—
Come! my heart yearns to live a cloudless hour
In the beloved circle of my family.

Cam. 'Tis long since we've been thus together, brother.

Wal. (*to the* COUNTESS *aside*) Can she sustain the news? Is she
prepared?

Cam. Not yet.

Wal. Come here, my sweet girl! Seat thee by me.
For there is a good spirit on thy lips.
Thy mother praised to me thy ready skill:
She says a voice of melody dwells in thee,
Which doth enchant the soul. Now such a voice
Will drive away for me the evil daemon
That beats his black wings close above my head.

Dis. Where is thy lute, my daughter? Let thy father
Hear some small trial of thy skill.

Th. My mother!
I—

Dis. Trembling? Come, collect thyself. Go, cheer
Thy father.

Th. O my mother! I—I cannot.

Coun. How, what is that, my niece?

Thekla (*to Countess*). O spare me—sing—now—in this sore anguish,
Of the o'erburthen'd soul—to sing to *him*,
Who is thrusting, even now, my mother headlong
Into her grave.

Duch. How, Thekla? Humoursome?
What! shall thy father have expressed a wish
In vain?

Coun. Here is the lute.

Thek. My God! how can I—

[*The orchestra plays. During the ritornello* THEKLA *expresses in her gestures and countenance the struggle of her feelings; and at the moment that she should begin to sing, contracts herself together, as one shuddering, throws the instrument down, and retires abruptly.*

Duch. My child! O she is ill—

Wal. What ails the maiden?
Say, is she often so?

Coun. Since then herself
Has now betrayed it, I too must no longer
Conceal it.

Wal. What?

Coun. She loves him!

Wal. Loves him! Whom?

Coun. Max does she love! Max Piccolomini.
Hast thou ne'er noticed it? Nor yet my sister?

Duch. Was it this that lay so heavy on her heart?
God's blessing on thee, my sweet child! Thou need'st
Never take shame upon thee for thy choice.

Coun. This journey, if 'twere not thy aim, ascribe it
To thine own self. Thou shouldest have chosen another
To have attended her.

Wal. And does he know it?

Coun. Yes, and he hopes to win her.

Wal. Hopes to win her!
Is the boy mad?

Coun. Well—hear it from themselves.

Wal. He thinks to carry off Duke Friedland's daughter!
Ay?—the thought pleases me.
The young man has no grovelling spirit.

Coun. Since
Such and such constant favour you have shown him.

Wal. He chooses finally to be my heir.
And true it is, I love the youth; yea, honour him.
But must he therefore be my daughter's husband?
Is it daughters only? Is it only children
That we must shew our favour by?

Duch. His noble disposition and his manners—

Wal. Win him my heart, but not my daughter.

Duch. Then
His rank, his ancestors—

Wal. Ancestors! What?
He is a subject, and my son-in-law
I will seek out upon the thrones of Europe.
Duch. O dearest Albrecht! Climb we not too high,
Lest we should fall too low.
Wal. What? have I paid
A price so heavy to ascend this eminence,
And jut out high above the common herd,
Only to close the mighty part I play
In Life's great drama, with a common kinsman?
Have I for this— [*Stops suddenly, reflects, aside.*
She is the only thing
That will remain behind of me on earth;
And I will see a crown around her head,
Or die in the attempt to place it there.
I hazard all—all! and for this alone,
To lift her into greatness—
Yea, in this moment, in the which we are speaking—
[*Recollects himself.*
And I must now, like a soft-hearted father,
Couple together in good peasant fashion
The pair, that chance to suit each other's liking—
And I must do it now, even now, when I
Am stretching out the wreath, that is to twine
My full accomplished work—no! she is the jewel,
Which I have treasured long, my last, my noblest,
And 'tis my purpose not to let her from me
For less than a king's sceptre.
Duch. O my husband!
You're ever building, building to the clouds,
Still building higher, and still higher building,
And ne'er reflect, that the poor narrow basis
Cannot sustain the giddy tottering column.
Wal. (*to the* COUNTESS.) Have you announced the place of residence
Which I have destined for her?
Coun. No! not yet.
'Twere better, you yourself disclosed it to her.
Duch. How? Do we not return to Kärn then?
Wal. No.
Duch. And to no other of your lands or seats?
Wal. You would not be secure there.
Duch. Not secure
In the Emperor's realms, beneath the Emperor's
Protection?
Wal. Friedland's wife may be permitted
No longer to hope *that*.
Duch. O God in heaven!
And have you brought it even to this?
Wal. In Holland
You'll find protection.
Duch. In a Lutheran country?
What? And you send us into Lutheran countries?

Wal. Duke Franz of Lauenberg conducts you thither.
Duch. Duke Franz of Lauenberg?
The ally of Sweden, the Emperor's enemy.
Wal. The Emperor's enemies are mine no longer.
Duch. (*casting a look of terror on the* DUKE *and the* COUNTESS.) Is it then true? It is. You are degraded?
Deposed from the command? O God in heaven!
Coun. (*aside to the* Duke.) Leave her in this belief. Thou seest she cannot
Support the real truth.

SCENE V.—[illegible] COUNT TERTSKY.

Coun. —Tertsky!
What ails him? What an image of affright!
He looks as he had seen a ghost.
Ter. (*to the* WALLENSTEIN *[illegible]*) Is it thy command that all the Croats—
Wal. Mine!
Ter. We are betrayed.
Wal. What?
Ter. They are off! This night
The Jägers likewise—all the villages
In the whole round are empty.
Wal. Isolani?
Ter. Him thou hast sent away. Yes, surely.
Wal. [illegible]?
Ter. No! He [illegible] off? Not Deveux?
They are vanished [illegible] all of them.

SCENE VI.—[illegible] ILLO.

Illo. Has Tertsky told thee?
Ter. He knows all.
Illo. And likewise
That Esterhatzy, Goetz, Maradas, Kaunitz,
Kolatto, Palfi, have forsaken thee.
Ter. Damnation!
Wal. (*[illegible]*) Ha!
Coun. (*who has been [illegible] the [illegible] and now [illegible]*) Tertsky! Heaven! What [illegible]? What has happened?
Wal. (*[illegible]*) Nothing! [illegible] gone!
Ter. (*[illegible]*) The [illegible] it is nothing.
Coun. (*[illegible] him [illegible]*) Nothing? Do [illegible] that all the life blood
Has left your cheeks—look you not like a ghost?
That even my brother but affects a calmness?
Ter. (*[illegible]*) An Aide-de-Camp inquires for the Count Tertsky.
(*[illegible]*) [illegible] Page.

Wal. Go, hear his business.
(*To* ILLO.) This could not have happened
So unsuspected without mutiny.
Who was on guard at the gates?
Illo. 'Twas Tiefenbach.
Wal. Let Tiefenbach leave guard without delay,
And Tertsky's grenadiers relieve him. [ILLO *is going.*
Stop!
Hast thou heard aught of Butler?
Illo. Him I met.
He will be here himself immediately.
Butler remains unshaken.
[ILLO *exit.* WALLENSTEIN *is following him.*
Coun. Let him not leave thee, sister! go, detain him!
There's some misfortune.
Duch. (*clinging to him.*) Gracious heaven! What is it?
Wal. Be tranquil! leave me, sister! dearest wife!
We are in camp, and this is nought unusual;
Here storm and sunshine follow one another
With rapid interchanges. These fierce spirits
Champ the curb angrily, and never yet
Did quiet bless the temples of the leader.
If I am to stay, go you. The plaints of women
Ill suit the scene where men must act.
[*He is going;* TERTSKY *returns.*
Ter. Remain here. From this window must we see it.
Wal. (*to the* COUNTESS.) Sister, retire!
Coun. No—never.
Wal. 'Tis my will!
Ter. (*Leads the* COUNTESS *aside, and draws her attention to the* DUCHESS.) Theresa!
Duch. Sister, come! since he commands it.

SCENE VII.—WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

Wal. (*stepping to the window.*) What now, then?
Ter. There are strange movements among all the troops,
And no one knows the cause. Mysteriously,
With gloomy silentness, the several corps
Marshal themselves, each under its own banners.
Tiefenbach's corps make threatening movements; only
The Pappenheimers still remain aloof
In their own quarters, and let no one enter.
Wal. Does Piccolomini appear among them?
Ter. We are seeking him; he is nowhere to be met with.
Wal. What did the Aide-de Camp deliver to you?
Ter. My regiments had dispatched him; yet once more
They swear fidelity to thee, and wait
The shout for onset, all prepared, and eager.
Wal. But whence arose this larum in the camp?
It should have been kept secret from the army,
Till fortune had decided for us at Prague.

Ter. O that thou hadst believed me! Yester evening
Did we conjure thee not to let that skulker,
That fox, Octavio, pass the gates of Pilsen.
Thou gav'st him thy own horses to flee from thee.
Wal. The old tune still! Now, once for all, no more
Of this suspicion—it is doting folly.
Ter. Thou did'st confide in Isolani too;
And lo! he was the first that did desert thee.
Wal. It was but yesterday I rescued him
From abject wretchedness. Let that go by.
I never reckon'd yet on gratitude.
And wherein doth he wrong in going from me?
He follows still the god whom all his life
He has worshipped at the gaming table. With
My FORTUNE, and my seeming destiny,
He made the bond, and broke it not with me.
I am but the ship in which his hopes were stowed,
And with the which well pleased and confident
He traversed the open sea; now he beholds it
In eminent jeopardy among the coast-rocks,
And hurries to preserve his wares. As light
As the free bird from the hospitable twig
Where it had nested, he flies off from me:
No human tie is snapped betwixt us two.
Yea, he deserves to find himself deceived,
Who seeks a heart in the unthinking man.
Like shadows on a stream, the forms of life
Impress their characters on the smooth forehead,
Nought sinks into the fool's silent depth:
Quick sensibility of pain and pleasure
Moves the light fluids lightly; but no soul
Warmeth the inner frame.
Ter. Yet, would I rather
Trust the smooth brow than that deep furrowed one.

SCENE VIII.—WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, ILLO.

Ill. (*who enters pale and with terror.*) Treason and mutiny!
Ter. And what further now?
Ill. Tiefenbach's soldiers, when I gave the orders
To go on guard—Mutinous villains!
Ter. Well?
Ill. What followed?
Ill. They refused obedience to them.
Ter. Fire on them instantly! Give out the order.
Wal. Gently! What cause did they assign?
Ill. No other
They said, but that they had received orders that
Lieutenant General *Piccolomini.*
Wal. (*in a convulsive agony.*) What? How is that?
Ill. He takes that office on him by commission,
Under the command of the Emperor.

Tir. From the Emperor—hear'st thou, Duke?
Ilo. At his incitement
The Generals made that stealthy flight—
Tir. Duke! hearest thou?
Ilo. Caraffa too, and Montecuculi,
Are missing, with six other Generals,
All whom he had induced to follow him.
This plot he has long had in writing by him
From the Emperor; but 'twas finally concluded
With all the detail of the operation
Some days ago with the Envoy Questenberg.
[WALLENSTEIN *sinks down in an agony of rage, and remains for a time speechless.*
Tir. O hadst thou but believed me!

SCENE IX.—*To them enter* COUNTESS.

Cont. This suspense,
This horrid fear—I can no longer bear it.
For heaven's sake, tell me, what has taken place.
Ilo. The regiments are all falling off from us.
Tir. Octavio Piccolomini is a traitor.
Cont. O my foreboding! [*Rushes out of the room.*
Tir. Hadst thou but believed me!
Now seest thou how the stars have lied to thee.
Wal. The stars lie not; but we have here a work
Wrought counter to the stars and destiny.
The science is still honest: this false heart
Forces a lie on the truth-telling heaven.
On a divine law divination rests;
Where nature deviates from that law, and storms
Out of her limits, there all science errs.
True, I did not suspect! Were it superstition
Never by such suspicion t' have affronted
The human form, O may that time ne'er come
In which I shame me of the infirmity.
The wildest savage drinks not with the victim,
Into whose breast he means to plunge the sword.
This, this, Octavio, was no hero's deed:
'Twas not thy prudence that did conquer mine;
A bad heart triumphed o'er an honest one.
No shield received the assassin stroke; thou plungest
Thy weapon on an unprotected breast—
Against such weapons I am but a child.

SCENE X.—*To them enter* BUTLER.

Tir. (*meeting him.*) O look there! Butler! Here we've still a friend!
Wal. (*meets him with outstretched arms, and embraces him with warmth.*) Come to my heart, old comrade! Not the sun
Looks out upon us more revivingly
In the earliest month of spring,
Than a friend's countenance in such an hour.

But. My General: I come—

Wal. (*leaning on* BUTLER'S *shoulders.*) Know'st thou already?
That old man has betrayed me to the Emperor.
What say'st thou? Thirty years have we together
Lived out, and held out, sharing joy and hardship.
We have slept in one camp-bed, drunk from one glass,
One morsel shared! I leaned myself on *him*,
As now I lean me on *thy* faithful shoulder.
And now in the very moment, when, all love,
All confidence, my bosom beat to his,
He sees and takes the advantage, stabs the knife
Slowly into my heart. [*He hides his face on* BUTLER'S *breast.*

But. I forget the false one.
What is your present purpose?

Wal. Well remembered!
Courage, my soul! I am still rich in friends,
Still loved by Destiny; for in the moment,
That it unmasks the plotting hypocrite,
It sends and proves to me one faithful heart.
Of the hypocrite no more! Think not, his loss
Was that which struck the pang: O no! his treason
Is that which strikes this pang! No more of him!
Dear to my heart, and honoured were they both,
And the young man—yes—he did truly love me,
He—he—has not deceived me. But enough,
Enough of this. Swift counsel now becomes us.
The Courier, whom Count Kinsky sent from Prague,
I expect him every moment: and whatever
He may bring with him, we must take good care
To keep it from the mutineers. Octavio,
Dispatch some messenger you can rely on
To meet him, and conduct him to me. [*He rings.*

But. (*detaining him.*) My General, whom expect you then?

Wal. The Courier
Who brings me word of the event at Prague.

But. (*startled.*) Hem!

Wal. And what now?

But. You do not know it?

Wal. Well?

But. From what that human in the camp-cloak?

Wal. From what?

But. That Courier—

Wal. (*[illegible]*) Well?

But. I already here.

Wal. (*[illegible]*) Already here?

Wal. My Courier?

But. For some hours.

Wal. And I not know it?

But. The sentinels detain him
In custody.

Wal. (*[illegible]*) Damnation!

But. And his letter

Was broken open, and is circulated
Through the whole camp.

Wal. You know what it contains?

Ter. Question me not!

Ter. Ilo! alas for us!

Wal. Hide nothing from me—I can hear the worst.
Prague then is lost. It is. Confess it freely.

Ter. Yes! Prague *is* lost. And all the several regiments
At Budweiss, Tabor, Brannau, Konigingratz,
At Bum, and Znaym, have forsaken you,
And ta'en the oaths of fealty anew
To the Emperor. Yourself, with Kinsky, Terisky,
And Ilo have been sentenced.

[TERISKY *and* ILO *express alarm and grief.* WALLENSTEIN *remains firm and collected.*

Wal. 'Tis decided!
'Tis well! I have received a sudden cure
From all the pangs of doubt: with steady stream
Once more my life-blood flows! My soul's secure!
In the night only Friedland's stars can beam.
Lingering, irresolute, with fitful fears
I drew the sword—'twas with an inward strife,
While yet the choice was mine. The murderous knife
Is lifted for my heart! Doubt disappears!
I fight now for my head and for my life.

[*Exit* WALLENSTEIN; *the others follow him.*

SCENE XI.—COUNTESS TERISKY (*entering from a side door*).

I can endure no longer. No! [*Looks round her.*
Where are they!
No one is here. They leave me all alone,
Alone in this sore anguish of suspense.
And I must wear the outward show of calmness
Before my sister, and shut in within me
The pangs and agonies of my crowded bosom.
It is not to be borne.—If all should fail;
If—if he must go over to the Swedes,
An empty-handed fugitive, and not
As an ally, a covenanted equal,
A proud commander with his army following;
If we must wander on from land to land,
Like the Count Palatine, of fallen greatness
An ignominious monument—But no!
That day I will not see! And could I himself
Endure to sink so low, I would not bear
To see him so low sunken.

SCENE XII.—COUNTESS, DUCHESS, THEKLA.

Thek. (*endeavouring to hold back the* DUCHESS.) Dear mother, do stay here!

Duch. No! Here is yet

Some frightful mystery that is hidden from me.
Why does my sister shun me? Don't I see her
Full of suspense and anguish roam about
From room to room? —Art thou not full of terror?
And what import these silent nods and gestures
Which stealthwise thou exchangest with her?
Thek. Nothing;
Nothing, dear mother!
Duch. (*to the* COUNTESS.) Sister, I will know.
Coun. What boots it now to hide it from her? Sooner
Or later she *must* learn to hear and bear it.
'Tis not the time now to indulge infirmity,
Courage beseems us now, a heart collect,
And exercise and previous discipline
Of fortitude. One word, and over with it!
Sister, you are deluded. You believe,
The Duke has been deposed—The Duke is not
Deposed—he is——
Thek. (*going to the* COUNTESS.) What? do you wish to kill her?
Coun. The Duke is ———
Thek. (*Throwing her arms round her mother.*) O stand firm!
stand firm, my mother!
Coun. Revolted is the Duke, he is preparing
To join the enemy, the army leave him,
And all has failed.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Spacious Room in the* DUKE OF FRIEDLAND'S *Palace.*

Wal. (*in armour.*) Thou hast gained thy point, Octavio! Once
more am I
Almost as friendless as at Regenspurg.
There I had nothing left me, but myself—
But what one man can do, you have now experience.
The twigs have you hewed off, and here I stand
A leafless trunk. But in the sap within
Lives the creating power, and a new world
May sprout forth from it. Once already have I
Proved myself worth an army to you—I alone!
Before the Swedish strength your troops had melted;
Beside the Lech sunk Tilly, your last hope;
Into Bavaria, like a winter torrent,
Did that Gustavus pour, and at Vienna
In his own palace did the Emperor tremble.
Soldiers were scarce, for still the multitude
Follow the luck: all eyes were turned on me,
Their helper in distress: the Emperor's pride
Bowed itself down before the man he had injured.
'Twas I must rise, and with creative word
Assemble forces in the desolate camp.

I did it. Like a god of war, my name
Went through the world. The drum was heat—and, lo!
The plough, the work-shop, is forsaken, all
Swarm to the old familiar long-loved banners;
And as the wood-choir rich in melody
Assemble quick around the bird of wonder,
When first his throat swells with his magic song,
So did the warlike youth of Germany
Crowd in around the image of my eagle.
I feel myself the being that I was.
It is the soul that builds itself a body,
And Friedland's camp will not remain unfilled.
Lead then your thousands out to meet me—true!
They are accustomed under me to conquer,
But not against me. If the head and limbs
Separate from each other, 'twill be soon
Made manifest, in which the soul abode.

ILLO *and* TERTSKY *enter.*

Courage, friends! Courage! We are still unvanquished;
I feel my footing firm; five regiments, Tertsky,
Are still our own, and Butler's gallant troops;
And an host of sixteen thousand Swedes to-morrow.
I was not stronger, when nine years ago
I marched forth, with glad heart and high of hope,
To conquer Germany for the Emperor.

SCENE II.—WALLENSTEIN, ILLO, TERTSKY. (*To them enter* NEUMANN, *who leads* TERTSKY *aside, and talks with him.*)

Ter. What do they want?
Wal. What now?
Ter. Ten Cuirassiers
From Pappenheim request leave to address you
In the name of the regiment.
Wal. (*Hastily to* NEUMANN.) Let them enter. [*Exit* NEUMANN.
This
May end in something. Mark you. They are still
Doubtful, and may be won.

SCENE III.—WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, ILLO. *Ten* Cuirassiers (*led by an* Anspessade,* *march up and arrange themselves, after the word of command, in one front before the* DUKE, *and make their obeisance. He takes his hat off, and immediately covers himself again*).

Ans. Halt! Front! Present!
Wal. (*after he has run through them with his eye, to the* Anspessade.) I know thee well. Thou art out of Brüggin in Flanders:
Thy name is Mercy.

* Anspessade, in German, Gefreiter, a soldier inferior to a corporal, but above the sentinels. The German name implies that he is exempt from mounting guard.

Ant. Henry Mercy.

Wal. Thou wert cut off on the march, surrounded by the Hessians, and didst fight thy way with an hundred and eighty men through their thousand.

Ant. Twas even so, General!

Wal. What reward hadst thou for this gallant exploit?

Ant. That which I asked for: the honour to serve in this camp.

Wal. (*turning to a third.*) Thou wert among the volunteers that cut and made booty of the Swedish battery at Altenburg.

2nd Cui. Yes, General!

Wal. I forget no one with whom I have exchanged words. (*A pause.*) Who sends you?

Ant. Your noble regiment, the Cuirassiers of Piccolomini.

Wal. Why does not your colonel deliver in your request, according to the custom of service?

Ant. Because we would first know *where* we serve.

Wal. Begin your address.

Ant. (*giving the word of command.*) Shoulder your arms!

Wal. (*turning to a third.*) Thy name is Risbeck, Cologne is thy birth-place.

3rd Cui. Risbeck of Cologne.

Wal. It was thou that broughtest in the Swedish colonel, Diebald, prisoner, in the camp at Nuremburg.

3rd Cui. It was not I, General!

Wal. Perfectly right! It was thy elder brother: thou lookest a younger brother too: where did he stay?

3rd Cui. He is stationed at Olmutz with the Imperial army.

Wal. (*to the Arquebusier.*) Now then—begin.

Ant. There came to hand a letter from the Emperor
Commanding us — —

Wal. (*interrupting him.*) Who chose you?

Ant. Every company
Drew its own marked lot.

Wal. Now! to the business.

Ant. There came to hand a letter from the Emperor
Commanding us collectively, from thee
All duties of obedience to withdraw,
Because thou wert an enemy and traitor.

Wal. And what did ye determine?

Ant. All our colonels
At Braunau, Budweiss, Prague and Olmutz, have
Obeyed already, and the regiments here,
Tiefenbach and Toscano, instantly
Did follow their example. But—but we
Do not believe that thou art an enemy
And traitor to thy country, hold it merely
For lie and trick, and a trumped-up Spanish story! [*Wallenstein.*
Thyself shalt tell us what thy purpose is,
For we have found thee still in one mind true:
Nor much shall surprise itself to treat
Things that Oxenstiern and Bernhard treat.

Wal. Therein I recognize my Pappenheimers.
Ans. And this proposal makes thy regiment to thee:
Is it thy purpose merely to preserve
In thy own hands this military sceptre,
Which so becomes thee, which the Emperor
Made over to thee by a covenant;
Is it thy purpose merely to remain
Supreme commander of the Austrian armies;
We will stand by thee, General! and guarantee
Thy honest rights against all opposition.
And should it chance, that all the other regiments
Turn from thee, by ourselves will we stand forth
Thy faithful soldiers, and, as is our duty,
Far rather let ourselves be cut to pieces,
Than suffer thee to fall. But if it be
As the Emperor's letter says, if it be true,
That thou in traitorous wise wilt lead us over
To the enemy, which God in heaven forbid!
Then we too will forsake thee, and obey
That letter——
Wal. Hear me, children!
Ans. Yes, or no!
There needs no other answer.
Wal. Yield attention.
You're men of sense, examine for yourselves:
Ye think, and do not follow with the herd;
And therefore have I always shewn you honour
Above all others, suffered you to reason;
Have treated you as free men, and my orders
Were but the echoes of your prior suffrage.—
Ans. Most fair and noble has thy conduct been
To us, my General! With thy confidence
Thou hast honoured us, and shewn us grace and favour
Beyond all other regiments; and thou see'st
We follow not the common herd. We will
Stand by thee faithfully. Speak but one word—
Thy word shall satisfy us, that it is not
A treason which thou meditatest—that
Thou meanest not to lead the army over
To the enemy; nor e'er betray thy country.
Wal. Me, me, are they betraying. The Emperor
Hath sacrificed me to my enemies,
And I must fall, unless my gallant troops
Will rescue me. See! I confide in you.
And be your hearts my strong hold! At this breast
The aim is taken, at this hoary head.
This is your Spanish gratitude, this is our
Requital for that murderous fight at Lutzen!
For this we threw the naked breast against
The halbert, made for this the frozen earth
Our bed, and the hard stone our pillow! never stream
Too rapid for us, nor wood too impervious;

With cheerful spirit we pursued that Mansfield
Through all the turns and windings of his flight;
Yea, our whole life was but one restless march;
And homeless, as the stirring wind, we travelled
O'er the war-wasted earth. And now, even now,
That we have well nigh finished the hard toil,
The unthankful, the curse-laden toil of weapons,
With faithful indefatigable arm
Have rolled the heavy war-load up the hill,
Behold! this boy of the Emperor's bears away
The honours of the peace, an easy prize!
He'll weave, forsooth, into his flaxen locks
The olive branch, the hard-earn'd ornament
Of this grey head, grown grey beneath the helmet.

Ins. That shall he not, while we can hinder it!
No one, but thou, who has-t conducted it
With fame, shall end this war, this frightful war.
Thou led'st us out into the bloody field
Of death, thou and no other shalt conduct us home,
Rejoicing to the lovely plains of peace—
Shalt share with us the fruits of the long toil—

Wal. What? Think you then at length in late old age
To enjoy the fruits of toil? Believe it not.
Never, no never, will you see the end
Of the contest! you and me, and all of us,
This war will swallow up! War, war, not peace,
Is Austria's wish; and therefore, because I
Endeavoured after peace, therefore I fall.
For what cares Austria, how long the war
Wears out the armies and lays waste the world?
She will but wax and grow amid the ruin,
And still win new domains.

[*The* Cuirassiers *express agitation by their gestures.*

Ye're moved—I see
A noble rage flash from your eyes, ye warriors!
Oh that my spirit might possess you now
Daring as once it led you to the battle!
Ye would stand by me with your veteran arms,
Protect me in my right; and this is noble!
But think not that *you* can accomplish it,
Your scanty number! to no purpose will you
Have sacrificed you for your General.
No! let us tread securely, seek for friends; [*Considerably.*
The Swedes have proffered us assistance, let us
Wear for a while the appearance of good will,
And use them for your profit, till we both
Carry the fate of Europe in our hands,
And from our camp to the glad jubilant world
Lead Peace forth with the garland on her head!

Ins. 'Tis then but mere appearance which thou
Dost put on with the Swedes? Thou'lt not betray
The Emperor? Wilt not turn over into Swedes?

This is the only thing which we desire
To learn from thee.

Wal. What care I for the Swedes?
I hate them as I hate the pit of hell,
And under Providence I trust right soon
To chase them to their homes across their Baltic.
My cares are only for the whole: I have
A heart—it bleeds within me for the miseries
And piteous groaning of my fellow Germans.
Ye are but common men, but yet ye think
With minds not common; ye appear to me
Worthy before all others, that I whisper ye
A little word or two in confidence!
See now! already for full fifteen years
The war torch has continued burning, yet
No rest, no pause of conflict. Swede and German
Papist and Lutheran! neither will give way
To the other, every hand's against the other,
Each one is party and no one a judge.
Where shall this end? Where's he that will unravel
This tangle, ever tangling more and more.
It must be cut asunder.
I feel that I am the man of destiny,
And trust, with your assistance, to accomplish it.

SCENE IV.—[illegible]

[illegible] General! This is not right!

Wal. What is not right?

[illegible] It hurts needs injure my well-[illegible] man.

Wal. But what?

[illegible] It is an open rebellion
Insurrection.

Wal. Well, well—but what is it?

[illegible] Count Tertsky's regiment tore the Imperial Eagle
From off the banners, and in spite of it,
Have raised aloft thy arms.

Wal. [illegible] Colonel Kolchi! Mech!

Wal. Could he this counsel, and recommend who gave it!

[illegible]

Hush, chill him, hush! There's some mistake in this;
Hark!—I will punish it severely. Stop!
They do not here. (To Illo.) Comfort them, assure them,
And bring them back to me, cost what it may. [Illo. *Exit.*
This hurls us headlong. Butler! Butler!
You are my evil genius, wherefore must you
Announce it in their presence? It was all
In a fair way. They were half won, those madmen
With their improvident over-readiness—
A cruel game is fortune playing with me.
The zeal of friends it is that ruins me,
And not the [illegible]

SCENE V. — *To them enter the* DUCHESS, *who rushes into the Chamber.* THEKLA *and the* COUNTESS *follow her.*

Duch. O Albrecht!
What hast thou done?
Wal. And now comes this beside.
Coun. Forgive me, brother! It was not in my power.
They know all.
Duch. What hast thou done?
Coun. (*To* TERTSKY.) Is there no hope? Is all lost utterly?
Ter. All lost. No hope. Prague in the Emperor's hands,
The soldiery have ta'en their oaths anew.
Coun. That lurking hypocrite, Octavio!
Count Max. is off too?
Ter. Where can he be? He's
Gone over to the Emperor with his father.
[THEKLA *rushes out into the arms of her mother, kisses her, and sinks on her bosom.*
Duch. (*embracing her in her arms.*) Unhappy child! and more unhappy mother!
Wal. (*aside to* TERTSKY.) Quick! Let a carriage stand in readiness
In the court behind the palace. Scherfenberg
Be their attendant; he is faithful to us;
To Egra he'll conduct them, and we follow.
Thou hast not brought them back? [*To* ILLO *who enters.*
Illo. Hear'st thou the uproar?
The whole corps of the Pappenheimers is
Drawn out; the younger Piccolomini,
Their colonel, they require; for they affirm,
That he is in the palace here, a prisoner;
And if thou dost not instantly deliver him,
They will find means to free him with the sword. [*Exit hastily.*
Ter. What shall we make of this?
Wal. Said I not so?
O my prophetic heart! he is still here.
He has not betrayed me—he could not betray me.
I never doubted of it.
Coun. If he be
Still here, then all goes well; for I know what
[*Exit, in* THEKLA.
Will keep him here forever.
Ter. It can't be.
His father, he, the very stars, is gone over
To the Emperor; he could not have ventured
To stay behind.
Wal. (*in great perplexity.*) Then he is!

SCENE VI. — *To them enter* MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Max. Ye! here he! I will no longer
To conceal myself from this day and hack.

In ambush for a favourable moment.
This loitering, this suspense exceeds my powers.

[*Advancing to* THEKLA, *who has thrown herself into her mother's arms.*

Turn not thine eyes away. O look upon me!
Confess it freely before all. Fear no one.
Let who will fear that we both love each other.
Wherefore continue to conceal it? Secrecy
Is for the happy—misery, hopeless misery,
Needeth no veil! Beneath a thousand eyes
Princes act openly.

[*Seeing the* COUNTESS *look* [illegible] *at* THEKLA *with expression of triumph.*

No, Lady! No!
Expect not, hope it not. I am not come
To stay: to bid Farewell, farewell for ever,
For this I come! 'Tis over! I must leave!
Thekla, I must—*must* leave thee! Yet thy hatred
Let me not take with me. I pray thee, grant me
One look of sympathy, only one look.
Say that thou dost not hate me. Say it to me, Thekla!

[*Takes her hand.*

O God! I cannot leave this spot—I cannot!
Cannot let go this hand. O tell me, Thekla!
That thou dost suffer with me, art convinced
That I can not act otherwise.

[THEKLA, *withdrawing her hand, [illegible] her father.* MAX. *[illegible] Duke [illegible] with [illegible] power.*

Thou here? It was not thou, whom here I sought.
I trusted never more to have beheld thee.
My business is with her alone. Here will I
Receive a full acquittal from this heart—
For any other I am no more concerned.

Wal. Think'st thou, that fool-like, I shall let thee go,
And act the mock-magnanimous with thee?
Thy father is become a villain to me;
I hold thee for his son, and nothing more;
Nor to no purpose shalt thou have been given
Into my power. Think not, that I will hear
That ancient love, which so remorselessly
He mangled. They are now past by, those hours
Of friendship and forgiveness. Hate and vengeance
Succeed—'tis now their turn—I too can throw
All feelings of the man aside—can prove
Myself as much a monster as thy father!

Max. (*calmly*) Thou wilt proceed with me, as thou hast [illegible]
Thou know'st, I neither brave nor fear thy anger.
What has detained me here, that too thou know'st.

[*Turns to* THEKLA *[illegible] hand.*

See, Duke! All—all would I have owed to thee,
Would have received from thy [illegible]

The lot of blessed spirits. This hast thou
Laid waste for ever—that concerns not thee.
Indifferent thou trampleest in the dust
Their happiness, who not thine are. The god
Whom thou dost serve, is no benignant deity.
Like as the blind irreconcilable
Fierce element, incapable of compact,
Thy heart's wild impulse only dost thou follow.*
Wal. Thou art describing thy own father's heart.
The adder! O, the charms of hell o'erpowered me.
He dwelt within me, to my inmost soul
Still to and fro he passed, suspected never!
On the wide ocean, in the starry heaven
Did mine eyes seek the enemy, whom I
In my heart's heart had folded! Had I been
To *Ferdinand* what Octavio was to *me*,

---

* I have here [illegible] considerable [illegible] of [illegible] I [illegible] I should not have [illegible] and I take in this liberty more frequently. It is, however, natural [illegible] the original with a literal translation.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

War had I ne'er denounced against him. No,
I never could have done it. The Emperor was
My austere master only, not my friend.
There was already war 'twixt him and me
When he delivered the Commander's Staff
Into my hands; for there's a natural
Unceasing war 'twixt cunning and suspicion;
Peace exists only betwixt confidence
And faith. Who poisons confidence, he murders
The future generations.

Max. I will not
Defend my father. Woe is me, I cannot!
Hard deeds and luckless have ta'en place, one crime
Drags after it the other in close link.
But we are innocent: how have we fallen
Into this circle of mishap and guilt?
To whom have we been faithless? Wherefore must
The evil deeds and guilt reciprocal
Of our two fathers twine like serpents round us?
Why must our fathers'
Unconquerable hate rend us asunder,
Who love each other?

Wal. Max., remain with me.
Go you not from me, Max.! Hark! I will tell thee—
How when at Prague, our winter quarters, thou
Wert brought into my tent a tender boy,
Not yet accustomed to the German winters;
Thy hand was frozen to the heavy colours;
Thou wouldst not let them go—
At that time did I take thee in my arms,
And with my mantle did I cover thee;
I was thy nurse, no woman could have been
A kinder to thee; I was not ashamed
To do for thee all little offices,
However strange to me; I tended thee
Till life returned; and when thine eyes first opened,
I had thee in my arms. Since then, when have I
Altered my feelings towards thee? Many thousands
Have I made rich, presented them with lands;
Rewarded them with dignities and honours;
Thee have I *loved*: my heart, my self, I gave
To thee! They all were aliens, THOU wert
Our child and inmate.* Max.! Thou canst not leave me;
It cannot be; I may not, will not think
That Max. can leave me.

Max. O my God!

Wal. I have

* This is a poor and inadequate translation of the affectionate simplicity of the original—

Sie alle waren Fremdlinge, *Du* warst
Das kind des Hauses.

Indeed the whole speech is in the best style of Massinger. O si sic omnia!

Held and sustained thee from thy tottering childhood.
What holy bond is there of natural love?
What human tie, that does not knit thee to me?
I love thee, Max.! What did thy father for thee,
Which I too have not done, to the height of duty?
Go hence, forsake me, serve thy Emperor;
He will reward thee with a pretty chain
Of gold; with his ram's fleece will he reward thee;
For that the friend, the father of thy youth,
For that the holiest feeling of humanity,
Was nothing worth to thee.

Max. O God! How can I
Do otherwise? Am I not forced to do it?
My oath—my duty—honour—

Wal. How? Thy duty?
Duty to whom? Who art thou? Max.! bethink thee
What duties may'st *then* have? If I am acting
A criminal part toward the Emperor,
It is my crime, not thine. Dost thou belong
To thine own self? Art thou thine own commander?
Stand'st thou, like me, a freeman in the world,
That in thy actions thou should'st plead free agency?
On me thou'rt planted. I am thy Emperor;
To obey *me*, to *belong* to me, this is
Thy honour, this a law of nature to thee!
And if the planet, on the which thou liv'st
And hast thy dwelling, from its orbit starts,
It is not in thy choice, whether or no
Thou'lt follow it. Unfelt it whirls thee onward
Together with his ring and all his moons.
With little guilt stepp'st thou into this contest.
Thee will the world not censure, it will praise thee,
For that thou held'st thy friend more worth to thee
Than names and influences more removed.
For justice is the virtue of the ruler,
Affection and fidelity the subject's.
Not every one doth it beseem to question
The far-off high Arcturus. Most securely
Will thou pursue the nearest duty—let
The pilot fix his eye upon the pole star.

SCENE VII.—*To them enter* NEUMANN.

Wal. What now?

Neu. The Poppenheimers are dismounted,
And are advancing now on foot, determined
With sword in hand to storm the house, and free
The Count, their Colonel.

Wal. (*To Terzky.*) Have the cannon planted.
I will [illegible] them with chain-shot. [*Exeunt* TERZKY.
Presence to me with sword in hand! Go, Neumann!

'Tis my command that they retreat this moment,
And in their ranks in silence wait my pleasure.
[NEUMANN *exit.* ILLO *steps to the window.*
Coun. Let him go, I entreat thee, let him go.
Illo. (*at the window.*) Hell and perdition!
Wal. What is it?
Illo. They scale the council-house, the roof's uncovered.
They level at this house the cannon —
Max. Madmen!
Illo. They are making preparations now to fire on us.
Duch. and *Coun.* Merciful Heaven!
Max. (*to* WALLENSTEIN.) Let me go to them!
Wal. Not a step!
Max. (*pointing to* THEKLA *and the* DUCHESS.) But their life! Thine!
Wal. What tidings bring'st thou, Tertsky?

SCENE VIII.—*To these* TERTSKY (*returning*).

Ter. Message and greeting from our faithful regiments.
Their ardour may no longer be curbed in.
They intreat permission to commence the attack;
And if thou would'st but give the word of onset,
They could now charge the enemy in rear,
Into the city wedge them, and with ease
O'erpower them in the narrow streets.
Illo. O come!
Let not their ardour cool. The soldiery
Of Butler's corps stand by us faithfully:
We are the greater number. Let us charge them,
And finish here in Pilsen the revolt.
Wal. What? shall this town become a field of slaughter,
And brother-killing Discord, fire-eyed,
Be let loose through its streets to roam and rage?
Shall the decision be delivered over
To deaf remorseless Rage, that hears no leader?
Here is not room for battle, only for butchery.
Well, let it be! I have long thought of it,
So let it burst then! [*Turns to* MAX.
Well, how is it with thee?
Wilt thou attempt a heat with me. Away!
Thou art free to go. Oppose thyself to me,
Front against front, and lead them to the battle;
Thou'rt skill'd in war, thou hast learned somewhat under me,
I need not be ashamed of my opponent,
And never badst thou fairer opportunity
To pay me for thy schooling.
Coun. Is it then,
Can it have come to this?—What! Cousin, Cousin
Have you the heart?
Max. The regiments that are trusted to my care
I have pledged my troth to bring away from Pilsen

True to the Emperor, and this promise will I
Make good, or perish. More than this no duty
Requires of me. I will not fight against thee,
Unless compelled; for though an enemy,
Thy head is holy to me still.

[*Two reports of cannon.* ILLO *and* TERTSKY *hurry to the window.*

Wal. What's that?

Ter. He falls.

Wal. Falls! Who?

Ill. Tiefenbach's corps
Discharged the cannon.

Wal. Upon whom?

Ill. On Neumann,
Your messenger.

Wal. (*starting, rises*) Ha! Death and hell! I will—

Ter. Expose thyself to their blind frenzy?

Duch. and *Cour.* No!
For God's sake, No!

Ill. Not yet, my General!

Cour. O, hold him! hold him!

Wal. Leave me——

Max. Do it not;
Not yet! This rash and bloody deed has thrown them
Into a frenzy-fit—allow them time——

Wal. Away! too long already have I loitered.
They are emboldened to these outrages,
Beholding not my face. They shall behold
My countenance, shall hear my voice——
Are they not my troops? Am I not their General,
And their long-tested commander? Let me see,
Whether indeed they do no longer know
That countenance, which was their sun in battle!
From the balcony, (mark!) I shew myself
To these rebellious forces, and at once
Revolt is moulded, and the high-swoln current
Shrinks back into the old bed of obedience.

[*Exit* WALLENSTEIN; ILLO, TERTSKY, *and* BUTLER *follow him.*

SCENE IX. COUNTESS, DUCHESS, MAX. *and* THEKLA.

Cour. (*to the Duchess*) Let them but see him—there is hope still, sure.

Duch. Hope! I have none!

Max. (*[illegible] walking at a distance in the [illegible] of his [illegible], exclaims.*) This can I not endure.
With innocent determined soul did I come hither,
My purpose direction-sure and unblameable
To my own conscience—and I must stand here
Like one abhorred, a base inhuman being;
Yea, loaded with the curse of all I love!

Must see all whom I love in this sore anguish,
Whom I with one word can make happy—O!
My heart revolts within me, and two voices
Make themselves audible within my bosom.
My soul's benighted; I no longer can
Distinguish the right track. O, well and truly
Didst thou say, father, I relied to much
On my own heart. My mind moves to and fro—
I know not what to do.

Coun. What! you know not?
Does not your own heart tell you? O! then I
Will tell it you. Your father is a traitor,
A frightful traitor to us—he has plotted
Against our General's life, has plunged us all
In misery—and you're his son! 'Tis yours
To make the *amends*—Make you the son's fidelity
Outweigh the father's treason, that the name
Of Piccolomini be not a proverb
Of infamy, a common form of cursing
To the posterity of Wallenstein.

Max. Where is that voice of truth which I dare follow?
It speaks no longer in *my* heart. We all
But utter what our passionate wishes dictate.
O that an angel would descend from Heaven,
And scoop for me the right, the uncorrupted,
With a pure hand from the pure Fount of Light.
[*His eyes glance on* THEKLA
What other angel seek I? To this heart,
To this unerring heart, will I submit it,
Will ask thy love, which has the power to bless
The happy man alone, averted ever
From the disquieted and guilty—*canst* thou
Still love me, if I stay? Say that thou canst,
And I am the Duke's— —

Coun. Think, niece——

Max. Think nothing, Thekla!
Speak what thou *feelest*.

Coun. Think upon your father.

Max. I did not question thee, as Friedland's daughter.
Thee, the beloved and the unerring god
Within thy heart, I question. What's at stake?
Not whether diadem of royalty
Be to be won or not—that might'st thou *think* on.
Thy friend, and his soul's quiet, are at stake;
The fortune of a thousand gallant men,
Who will all follow me; shall I forswear
My oath and duty to the Emperor?
Say, shall I send into Octavio's camp
The parricidal ball? For when the ball
Has left its cannon, and is on its flight,
It is no longer a dead instrument!
It lives, a spirit passes into it,

The avenging furies seize possession of it,
And with sure malice guide it the worst way.

Thek. O! Max.——

Max. (*interrupting her.*) Nay, not precipitately either, Thekla.
I understand thee. To thy noble heart
The hardest duty might appear the highest.
The human, not the great part, would I act.
Ev'n from my childhood to this present hour,
Think what the Duke has done for me, how loved me,
And think too, how my father has repaid him.
O likewise the free lovely impulses
Of hospitality, the pious friend's
Faithful attachment, these too are a holy
Religion to the heart; and heavily
The shudderings of nature do avenge
Themselves on the barbarian that insults them.
Lay all upon the balance, all—then speak,
And let thy heart decide it.

Thek. O, thy own
Hath long ago decided. Follow thou
Thy heart's first feeling——

Coun. Oh! ill-fated woman!

Thek. Is it possible, that that can be the right,
The which thy tender heart did not at first
Detect and seize with instant impulse? Go,
Fulfil thy duty! I should ever love thee,
What e'er thou hadst chosen, thou wouldst still have acted
Nobly and worthy of thee—but repentance
Shall ne'er disturb thy soul's fair peace.

Max. Then I
Must leave thee, must part from thee!

Thek. Being faithful
To thine own self, thou art faithful too to me;
If our fates part, our hearts remain united.
A bloody hatred will divide for ever
The houses Piccolomini and Friedland;
But we belong not to our houses—Go!
Quick! quick! and separate thy right from wrong!
From our misery and humiliation!
The curse of heaven lies upon our head:
'Tis delicate to ruin. Even me
My father's guilt drags with it to perdition.
Mourn not for me:
My destiny will quickly be fulfilled.

[*Max. [illegible] Thekla. [illegible] Viscount Piccolomini, [illegible] Max. and Thekla remain without motion in their [illegible].*

SCENE X.—*To these enter* TERTSKY.

Coun. (*meeting him.*) What meant that cry? What was it?
Ter. All is lost!
Coun. What! they regarded not his countenance?
Ter. 'Twas all in vain.
Duch. They shouted Vivat!
Ter. To the Emperor.
Coun. The traitors!
Ter. Nay! he was not once permitted
Even to address them. Soon as he began,
With deafening noise of warlike instruments
They drown'd his words. But here he comes.

SCENE XI.—*To these enter* WALLENSTEIN, *accompanied by* ILLO *and* BUTLER.

Wal. (*as he enters.*) Tertsky!
Ter. My General?
Wal. Let our regiments hold themselves
In readiness to march; for we shall leave
Pilsen ere evening. [*Exit* TERTSKY.
Butler!
But. Yes, my General.
Wal. The Governor at Egra is your friend
And countryman. Write to him instantly
By a Post Courier. He must be advised,
That we are with him early on the morrow.
You follow us yourself, your regiment with you.
But. It shall be done, my General!
Wal. (*steps between* MAX. *and* THEKLA, *who have remained during this time in each other's arms.*) Part!
Max. O God!
[Cuirassiers *enter with drawn swords, and assemble in the back-ground. At the same time there are heard from below some spirited passages out of the Pappenheim March, which seem to address* MAX.
Wal. (*to the* Cuirassiers.) Here he is, he is at liberty: I keep him
No longer.
[*He turns away, and stands so that* MAX. *cannot pass by him nor approach the* PRINCESS.
Max. Thou know'st that I have not yet learnt to live
Without thee! I go forth into a desert,
Leaving my all behind me. O do not turn
Thine eyes away from me! O once more shew me
Thy ever dear and honoured countenance.
[MAX. *attempts to take his hand, but is repelled: he turns to the* COUNTESS.
Is there no eye that has a look of pity for me?
[*The* COUNTESS *turns away from him: he turns to the* DUCHESS.
My mother!

Illo. Go where duty calls you. Happy
The time may come, when you may prove to us
A true friend, a good angel at the throne
Of the Emperor.

Max. You give me hope; you would not
Suffer me wholly to despair. No! No!
Mine is a certain misery. Thanks to heaven
That offers me a means of ending it.

[*The military [illegible] in.* [illegible] *with drawn swords.* MAX. BUTLER, *[illegible] them.*

And you here, Colonel Butler—and will you
Not follow me? Well, then! remain more faithful
To your new lord, than you have proved yourself
To the Emperor. Come, Butler! promise me,
Give me your hand upon it, that you'll be
The guardian of his life; it [illegible], its watchman.
He is attainted, and his princely head
Fair booty for each base that trades in murder.
Now he doth need the faithful eye of friendship,
And those whom here I see—

[*Gives [illegible] ILLO for* BUTLER.

Illo. Go—seek for traitors
In Galas's, in your father's quarters. Here
Is only one. Away! Away! and free us
From his detested sight! Away!

[MAX. *attempts to [illegible] with* THERESA. WALLENSTEIN *[illegible].* MAX. *[illegible], and in [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Burgomaster's House at Egra.*

But. (*just arrived.*) Here then he is, by his destiny conducted.
Here, Friedland! and no farther! From Bohemia
Thy meteor rose, traversed the sky awhile,
And here upon the borders of Bohemia
Must sink.
Thou hast forsworn the ancient colours,
Blind man! yet trustest to thy ancient fortunes.
Profaner of the altar and the hearth,
Against thy Emperor and fellow-citizens
Thou mean'st to wage the war. Friedland, beware—
The evil spirit of revenge impels thee—
Beware thou, that revenge destroy thee not!

SCENE II.—BUTLER *and* GORDON.

Gor. Is it you?
How my heart sinks! The Duke a fugitive traitor!
His princely head attainted! O my God!
But. You have received the letter which I sent you
By a post-courier.
Gor. Yes! and in obedience to it
Opened the stronghold to him without scruple.
For an imperial letter orders me
To follow your commands implicitly.
But yet forgive me; when even now I saw
The Duke himself, my scruples recommenced.
For truly, not like an attainted man
Into this town did Friedland make his entrance;
His wonted majesty beamed from his brow,
And calm, as in the days when all was right,
Did he receive from me the accounts of office;
'Tis said, that fallen pride learns condescension:
But sparing and with dignity the Duke
Weighed every syllable of approbation,
As masters praise a servant who has done
His duty, and no more.
But. 'Tis all precisely
As I related in my letter. Friedland
Has sold the army to the enemy,
And pledged himself to give up Prague and Egra.
On this report the regiments all forsook him,
The five excepted that belong to Tertsky,
And which have followed him, as thou hast seen.
The sentence of attainder is passed on him,
And every loyal subject is required
To give him into justice, dead or living.

Gor. A traitor to the Emperor—Such a noble!
Of such high talents! What is human greatness!
I often said, this can't end happily.
His might, his greatness, and this obscure power
Are but a covered pit-fall. The human being
May not be trusted to self-government.
The clear and written law, the deep-trod foot-marks
Of ancient custom, are all necessary
To keep him in the road of faith and duty.
The authority entrusted to this man
Was unexampled and unnatural,
It placed him on a level with his Emperor,
Till the proud soul unlearned submission. Wo is me;
I mourn for him! for where he fell, I deem
Might none stand firm. Alas! dear General,
We in our lucky mediocrity
Have ne'er experienced, cannot calculate,
What dangerous wishes such a height may breed
In the heart of such a man.

Bat. Spare your laments
Till he be need sympathy; for at this present
He is still mighty, and still formidable.
The Swedes advance to Egra by forced marches,
And quickly will the junction be accomplished.
This must not be! The Duke must never leave
This stronghold on free footing; for I have
Pledged life and honour here to hold him prisoner,
And your assistance 'tis on which I calculate.

Gor. O that I had not lived to see this day!
From his hand I received this dignity,
He deigned himself entrust this stronghold to me,
Which I am now required to make his dungeon.
We subalterns have no will of our own:
The free, the mighty man alone may listen
To the fair impulse of his human nature.
Ah! we are but the poor tools of the law,
Obedience is the single virtue we dare aim at!

Bat. Nay, let not anflict you, that your power
Is circumscribed. Much liberty, much error!
The narrow path of duty is securest.

Gor. And all men have deserted him, you say?
He has built up the luck of many thousands,
Lordly was his spirit: his fall hard
Was ever open! Many a one from dust
[*Wiping away a tear.* But I
He has raised, from the very dust
He has raised him into dignity and honour,
And yet no friend, not one friend hath he purchased,
Who [illegible] at least true to him in the evil hour.

Bat. There is one, I see.

Gor. I have enjoyed [illegible]
[illegible] I could almost wish

If ever in his greatness he once thought on
An old friend of his youth. For still my office
Kept me at distance from him; and when first
He to this citadel appointed me,
He was sincere and serious in his duty.
I do not then abuse his confidence,
If I preserve my fealty in that
Which to my fealty was first delivered.

But. Say, then, will you fulfil the attainder on him?

Gov. (*pauses reflecting—then as in deep grief.*) If it be so—if
all be as you say—
If he've betrayed the Emperor, his master,
Have sold the troops, have purposed to deliver
The strongholds of the country to the enemy—
Yea, truly!—there is no redemption for him!—
Yet it is hard, that me the lot should destine
To be the instrument of his perdition;
For we were pages at the court of Bergau
At the same period; but I was the senior.

But. I have heard so——

Gov. 'Tis full thirty years since then.
A youth who scarce had seen his twentieth year
Was Wallenstein, when he and I were friends:
Yet even then he had a daring soul:
His frame of mind was serious and severe
Beyond his years: his dreams were of great objects.
He walked amidst us of a silent spirit,
Communing with himself: yet I have known him
Transported on a sudden into utterance
Of strange conceptions; kindling into splendour
His soul revealed itself, and he spake so
That we looked round perplexed upon each other,
Not knowing whether it were craziness,
Or whether it were a god that spoke in him.

But. But was it where he fell two story high
From a window-ledge, on which he had fallen asleep
And rose up free from injury? From this day
(It is reported) he betrayed clear marks
Of a distempered fancy.

Gov. He became
Doubtless more self-enwrapt and melancholy;
He made himself a Catholic. Marvellously
His marvellous preservation had transformed him.
Thenceforth he held himself for an exempted
And privileged being, and, as if he were
Incapable of dizziness or fall,
He ran along the unsteady rope of life.
But now our destinies drove us asunder:
He paced with rapid step the way of greatness,
Was Count, and Prince, Duke-regent, and Dictator.
And now is all, all this too little for him;

He stretches forth his hands for Hungary's crown,
And plunges in unfathomable ruin.
Max. No more, he comes.

SCENE III.—*Enter* WALLENSTEIN, *in conversation with the* Burgomaster of Egra.

Wall. You were at one time a free town. I see,
We bear the half eagle in your city arms.
Why the *half* eagle only?
Burg. We were free.
But for these last two hundred years has Egra
Remained in pledge to the Bohemian crown.
Therefore we bear the half eagle, the other half
Being cancelled till the empire ransoms us,
If ever that should be.
Wall. You might free them.
Only be firm and dauntless. Lend your ears
To no designing, whispering court-minions.
What may your imposts be?
Burg. So heavy that
We totter under them. The garrison
Lives at our cost.
Wall. I will relieve you. Tell me,
There are some Jesuits among you still?
[*The* Burgomaster *hesitates.*
Yes, yes; I know it. Many be concealed
Within these walls.—Confess now—you yourselves—
[*Burg. hesitates.* *The* Burgomaster *hesitates.*
Hesitate should I. I hate the Jesuits.
Could my will have determined it, they should
Been long ago expelled the empire. Trust me—
Mass book or bible—'tis all one to me.
Of that the world has had sufficient proof.
I built a church for the reformed in Glogau
At my own instance. Hark'ye, Burgomaster!
What is your name?
Burg. Pachhelbel, may it please your
Wall. Hum!—
But I may trust thee. Thou shalt know
Disclose to you in confidence
[*Wall. leads the Burgomaster aside.*
Max. O mercy,
[*Max. retires.*
How strangely this befriends us, Burgomaster!
The Elbe is in our hand, the low wall reconciled.
Hark'ye! Let keep it to yourself. The Swedes
Approach—less of the Spanish should be known by—
Nine—ten days—not less. Now—
Fire the town—that signal—
Max. With wonderful patience!
Wall. What, Max?

Strangely transform themselves to bloody daggers,
And only one, the middle moon, remained
Steady and clear.
Butler. We applied it to the Turks.
Wal. The Turks! That all?—I tell you, that two empires
Will set in blood, in the East and in the West,
And Lutheranism alone remain. [*Turning to* GORDON *and* BUTLER.
Faith,
'Twas a smart cannonading that we heard
This evening, as we journeyed hitherward;
'Twas on our left hand. Did you hear it here?
Gor. Distinctly. The wind brought it from the South.
But. It seemed to come from Weiden or from Neustadt.
Wal. 'Tis likely. That's the route the Swedes are taking.
How strong is the garrison?
Gor. Not quite two hundred
Competent men, the rest are invalids.
Wal. Good! And how many in the vale of Jochim?
Gor. Two hundred Arquebussiers have I sent thither
To fortify the posts against the Swedes.
Wal. Good! I commend your foresight. At the works too
You have done somewhat?
Gor. Two additional batteries
I caused to be run up. They were needless.
The Rhinegrave presses hard upon us, General!
Wal. You have been watchful in your Emperor's service.
I am content with you, Lieutenant-Colonel. [*To* BUTLER.
Release the outposts in the vale of Jochim
With all the stations in the enemy's route. [*To* GORDON.
Governor, in your faithful hands I leave
My wife, my daughter, and my sister. I
Shall make no stay here, and wait but the arrival
Of letters, to take leave of you, together
With all the regiments.

SCENE IV.—*To the preceding* COUNT TERTSKY.

Ter. Joy, General; joy! I bring you welcome tidings.
Wal. And what may they be?
Ter. There has been an engagement
At Neustadt; the Swedes gained the victory.
Wal. From whence did you receive the intelligence?
Ter. A countryman from Tirschenseil conveyed it.
Soon after sunrise did the fight begin!
A troop of the Imperialists from Fachau
Had forced their way into the Swedish camp;
The cannonade continued full two hours;
There were left dead upon the field a thousand
Imperialists together, with their Colonel;
Further than this he did not know.
Wal. How came

Imperial troops at Neustadt? Altringer
But yesterday, stood sixty miles from there.
Count Galas' force collects at Frauenberg,
And have not the full complement. Is it possible,
That Suys perchance had ventured so far onward?
It cannot be.
Ter. We shall soon know the whole,
For here comes Illo, full of haste, and joyous.

SCENE V.—*To these enter* ILLO.

Ill. (*to* WALLENSTEIN.) A courier, Duke! he wishes to speak with thee.
Ter. (*eagerly.*) Does he bring confirmation of the victory?
Wal. (*at the same time.*) What does he bring? Whence comes he?
Ill. From the Rhinegrave.
And what he brings I can announce to you
Before hand. Seven leagues distant are the Swedes;
At Neustadt did Max. Piccolomini
Throw himself on them with the cavalry;
A murderous fight took place! o'erpowered by numbers
The Pappenheimers all, with Max. their leader,
[WALLENSTEIN *shudders and turns pale.*
Were left dead on the field.
Wal. (*after a pause, in a low voice.*) Where is the messenger? Conduct me to him.
[WALLENSTEIN *is going, when* LADY NEUBRUNN *rushes into the room. Some* Servants *follow her and run across the stage.*
Neu. Help! Help!
Ill. and *Ter.* (*at the same time.*) What now?
Neu. The Princess!
Wal. and *Ter.* Does she know it?
Neu. (*at the same time with them.*) She is dying!
[*Herself, off the stage, when* WALLENSTEIN *and* TERSKY *follow her.*

SCENE VI.—BUTLER *and* GORDON.

Gor. What's this?
But. She has lost the man she loved—
Young Piccolomini who fell in the battle.
Gor. Unfortunate Lady!
But. You have heard what Illo
Reporteth, that the Swedes are conquerors,
And marching hitherward.
Gor. Too well I heard it.
But. They are twelve regiments strong, and there are five
Close by us to protect the Duke. We have
Only my single regiment; and the garrison
Is not two hundred strong.

Gor. 'Tis even so.
But. It is not possible with such small force
To hold in custody a man like him.
Gor. I grant it.
But. Soon the numbers would disarm us,
And liberate him.
Gor. It were to be feared.
But. (*after a pause.*) Know, I am warranty for the event;
With my head have I pledged myself for his,
Must make my word good, cost it what it will,
And if alive we cannot hold him prisoner,
Why—death makes all things certain!
Gor. Butler! What?
Do I understand you? Gracious God! *You* could—
But. He must not live.
Gor. And *you* can do the deed!
But. Either you or I. This morning was his last.
Gor. You would assassinate him.
But. 'Tis my purpose.
Gor. Who leans with his whole confidence upon you!
But. Such is his evil destiny!
Gor. Your General!
The sacred person of your General!
But. My General he *has been.*
Gor. That 'tis only
An "*has been*" washes out no villany.
And without judgment passed?
But. The execution
Is here instead of judgment.
Gor. This were murder,
Not justice. The most guilty should be heard.
But. His guilt is clear, the Emperor has passed judgment,
And we but execute his will.
Gor. We should not
Hurry to realize a bloody sentence.
A word may be recalled, a life can never be.
But. Dispatch in service pleases sovereigns.
Gor. No honest man's ambitious to press forward
To the hangman's service.
But. And no brave man loses
His colour at a daring enterprize.
Gor. A brave man hazards life, but not his conscience.
But. What then? Shall he go forth anew to kindle
The unextinguishable flame of war?
Gor. Seize him, and hold him prisoner—do not kill him!
But. Had not the Emperor's army been defeated,
I might have done so.—But 'tis now past by.
Gor. O, wherefore opened I the stronghold to him?
But. His destiny and not the place destroys him.
Gor. Upon these ramparts, as beseemed a soldier,
I had fallen, defending the Emperor's citadel!
But. Yes! and a thousand gallant men have perished.

Gor. Doing their duty—that adorns the man!
But murder's a black deed, and nature curses it.
But. (*brings out a paper.*) Here is the manifesto which commands us
To gain possession of his person. See—
It is addressed to you as well as me.
Are you content to take the consequences,
If through our fault he escape to the enemy.
Gor. I?—Gracious God!
But. Take it on yourself.
Come of it what it may, on you I lay it.
Gor. O God in heaven!
But. Can you advise aught else
Wherewith to execute the Emperor's purpose?
Say if you can. For I desire his fall,
Not his destruction.
Gor. Merciful heaven! what must I do
I see as clear as you. Yet still the heart
Within my bosom beats with other feelings!
But. Mine is of harder stuff! Necessity
In her rough school hath steeled me. And this Illo
And Tertsky likewise, they must not survive him.
Gor. I feel no pang for these. Their own bad hearts
Impelled them, not the influence of the stars.
'Twas they who strewed the seeds of evil passions
In his calm breast, and with officious villainy
Watered and nursed the poisonous plants. May they
Receive their earnests to the uttermost mite!
But. And their death shall precede his!
We meant to have taken them alive this evening
Amid the merry-making of a feast,
And keep them prisoners in the citadels.
But this makes shorter work. I go this instant
To give the necessary orders.

SCENE VII.—*To the* [illegible] *enter* ILLO *and* TERTSKY.

Ter. Our luck is on the turn. To-morrow comes
The Swedes—twelve thousand gallant warriors, Illo!
Then straightways for Vienna. Cheerily friend!
What! meet such news with such a moody face?
Ill. It lies with us at present to prescribe
Laws, and take vengeance on those worthless [illegible]
Those skulking cowards that deserted us;
One has already done his bitter penance,
The Piccolomini, he has the fate
Of all who wish us evil! This lies sure
To the old man's heart; he has his whole life long
Fretted and toiled to raise his ancient house
From a Count's title to the name of Prince;
And now must [illegible] a grave for his only son.
Ter. Two—fifty—eight! [illegible]

And gentle temperament! The Duke himself,
'Twas easily seen, how near it went to his heart.
Illo. Hark'e, old friend! That is the very point
That never pleased me in our General—
He ever gave the preference to the Italians.
Yea, at this very moment, by my soul!
He'd gladly see us all dead ten times over,
Could he thereby recall his friend to life.
Tir. Hush, hush! Let the dead rest! This evening's business
Is, who can fairly drink the other down—
Your regiment, Illo! gives the entertainment.
Come! we will keep a merry carnival—
The night for once be day, and mid full glasses
Will we expect the Swedish Avantgarde.
Illo. Yes, let us be of good cheer for to-day,
For there's hot work before us, friends! This sword
Shall have no rest, till it be bathed to the hilt
In Austrian blood.
Ger. Shame, shame! what talk is this,
My Lord Field Marshal? Wherefore foam you so
Against your Emperor?
Fut. Hope not too much
From this first victory. Bethink you, sirs!
How rapidly the wheel of Fortune turns;
The Emperor still is formidably strong.
Illo. The Emperor has soldiers, no commander,
For this King Ferdinand of Hungary
Is but a Tyro. Galas? He's no luck,
And was of old the ruiner of armies.
And then this Viper, this Octavio,
Is excellent at stabbing in the back,
But ne'er meets Friedland in the open field.
Tir. Trust me, my friends, it cannot but succeed;
Fortune, we know can ne'er forsake the Duke!
And only under Wallenstein can Austria
Be conqueror.
Illo. The Duke will soon assemble
A mighty army, all comes crowding, streaming
To banners, dedicate by destiny,
To fame, and prosperous fortune. I behold
Old times come back again, he will become
Once more the mighty Lord which he has been.
How will the fools, who've now deserted him,
Look then? I can't but laugh to think of them,
For lands will he present to all his friends,
And like a King and Emperor reward
True services; but we've the nearest claims. [*To* Gordon.
You will not be forgotten, Governor!
He'll take you from this nest and bid you shine
In higher station: your fidelity
Well merits it.
Gor. I am content already.

And wish to climb no higher; where great height is
The fall must needs be great. "Great height, great depth."
Ill. Here you have no more business, for to-morrow
The Swedes will take possession of the citadel.
Come, Tertsky, it is supper-time. What think you?
Say, shall we have the State illuminated
In honour of the Swede? And who refuses
To do it is a Spaniard and a traitor.
Ter. Nay! Nay! not that, it will not please the Duke—
Ill. What! we are masters here; no soul shall dare
Avow himself imperial where we've the rule.
Gordon! Good night, and for the last time, take
A fair leave of the place. Send out patroles
To make secure, the watch-word may be altered
At the stroke of ten; deliver in the keys
To the Duke himself, and then you're quit for ever
Your worship of the gates, for on to-morrow
The Swede will take possession of the citadel.
Ter. (*Exit.*) *Ill.* (*Turning to* BUTLER.) You come though to the castle.
Butl. At the right time.
[*Exeunt* TERTSKY *and* ILLO.

SCENE VIII.—GORDON *and* BUTLER.

Gor. [illegible] Unhappy men! How free from care
[illegible] to me!
They sail into the open jaws of murder,
In the blind dream-image of victory;
I have no pity for their fate. This Illo,
This overflowing and foul-mouthed villain
That would fain bathe himself in his Emperor's Blood,
Butl. Do as he orders you. Send from patroles,
Take measures for the citadel's security;
When they are within close the castle gate
That nothing may transpire.
Gor. (*with [illegible]*) Oh! haste not so!
Nay, stay; first tell me—
Butl. You have heard already,
To-morrow with the Swedish troops. This night
Alone is ours. They make good expedition.
But we will make still greater. Fare you well.
Gor. Ah! you look well, nothing ails you. Nay, but, I pray you, prithee, tell me!
Butl. The sun has set;
A fateful [illegible] this night!
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

To move and station, as his game required.
Other men's honour, dignity, good name,
Did he shift like pawns, and made no conscience of it:
Still calculating, calculating still;
And yet at last his calculation proves
Erroneous; the whole game is lost; and lo!
His own life will be found among the forfeits.

Gor. O think not of his errors now; remember
His greatness, his munificence, think on all
The lovely features of his character,
On all the noble exploits of his life,
And let them, like an angel's arm, unseen
Arrest the lifted sword.

Bat. It is too late.
I suffer not myself to feel compassion,
Dark thoughts and bloody are my *duty* now:
[*Grasping* GORDON'S *hand.*
Gordon! 'Tis not my hatred (I pretend not
To love the Duke, and have no cause to love him)
Yet 'tis not now my hatred that impels me
To be his murderer. 'Tis his evil fate.
Hostile concurrences of many events
Control and subjugate me to the office.
In vain the human being meditates
Free action. He is but the wire-worked * puppet
Of the blind power, which out of his own choice
Creates for him a dread necessity.
What too would it avail him, if there were
A something pleading for him in my heart—
Still I must kill him.

Gor. If your heart speak to you,
Follow its impulse. 'Tis the voice of God.
Think you your fortunes will grow prosperous
Bedewed with blood—his blood? Believe it not!

Bat. You know not. Ask not! Wherefore should it happen,
That the Swedes gained the victory, and hasten
With such forced marches hitherward? Fain would I
Have given him to the Emperor's mercy.—Gordon!
I do not wish his blood.—But I must ransom
The honour of my word—it lies in pledge
And he must die, or—— [*Passionately grasping* GORDON'S *hand.*
Listen then, and know!
I am *dishonoured* if the Duke escapes us.

Gor. O! to save such a man——

Bat. What!

Gor. It is worth
A sacrifice.—Come, friend! Be noble-minded!
Our own heart, and not other men's opinions,
Forms our true honour.

* We doubt the propriety of putting a Methodistical sentiment in the mouth of this character. T.

Butler. (*with a cold and haughty air.*) He is a great Lord,
This Duke—and I am but of mean importance.
This is what you would say? Wherein concerns it
The world at large, you mean to hint to me,
Whether the man of low extraction keeps
Or blemishes his honour—
So that the man of princely rank be saved.
We all do stamp our value on ourselves.
The price we challenge for ourselves is given us.
There does not live on earth the man so stationed,
That I despise myself compared with him.
Man is made great or little by his own will;
Because I am true to mine, therefore he dies.
Gor. I am endeavouring to move a rock.
Thou hadst a mother, yet no human feelings.
I cannot hinder you, but may some God
Rescue him from you! [*Exit* GORDON.

SCENE IX.

Butler. (*Solus.*) I treasured my good name all my life long;
The Duke has cheated me of life's best jewel,
So that I blush before this poor weak Gordon!
He prizes above all his fealty;
His conscious soul excuses him of nothing;
In opposition to his own soft heart
He subjugates himself to an iron duty.
Me in a weaker moment passion warped;
I stand beside him, and must feel myself
The worse man of the two. What, though the world
Is ignorant of my purposed treason, yet
One man does know it, and can prove it too—
High-minded Piccolomini!
There lives the man who can in honour me!
This ignominy blot I alone can cleanse!
Duke Friedland, thou or I—into my own hands
Fortune delivers me—The dearest thing a man has in himself
[illegible]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. [illegible]

BUTLER, MAX[illegible] GRAVEN.

Max. [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

And cry—Who is loyal to the Emperor;
I will overturn the table—while you attack
Illo and Tertsky, and dispatch them both.
The castle-palace is well barred and guarded.
That no intelligence of this proceeding
May make its way to the Duke.—Go instantly;
Have you yet sent for Captain Devereux
And the Macdonald?—

Ger. They'll be here anon. [*Exit* GERALDY.

But. Here's no room for delay. The citizens
Declare for him, a dizzy drunken spirit
Possesses the whole town. They see in the Duke
A Prince of peace, a founder of new ages
And golden times. Arms too have been given out
By the town-council, and an hundred citizens
Have volunteered themselves to stand on guard.
Dispatch then be the word. For enemies
Threaten us from without and from within.

SCENE II.—BUTLER, CAPTAIN DEVEREUX, *and* MACDONALD.

Mac. Here we are, General.

Dev. What's to be the watchword?

But. Long live the Emperor!

Both. (*retiring.*) How?

But. Live the House of Austria!

Dev. Have we not sworn fidelity to Friedland?

Mac. Have we not marched to this place to protect him?

But. Protect a traitor, and his country's enemy!

Dev. Why, yes! in his name you administered
Our oath.

Mac. And followed him yourself to Egra.

But. I did it the more surely to destroy him.

Dev. So, then!

Mac. An altered case!

But. (*to* DEVEREUX.) Thou wretched man!
So easily leav'st thou thy oath and colours?

Dev. The devil! I but followed your example,
If you could prove a villain, why not we?

Mac. We've nought to do with *thinking*—that's your business.
You are our General, and give out the orders;
We follow you, though the track lead to hell.

But. (*appeased.*) Good then! we know each other.

Mac. I should hope so.

Dev. Soldiers of fortune are we—who bids most,
He has us.

Mac. 'Tis e'en so!

But. Well, for the present
Ye must remain honest and faithful soldiers.

Dev. We wish no other.

But. Aye, and make your fortunes.

Mac. That is still better.
But. Listen!
Ill. We attend.
But. It is the Emperor's will and ordinance
To seize the person of the Prince-Duke Friedland,
Alive or dead.
Der. It runs so in the letter.
Mac. Alive or dead—these were the very words.
But. And he shall be rewarded from the State
In land and gold, who proffers aid thereto.
Der. Ay? That sounds well. The words sound always well
That travel hither from the Court. Yes! yes!
We know already what Court-words import.
A golden chain perhaps in sign of favour,
Or an old charger, or a parchment patent,
And such like. The Prince-Duke pays better.
Mac. Yes,
The Duke's a splendid paymaster.
But. All over
With that, my friends! His lucky stars are set.
Mac. And is that certain?
But. You have my word for it.
Der. His lucky fortunes all past by?
But. For ever.
He is as poor as we.
Mac. As poor as we?
Der. Macdonald, we'll desert him.
But. We'll desert him?
I'll twenty thousand have done that already;
We must do more, my countrymen! In short—
We—we must kill him.
Ill. (*Starting back.*) Kill him!
But. Yes! must kill him.
And for that purpose have I chosen you.
Ill. Us!
But. You, Captain Deveroux, and the Macdonald.
Der. (*Interrupt.*) Choose you some other.
But. What? art dastardly?
Thou, with full thirty lives to answer for—
Thou conscientious of a sudden?
Der. Nay,
To assassinate our Lord and General—
Mac. To whom we've sworn a soldier's oath—
But. The oath
is null, for I hold it forfeited.
Der. No, no! It is too foul!
Mac. Yes, by my soul!
It is foul. One has a conscience too.
Der. If it were not on Christmas, when one long
Has kissed the command, and Christmas holiday.
Ill. Is that the objection?
Der. Yes—by our Saviour.

And the Emperor's service should demand it of me,
It might be done perhaps. But we are soldiers,
And to assassinate our Chief Commander,
That is a sin, a foul abomination,
From which no Monk or Confessor absolves us.
Butl. I am your Pope, and give you absolution.
Determine quickly!
Dev. 'Twill not do!
Mar. 'Twont do!
Butl. Well, off then! and—send Pestalutz to me.
Dev. (*After a pause.*) The Pestalutz
Mar. What may you want with him?
Butl. If you refuse us, we can find enough—
Dev. Nay, if he must fall, we may earn the bounty
As well as any other. What think you,
Brother Macdonald?
Mar. Why if he must fall,
And will fall, and it can't be otherwise,
One would not give place to the Pestalutz.
Dev. (*After a pause.*) When do you purpose he should fall?
Butl. This night.
To-morrow will the Swedes be at our gates.
Dev. You take upon you all the consequence?
Butl. I take the whole upon me.
Dev. And it is
The Emperor's will, his express absolute will?
For we have instances, that folks may like
The murder, and yet hang the murderer.
Butl. The manifesto says—alive or dead.
Alive—'tis not possible—you see it is not.
Dev. Well, dead then! dead! But how can we come at him?
The town is fill'd with Tertsky's soldiery.
Mar. Ay! and then Tertsky still remains, and Illo—
Butl. With these you shall begin—you understand me?
Dev. How? And must they too perish?
Butl. They the first.
Mar. Hear, Devereux? A bloody evening this.
Dev. Have you a man for that? Commission me—
Butl. 'Tis given in trust to Major Geraldin;
This is a carnival night, and there's a feast
Given at the Castle—there we shall surprise them,
And hew them down. The Pestalutz, and Lesley
Have that commission—soon as that is finished—
Dev. Hear, General! It will be all one to you.
Hark'e! let me exchange with Geraldin.
Butl. 'Twill be the lesser danger with the Duke.
Dev. Danger! The devil! What do you think me, General?
'Tis the Duke's eye, and not his sword, I fear.
Butl. What can his eye do to thee?
Dev. Death and hell!
Thou know'st that I'm no milksop, General!
But 'tis not eight days since the Duke did send me

Twenty gold pieces for this good warm coat
Which I have on! and then for him to see me
Standing before him with the pike, his murderer,
That eye of his looking upon this coat—
Why—why—the devil fetch me! I'm no ruffian!

Isol. The Duke presented thee this good warm coat,
And thou, a needy wight, hast pangs of conscience
To run him through the body in return.
A coat that is far better and far warmer
Did the Emperor give to him, the Prince's enemy.
How doth he thank the Emperor? With revolt,
And treason.

Dev. That is true. The devil take
Such thankers! I'll dispatch him.

Isol. And wouldst thou
Thy conscience, that hast nought to do with simply
Fall off the coat: wouldst thou do the deed
With light heart and good spirits.

Dev. You are right
That did not strike me. I'll pull off the coat—
So there's an end of it.

Mac. Yes, but there's another
Point to be thought of.

Dev. And what's that, Macdonald?

Mac. What avails sword or dagger against *Dev.*?
He is not to be wounded—he is—

Dev. (*Interrupt.*) What?

Mac. Safe against steel and lead and flesh! Hard in fence,
Secured, and warranted by the black art!
His body is impenetrable, I tell you.

Dev. In Ingleradt there was just such another.
His whole skin was the same as steel; at last
We were obliged to beat him down with gun-stocks.

Mac. Hear what I'll do.

Dev. Well?

Mac. In the chief hall
There's a Danish lance, hung on a trophy.
I'll make him dip my sword and pike for me
In holy water, and stay over them
One of his strongest blessings. That, good man!
Nothing can withstand that.

Dev. Stay, Macdonald!
Put now your lance in the trophy, and the gauntlet
Twenty or thirty soldiers fill in ranks,
And let them take their stand to the lance.
Then when it shall be said, you in the hall
Are passed, and that the doors shortly may be
To the house, I will my stand be not far off.

Dev. But how do we get through Hiatshi and Gordon
That stand on guard there in the inner chamber?

Isol. I have made my stir, prepared with the plan.
Ho! I get through a hole [illegible]!

By one man only. Me my rank and office
Give access to the Duke at every hour.
I'll go before you—with one poniard-stroke
Cut Hartschier's wind pipe, and make way for you.

Dev. And when we are there, by what means shall we gain
The Duke's bed-chamber, without his alarming
The servants of the Court; for he has here
A numerous company of followers?

Ma. The attendants fill the right wing; he lates here alone,
And lodges in the left wing quite alone.

Dev. Were it well over—hey, Macdonald? I
Feel queerly on the occasion, devil knows!

Ma. And I too. 'Tis too great a personage.
People will hold us for a brace of villains.

But. In plenty, honour, splendour—You may safely
Laugh at the people's babble.

Dev. If the business
Squares with one's honour—if that be quite certain—

But. Set your hearts quite at ease. Ye save for Ferdinand
His crown and Empire. The reward can be
No small one.

Dev. And 'tis his purpose to dethrone the Emperor?

But. Yes!—Yes!—to rob him of his Crown and Life.

Dev. And he must fall by the executioner's hand,
Should we deliver him up to the Emperor
Alive?

But. It were his certain destiny.

Dev. Well! Well! Come then, Macdonald, he shall not
Lie long in pain.

[*Exeunt* BUTLER *through one door*, MACDONALD *and* DEVEREUX *through the other.*

SCENE III.—*A Gothic and gloomy Apartment at the* DUCHESS FRIEDLAND'S. THEKLA *on a seat, pale, her eyes closed. The* DUCHESS *and* LADY NEUBRUNN *behind her.* WALLENSTEIN *and the* COUNTESS *in an earnest talk.*

Wal. How long was she in a swoon?

Coun. She seems to have
Foreboded some misfortune. The report
Of an engagement, in the which had fallen
A colonel of the Imperial army, frighten'd her.
I saw it instantly. She flew to meet
The Swedish Courier, and with sudden questioning,
Soon wrested from him the disastrous secret.
Too late we missed her, hastened after her,
We found her lying in his arms, all pale
And in a swoon.

Wal. A heavy, heavy blow!
And thus unprepared! Poor child! How is it?

[*Turns to the* DUCHESS.

Is she coming to herself?

Du. Her eyes are opening.
Com. She lives.
Thek. (*looking around her.*) Where am I?
Wal. (*steps to her, raising her up in his arms.*) Come, cheerly,
Thekla! be my own brave girl!
See, there's thy loving mother. Thou art in
Thy father's arms.
Thek. (*standing up.*) Where is he? Is he gone?
Du. Who gone, my daughter?
Thek. He—the man who uttered
That word of misery.
Du. O! think not of it,
My Thekla!
Wal. Give her sorrow leave to talk!
Let her complain—mingle your tears with her's.
For she hath suffered a deep anguish; but
She'll rise superior to it, for my Thekla
Hath all her father's unsubdued heart.
Thek. I am not ill. See, I have power to stand.
Why does my mother weep? Have I alarmed her?
It is gone by—I recollect myself.
[*She casts her eyes round the room, as seeking some one.*
Where is he? Please you, do not hide him from me.
You see I have strength enough: now I will hear him.
Du. No, never shall this messenger of evil
Enter again into thy presence, Thekla!
Thek. My father—
Wal. Dearest daughter!
Thek. I am not weak:—
Shortly I shall be quite myself again.
You'll grant me one request?
Wal. Name it, my daughter.
Thek. Permit the stranger to be called to me,
And grant me leave, that by myself I may
Hear his report and question him.
Du. No, never!
Com. 'Tis impossible—cannot not to it.
Wal. Hush! Wherefore wishest thou speak with him, my daughter?
Thek. Know ye—wished, I shall be more collected;
I will not be deceived. My mother's wishes
Only to persuade me. I will not be spared.
The worst is said already: I can hear
Nothing of deeper anguish!
Com. and Du. Do it not.
Thek. The hero, overpowered me by surprise.
My heart betrayed me in the stranger's presence;
He was a witness of my weakness, yes,
I sank into his arms; and that has shamed me.
I must replace myself in his esteem,
And I must speak with him, perforce, that he,
The stranger, may not think slightly of me.

Wal. I see she is in the right, and am inclined
To grant her this request of her's. Go, call him.
[LADY NEUBRUNN *goes to call him.*
Duch. But I, thy mother, will be present—
Thek. 'Twere
More pleasing to me, if alone I saw him:
Trust me, I shall behave myself the more
Collectedly.
Wal. Permit her her own will.
Leave her alone with him: for there are sorrows,
Where of necessity the soul must be
Its own support. A strong heart will rely
On its own strength alone. In her own bosom,
Not in her mother's arms, must she collect
The strength to rise superior to this blow.
It is mine own brave girl. I'll have her treated
Not as the woman, but the heroine. [*Going.*
Coun. (*detaining him.*) Where art thou going? I heard Tertsky say
That 'tis *thy* purpose to depart from hence
To-morrow early, but to leave us here.
Wal. Yes, ye stay here, placed under the protection
Of gallant men.
Coun. O take us with you, brother.
Leave us not in this gloomy solitude
To brood o'er anxious thoughts. The mists of doubt
Magnify evils to a shape of horror.
Wal. Who speaks of evil? I entreat you, sister,
Use words of better omen.
Coun. Then take us with you.
O leave us not behind you in a place
That forces us to such sad omens. Heavy
And sick within me is my heart——
These walls breathe on me, like a church-yard vault.
I cannot tell you, brother, how this place
Doth go against my nature. Take us with you.
Come, sister, join you your entreaty!—Niece,
Your's too. We all entreat you, take us with you!
Wal. The place's evil omens will I change,
Making it that which shields and shelters for me
My best-beloved.
Lady Neu. (*returning.*) The Swedish officer.
Wal. Leave her alone with me. [*Exit.*
Duch. (*to* THEKLA, *who starts and shivers.*) There—pale as death!—Child, 'tis impossible
That thou should'st speak with him. Follow thy mother.
Thek. The Lady Neubrunn then may stay with me.
[*Exeunt* DUCHESS *and* COUNTESS.

SCENE IV.—[illegible] Scotch Captain, [illegible] NEUBERG [illegible]

Cap. (*[illegible]*) I [illegible] must entreat your gentle pardon—
My inconsiderate rashness—Oh! How could I—
Tek. (*with [illegible]*) You have beheld me in my agony.
A most distressful accident occasioned
You from a stranger to become at once
My confidant.
Cap. I fear you have my presence,
For my tongue spoke a inconsiderate word.
Tek. The fault is mine. Myself did wrest it from you.
The horror which came o'er me interrupted
Your tale at its commencement. May it please you,
Continue it to the end.
Cap. Pillnitz, [illegible]
Receive your [illegible]
Tek. [illegible]
[illegible] Will [illegible] hear [illegible]?
Cap. We [illegible] at Neustadt,
Entrenched but [illegible] in our camp,
When towards evening rose a cloud of dust
From the wood thither [illegible];—our vanguard fled
Into the camp, and scarcely had the [illegible]
Scarce had we [illegible], ere the Pappenheim lancers,
Their horses at full speed, broke through the lines,
And leapt the trenches; but their heedless courage
Had borne them on so far before the others—
The infantry were [illegible] at distance [illegible],
The Pappenheim lancers [illegible] gallantly
Their daring leader [illegible]—
[THERA [illegible] *The Officer [illegible]*
Cap. [illegible] Thanks
With [illegible] received them.
Back to the [illegible] we drove them, where the foot
Sent [illegible] to meet them.
They rather [illegible]
And as they [illegible] them,
The Rhinegrave [illegible]
Inviting a [illegible]
Young [illegible] [THERA [illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible]
Hurs[illegible]
His charger, by [illegible],
Flung him with violence on an overhill
The horses, now no longer to be curbed, [illegible]
[THERA [illegible]
[illegible] *The* [illegible] NEUBERG [illegible]
[illegible]

Nem. My dearest lady——
Cap. I retire.
Thek. 'Tis over.
Proceed to the conclusion.
Cap. Wild despair
Inspired the troops with frenzy when they saw
Their leader perish; every thought of rescue
Was spurn'd; they fought like wounded tigers; their
Frantic resistance rous'd our soldiery;
A murderous fight took place, nor was the contest
Finish'd before their last man fell.
Thek. (*faltering.*) And where——
Where is—You have not told me all.
Cap. (*after a pause.*) This morning
We buried him. Twelve youths of noblest birth
Did bear him to interment; the whole army
Followed the bier. A laurel decked his coffin;
The sword of the deceased was placed upon it,
In mark of honour, by the Rhinegrave's self.
Nor tears were wanting: for there are among us
Many, who had themselves experienced
The greatness of his mind, and gentle manners;
All were affected at his fate. The Rhinegrave
Would willingly have saved him; but himself
Made vain the attempt—'tis said he wished to die.
Nem. (*to* THEKLA *who has hidden her countenance.*) Look up, my dearest lady——
Thek. Where is his grave?
Cap. At Neustadt, lady; in a cloister church
Are his remains deposited, until
We can receive directions from his father.
Thek. What is the cloister's name?
Cap. Saint Catharine's.
Thek. And how far is it thither?
Cap. Near twelve leagues.
Thek. And which the way?
Cap. You go by Tirschenreit
And Falkenberg, through our advanced posts.
Thek. Who
Is their commander?
Cap. Colonel Seckendorf.
[THEKLA *steps to the table, and takes a ring from a casket.*
Thek. You have beheld me in my agony,
And shewn a feeling heart. Please you, accept
[*Giving him the ring.*
A small memorial of this hour. Now go!
Cap. (*confused.*) Princess——
[THEKLA *silently makes signs to him to go, and turns from him. The* Captain *lingers, and is about to speak.* LADY NEUBRUNN *rises and leads, and he retires.*

SCENE V.—THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN.

Thek. (*falls on* LADY NEUBRUNN'S *neck.*) Now, gentle Neubrunn, shew me the affection
Which thou hast ever promised—prove thyself
My own true friend and faithful fellow-pilgrim.
This night we must away!
Neu. Away! and whither?
Thek. Whither! There is but one place in the world
Thither where he lies buried! To his coffin!
Neu. What would you do there?
Thek. What do there?
That would' t thou not have asked, hadst thou e'er loved.
There, there is all that still remains of him.
That single spot is the whole earth to me.
Neu. That place of death——
Thek. Is now the only place,
Where life yet dwells for me: detain me not!
Come and make preparations: let us think
Of means to fly from hence.
Neu. Your father's rage——
Thek. That time is past——
And now I fear no human being's rage.
Neu. The sentence of the world! The tongue of calumny——
Thek. Whom am I seeking? Him who is no more.
Am I then hastening to the arms—— O God!
I haste but to the grave of the beloved.
Neu. And we alone, two helpless feeble women?
Thek. We will take weapons: my arm shall protect thee.
Neu. In the dark night-time?
Thek. Darkness will conceal us.
Neu. This rough tempestuous night——
Thek. Had he a soft bed
Under the hoofs of his war-horses?
Neu. Heaven!
And then the many posts of the enemy!——
Thek. They are human beings. Misery travels free
Through the whole earth.
Neu. The journey's weary length——
Thek. The pilgrim, travelling to a distant shrine
Of hope and healing, doth not count the leagues.
Neu. How can we pass the gates?
Thek. Gold opens them.
Go, do but go.
Neu. Should we be recognised——
Thek. In a despairing woman, a poor fugitive,
Will no one seek the daughter of Duke Friedland.
Neu. And where procure we horses for our flight?
Thek. My equerry procures them. Go and fetch him.
Neu. Dares he, without the knowledge of his lord?
Thek. He will. Go, only go. Delay no longer.
Neu. Dear lady! and you in the——

Thek. Oh! my mother!
Nen. So much as she has suffered too already;
Your tender mother—Ah! how ill prepared
For this last anguish!
Thek. Woe is me! my mother! [*Pauses.*
Go instantly.
Nen. But think what you are doing!
Thek. What *can* be thought, already has been thought.
Nen. And being there, what purpose you to do?
Thek. There a Divinity will prompt my soul.
Nen. Your heart, dear lady, is disquieted!
And this is not the way that leads to quiet.
Thek. To a deep quiet, such as he has found!
It draws me on, I know not what to name it,
Resistless does it drive me to his grave.
There will my heart be eased, my tears will flow.
O hasten, make no further questioning:
There is no rest for me till I have left
These walls—they fall in on me—A dim power
Drives me from hence—Oh mercy! What a feeling!
What pale and hollow forms are those! They fill,
They crowd the place! I have no longer room here!
Mercy! Still more! More still! The hideous swarm!
They press on me; they chase me from these walls—
Those hollow, bodiless forms of living men!
Nen. You frighten me so, lady, that no longer
I dare stay here myself. I go and call
Rosenberg instantly. [*Exit* LADY NEUBRUNN.

SCENE VI.

Thek. His spirit 'tis that calls me: 'tis the troop
Of his true followers, who offered up
Themselves to avenge his death: and they accuse me
Of an ignoble loitering—They would not
Forsake their leader even in his death—*they* died for him!
And shall *I* live?——
For me too was that laurel garland twined
That decks his bier. Life is an empty casket:
I throw it from me—O! my only hope;—
To die beneath the hoofs of trampling steeds—
That is the lot of heroes upon earth! [*Exit* THEKLA.

[*Curtain drops.*]

[1] The soliloquy of Thekla consists in the original of six and twenty lines, twenty of which are in verses of irregular recurrence. I thought it prudent to abridge it. Indeed the whole conversation between Thekla and Lady Neubrunn might, perhaps, have been omitted, without injury to the play.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Saloon, terminated by a gallery which [illegible] [illegible] the back-ground.* WALLENSTEIN *sitting at a table.* The Swedish Captain *standing respectfully.*

Wal. Commend me to your lord. I sympathize
In his good fortune; and if you have seen me
Deficient in the expressions of that joy,
Which such a victory might well demand,
Attribute it to no lack of good will.
For henceforth are our fortunes one. Farewell.
And for your trouble take my thanks. To-morrow
The citadel shall be surrendered to you
On your arrival.

[*The Swedish Captain bows. WALLENSTEIN sits lost in thought, his [illegible] fixed vacantly, and his head sustained by his hand. The* COUNTESS TERTSKY *enters, stands before him awhile, unobserved by him; at length he starts, sees her, and recollects himself.*

Wal. Com'st thou from her? Is she restored? How is she?
Coun. My sister tells me, she was more collected
After her conversation with the Swede.
She has now retired to rest.
Wal. The pang will soften,
She will shed tears.
Coun. I find thee altered too,
My brother! After such a victory
I had expected to have found in thee
A cheerful spirit. O remain thyself firm!
Sustain, uphold us! For our light thou art,
Our sun.
Wal. Be quiet. I call a thing. Where's
Thy husband?
Coun. At a banquet he and Illo.
Wal. (*[illegible] the saloon.*) The night's far spent.
Betake thee to thy chamber.
Coun. Bid me not go, O let me stay with thee!
Wal. (*[illegible]*) There is a busy motion in the Heavens
The wind which chases the flying* upon the tower,
Fast sweeps the clouds, the [illegible] of the moon,

* The [illegible] are [illegible] with [illegible] exquisite fidelity.

Am Himmel hier und dort, [illegible] Bewegung,
Des Thurmes [illegible] jagt der Wind, schnell geht
Der Wolken Zug, [illegible] sickelt [illegible],
Und [illegible] die Nacht [illegible] Helle

The [illegible] "[illegible]" [illegible] Harris, [illegible] Johnson, [illegible] appears [illegible] which [illegible] the [illegible]

Struggling, darts snatches of uncertain light.
No form of star is visible! That one
White stain of light, that single glimmering yonder,
Is from Cassiopeia, and therein
Is Jupiter. (*A pause.*) But now
The blackness of the troubled element hides him!

[*He sinks into profound melancholy, and looks vacantly into the distance.*

Coun. (*looks on him mournfully, she is, as yet, his head.*) What art thou brooding on?

Wal. Methinks,
If I but saw him, 'twould be well with me.
He is the star of my nativity,
And often marvellously hath his aspect
Shot strength into my heart.

Coun. Thou'lt see him again.

Wal. (*remains for a while with the same mien, then assumes a lively manner, and turns suddenly to the* COUNTESS.) See him again? O never, never again.

Coun. How?

Wal. He is gone—is lost.

Coun. Whom mean'st thou then?

Wal. He, the more fortunate! yes, he hath finished!
For him there is no longer any future,
His life is bright—bright without spot it rose,
And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour
Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap.
Far off is he, above desire and fear;
No more submitted to the change and chance
Of the unsteady planets. O 'tis well
With *him!* but who knows what the coming hour
Veil'd in thick darkness brings for us!

Coun. Thou speak'st
Of Piccolomini. What was his death?
The Courier had just left thee, as I come.

[WALLENSTEIN *by a motion of his hand makes signs to her to be silent.*

Turn not thine eyes upon the backward view,
Let us look forward into sunny days,
Welcome with joyous heart the victory,
Forget what it has cost thee. Not to-day,
For the first time, thy friend was to thee dead;
To thee he died, when first he parted from thee.

from the conjunction to the opposition, or from the new moon to the full; then from full to a new again, the enlightened part of the moon is always increasing, or "waxes;" the other "wanes."

The words "wanken" and "schweben" are not easily translated. The English words by which we attempt to render them, are either too general or too limited, or not of sufficiently general application. See "der Wanderer," "Die Braut," "Die Proscription of Clouds." "The Mass of the Clouds swept onward in a vast stream."

Wal. This anguish will be wearied down,* I know;
What pang is permanent with man? From the highest,
As from the vilest thing of every day
He learns to wean himself: for the strong hours
Conquer him. Yet I feel what I have lost
In him. The bloom is vanished from my life.
For O! he stood beside me, like my youth,
Transformed for me the real to a dream,
Clothing the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.
Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,
The *beautiful* is vanished—and returns not.

Cons. O be not treacherous to thy own power.
Thy heart is rich enough to vivify
Itself. Thou lov'st and prizest virtues in him,
The which thyself did'st plant, thyself unfold.

Wal. (*stepping to the door.*) Who interrupts us now at this late hour?
It is the Governor. He brings the keys
Of the Citadel. 'Tis midnight. Leave me, sister!

Cons. O 'tis so hard to me this night to leave thee—
A leading fear possesses me!

Wal. Fear? Wherefore?

Cons. Should'st thou depart this night, and we at waking
Never more find thee!

Wal. Fancies!

Cons. O my soul
Has long been weighed down by these dark forebodings.
And if I combat and repel them waking,
They still rush down upon my heart in dreams.
I saw thee yesternight with thy first wife
Sit at a banquet gorgeously attired.

Wal. This was a dream of favourable omen,
That marriage being the founder of my fortunes.

Cons. To-day I dreamt that I was seeking thee
In thy own chamber. As I entered, lo!
It was no more a chamber, the Chartreuse
At Gitschin 'twas, which thou thyself hast founded,
And where it is thy will that thou should'st be
Interred.

Wal. Thy soul is busy with these thoughts.

Cons. What dost thou not believe that oft in dream
A voice of warning speaks prophetic to us?

Wal. There is no doubt that there exist such voices.
Yet I would not call [illegible]
Voices of warning that announce to us

* A very [illegible] paraphrase [illegible] of the original.

"Vor [illegible] hinunter [illegible] dieser Schlag, das war ich,
Denn was [illegible] der Mensch?"

[illegible]

I [illegible] [illegible] of that Pharos [illegible]:
What does [illegible] give down?

Only the inevitable. As the sun,
Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to morrow.
That which we read of the fourth Henry's death
Did ever vex and haunt me like a tale
Of my own future destiny. The King
Felt in his breast the phantom of the knife,
Long ere Ravaillac arm'd himself therewith.
His quiet mind forsook him: the phantasma
Started him in his Louvre, chased him forth
Into the open air: like funeral knells
Sounded that coronation festival;
And still with boding sense he heard the tread
Of those feet that ev'n then were seeking him
Throughout the streets of Paris.

Coun. And to-day
The voice within thy soul bodes nothing?

Wal. Nothing.
Be wholly tranquil.

Coun. And another time
I hastened after thee, and thou ran'st from me
Through a long suite, through many a spacious hall,
There seemed no end of it: doors creaked and clapped;
I followed panting, but could not o'ertake thee;
When on a sudden did I feel myself
Grasped from behind—the hand was cold, that grasped me—
'Twas thou, and thou did'st kiss me, and there seemed
A crimson covering to envelope us.

Wal. That is the crimson tapestry of my chamber.

Coun. (*Gazing at him.*) If it should come to that—if I should see
thee,
Who standest now before me in the fulness
Of life—

[*She falls on his breast and weeps.*

Wal. The Emperor's proclamation weighs upon thee—
Alphabets wound not—and he finds no hands.

Coun. If he *should* find them, my resolve is taken—
I bear about me my support and refuge.

[*Exit* COUNTESS.

SCENE II.—WALLENSTEIN, GORDON.

Wal. All quiet in the town?

Gor. The town is quiet.

Wal. I hear a boisterous music! and the Castle
Is lighted up. Who are the revellers?

Gor. There is a banquet given at the Castle
To the Count Tertsky, and Field Marshal Illo.

Wal. In honour of the victory.—This tribe
Can show their joy in nothing else but feasting.

[*Kings.* *Ex.* Groom of the Chamber *enter.*

Unrobe me. I will lay me down to sleep.
[WALLENSTEIN *takes the keys from* GORDON.
So we are guarded from all enemies,
And shut in with sure friends.
For all must cheat me, or a face like this
[*Fixing his eye on* GORDON.
Was ne'er an hypocrite's mask.
[*The* Groom of the Chamber *takes off his mantle, collar, and scarf.*
Wal. Take care—what is that?
Groom of the Chamber. The golden chain is snapped in two.
Wal. Well, it has lasted long enough. Here—give it.
[*He takes and looks at the chain.*
'Twas the first present of the Emperor.
He hung it round me in the war of Friule,
He being then Archduke; and I have worn it
Till now from habit—
From superstition if you will. Belike
It was to be a Talisman to me,
And while I wore it on my neck, in faith,
It was to chain to me all my life long,
The volatile fortune, whose first pledge it was.
Well, be it so! Henceforward a new fortune
Must spring up for me: for the potency
Of this charm is dissolved.
[Groom of the Chamber *retires with the ornaments.* WALLENSTEIN *rises, takes a stride across the room, and stands at last before* GORDON *in a posture of meditation.*
How the old time returns upon me! I
Behold my self once more at Burgau, where
We two were Pages of the Court together.
We oftentimes disputed: thy intention
Was ever good; but thou wert wont to play
The Moralist and Preacher, and wouldst rail at me—
That I strove after things too high for me,
Giving my faith to bold unlawful dreams,
And still extol to me the golden mean.
—Thy wisdom hath been proved a thriftless friend
To thy own self. See, it has made thee early
A superannuated man, and (but
That my munificent stars will intervene)
Would let thee in some inclemable corner
Go out, like an unfeeded lamp.
Gor. My Prince!
With light heart the poor fisher moors his boat,
And watchless from the shore the lofty ship
Stranded amid the storm.
Wal. Art thou already
In harbour, then, old man? Well! I am not.
The unconquered spirit drives me o'er life's billows;
My planks still sound, my canvass swelling proudly.

Hope is my goddess still, and Youth my inmate;
And while we stand thus front to front almost,
I might presume to say, that the swift years
Have passed by powerless o'er my unblanched hair.

[*He rises with long strides across the saloon, and remains on the opposite side over against* GORDON.

Who now persists in calling Fortune false?
To me she has proved faithful, with long love
Took me from out the common ranks of men,
And like a mother goddess, with strong arm
Carried me swiftly up the steps of life.
Nothing is common in my destiny,
Nor in the furrows of my hand. Who dares
Interpret then my life for me as 'twere
One of the undistinguishable many?
True in this present moment I appear
Fallen low indeed; but I shall rise again.
The high flood will soon follow on this ebb;
The fountain of my fortune, which now stops
Repressed and bound by some malicious star,
Will soon in joy play forth from all its pipes.

Gor. And yet remember I the good old proverb,
"Let the night come before we praise the day."
I would be slow from long-continued fortune
To gather hope: for Hope is the companion
Given to the unfortunate by pitying Heaven.
Fear hovers round the head of prosperous men,
For still unsteady are the scales of fate.

Wal. (*smiling*) I hear the very Gordon that of old
Was wont to preach to me, now once more preaching;
I know well, that all sublunary things
Are still the vassals of vicissitude.
The unpropitious gods demand their tribute.
This long ago the ancient Pagans knew:
And therefore of their own accord they offered
To themselves injuries, so to atone
The jealousy of their divinities:
An human sacrifice bled to Typhon.

[*After a pause, serious, but in a more subdued manner.*

I too have sacrificed to him. For me
There fell the dearest friend, and through my fault
He fell! No joy from favourable fortune
Can overweigh the anguish of this stroke.
The envy of my destiny is glutted:
Life pays for life. On this pure head the lightning
Was drawn off which would else have shattered me.

SCENE III.—*To them enter* SENI.

Wal. Is not that Seni? am I beside himself,
If one may trust his looks! What brings thee hither
At this late hour, Baptista?

[illegible] Tersky, Duke!
Our thy account.
[illegible] What new?
[illegible] Ere the day break!
Trust not thy person to the Swedes!
[illegible] What now
Is in thy thoughts?
[illegible] Trust not thy person to these Swedes!
[illegible] What is it then?
[illegible] O wait not the arrival of these Swedes.
A[illegible] near at hand is the [illegible] thee
[illegible] false friends. All the signs stand full of horror!
Now, near at hand the net-work of perdition—
Yes, even now 'tis being cast around thee!
[illegible] Baptista, thou art dreaming!—Fear deceives thee.
[illegible] Believe not that an empty fear deludes me.
[illegible], read it in the planetary aspects;
Read it thyself, that ruin threatens thee
From false friends!
[illegible] From the falseness of my friends
H[illegible] the whole of my unprosperous fortunes.
[illegible] dreaming, I had have come before! At present
I need no revelation from the stars
To know that.
[illegible] Come and see! Trust thine own eyes!
A [illegible] signs meets in the house of life
A [illegible]; a fiend lurks close behind
[illegible] of thy planet. O be warned!
Deliver not thyself up to the [illegible]
[illegible] waiting for thy [illegible].
[illegible] The [illegible] leads the way! Yes, yes! Now
[illegible] This [illegible] the Swedes
[illegible] to be,
[illegible] Signs like these [illegible] fear.
[illegible] (WALLENSTEIN.) My [illegible]
[illegible] Speak freely.
[illegible] creation
[illegible] Gold-dipped [illegible] that'd
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]!
How [illegible] the Swede?
They sought this [illegible] their [illegible].
[illegible] But what if the [illegible] of the Swedes
[illegible]!
[illegible] fight [illegible]
There is yet time, by [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]!

Gor. (*rises.*) The Rhinegrave's still far off. Give but the orders,
This citadel shall close its gates upon him.
If then he will besiege us, let him try it.
But this I say; he'll find his own destruction
With his whole force before these ramparts, sooner
Than weary down the valour of our spirit.
He shall experience what a band of heroes,
Inspirited by an heroic leader,
Is able to perform. And if indeed
It be thy serious wish to make amend
For that which thou hast done amiss,—this, this
Will touch and reconcile the Emperor,
Who gladly turns his heart to thoughts of mercy,
And Friedland, who returns repentant to him,
Will stand yet higher in his Emperor's favour,
Than e'er he stood when he had never fallen.

Wal. (*contemplates him with surprise, remains silent a while, betraying strong emotion.*) Gordon—your zeal and fervour lead you far.
Well, well—an old friend has a privilege.
Blood, Gordon, has been flowing. Never, never
Can the Emperor pardon me: and if he could,
Yet I—I ne'er could let myself be pardoned.
Had I foreknown what now has taken place,
That he, my dearest friend, would fall for me,
My first death-offering: and had the heart
Spoken to me, as now it has done—Gordon,
It may be, I might have bethought myself.
It may be too, I might not. Might, or might not,
Is now an idle question. All too seriously
Has it begun to end in nothing, Gordon!
Let it then have its course. [*Stepping to the window.*
All dark and silent—at the castle too
All is now hushed. Light me, Chamberlain!

[*The* Groom of the Chamber, *who had entered during the last dialogue, and had been standing at a distance and listening to it with visible expressions of the deepest interest, advances in extreme agitation, and throws himself at the* DUKE's *feet.*

And thou, too! But I know why thou dost wish
My reconcilement with the Emperor.
Poor man! he hath a small estate in Carinthen,
And fears it will be forfeited because
He's in my service. Am I then so poor,
That I no longer can indemnify
My servants? Well! To no one I employ
Means of compulsion. If 'tis thy belief
That fortune has fled from me, go! Forsake me.
This night for the last time mayst thou unrobe me,
And then go over to thy Emperor.
Gordon, good night! I think to make a long
Sleep of it: for the struggle and the turmoil

Of this last day or two was great. May't please you!
Take care that they awake me not too early.

[*Exit* WALLENSTEIN, *the* Groom of the Chamber *lighting him.* SESI *follows,* GORDON *remains on the darkened stage, looking after the* DUKE *with his eyes, till he disappears at the further end of the gallery; then he lifts a curtain, the window opens, he leans the depth of his arm, and stands looking, almost a pillar.*

SCENE IV.—GORDON, BUTLER (*[illegible]*).

Gor. (*[illegible]*) Here stand in silence
till I give the signal.
Gor. (*[illegible]*) 'Tis he, he has already brought the murderers.
But. The lights are out. All lies in profound sleep.
Gor. What shall I do, shall I attempt to save him?
Shall I call up the house? Alarm the guards?
But. (*[illegible]*) A light gleams hither
from the corridor.
It holds directly to the Duke's bed-chamber.
Gor. But then I break my oath to the Emperor!
If he escape and I strengthen the enemy,
Do I not hereby call down on my head
All the dread consequences?
But. (*[illegible]*) Hark! Who speaks there?
Gor. 'Tis Butler. I resign it to the hands
Of providence. For what am I, that I
Should take upon myself so great a deed?
I have not murdered him, if he be murdered;
But all his results were my act and deed;
Mine—and whatever be the consequences,
I must sustain them.
But. (*[illegible]*) I should know that voice.
Gor. Butler!
But. [illegible] Gordon. What do you want here?
Was it not better then, when the Duke dismissed you?
Gor. Your hand! Bind up and in a scarf!
But. 'Tis wounded.
That life of fright made me so frantic, till
At last we threw him on the ground.
Gor. [illegible] Dead?
But. Is he dead?
Gor. [illegible] dead!
But. [illegible]
Gor. [illegible] Not through you! The Heaven
Refuses [illegible] See—it is avenged!—
But. [illegible]
Gor. [illegible] guilty
Have [illegible]

[[illegible] *with*
[illegible] *away.*

Gor. [illegible] not the [illegible]!

But. No! he shall die awake. [*Exit.*

Gov. His heart still clings
To earthly things: he's not prepared to step
Into the presence of his God!

But. (*going.*) God's merciful!

Gov. (*holds him.*) Grant him but this night's respite.

But. (*hurrying off.*) The next moment
May ruin all.

Gov. (*holds him still.*) One hour!———

But. Unhold me! What
Can that short respite profit him!

Gov. O—Time
Works miracles. In one hour many thousands
Of grains of sand run out; and quick as they
Thought follows thought within the human soul.
Only one hour! *Your* heart may change its purpose,
His heart may change its purpose—some new tidings
May come; some fortunate event, decisive,
May fall from Heaven and rescue him. O what
May not one hour achieve!

But. You but remind me,
How precious every minute is! [*He leaves the place.*

SCENE V.—*The same.* MACDONALD, *and* DEVEREUX, *with the Halberdiers.*

Gov. (*throwing himself between him and the door.*) No, monster!
First over my dead body thou shalt tread.
I will not live to see the accursed deed!

But. (*pushing him out of the way.*) Weak-hearted dotard!

[*Trumpets are heard in the distance.*

Dev., and Mac. Hark! The Swedish trumpets!
The Swedes before the ramparts! Let us hasten!

Gov. (*rushes out.*) O God of Mercy!

But. (*calling after him.*) Governor, to your post!

Groom of the Chamber. (*hurries in.*) Who dares make larum here?
Hush! The Duke sleeps.

Dev. (*with loud harsh voice.*) Friend, it is time now to make larum.

Groom of the Chamber. Help!
Murder!

But. Down with him!

Groom of the Chamber. (*run through the body by* DEVEREUX, *with the extreme of the gallows.*) Jesus Maria!

Dev. But the doors open!

[*They rush over the body into the gallery—the doors are heard to crack on, with the cry of "Vive l'empereur!" the alarum—Clash of arms, and the cry of "Vive l'empereur!" &c.*

SCENE VI.

C[illegible] [illegible] H[illegible] bed-chamber is empty; she
[illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]! [illegible] Neuman too,
Who watched by her [illegible] missing. If she should
Be flown.—But whither flown? We must call up
Every soul in the house.—How will the Duke
Bear up against these worst bad tidings? O
If that my husband now were but returned!
Home from the battle!—Hark! I wonder what—
The Duke is still awake! I thought I heard
Voices and tread of feet below.—I will go
And listen at the door.—Hark!—What is that?
'Tis hastening up the steps!

SCENE VII. COUNTESS, GORDON.

G[illegible] [illegible] 'Tis a mistake,
'Tis not the Sovereign.—You must proceed no further—
Butler!—O God!—Where is he? [*The rebels seize the* COUNTESS.
Countess!—Say—
C[illegible] You [illegible] from the castle?—Where's my
husband!
G[illegible] Your husband!—Ah, not!—To
the [illegible]
C[illegible] Not till
You [illegible]
C[illegible] On this moment
Do [illegible] the Duke!—to the Duke!
What! [illegible] [*Calls out*
[illegible] Butler!—Gordon!
C[illegible] Why, [illegible] with my husband.
[BUTLER [illegible]
G[illegible] From the Swedes—it is
the Emperor!—[illegible] Gordon!
Has sent me hither, with the strictest
Instantly.—You must [illegible]
B[illegible] He [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]
C[illegible] O God! [illegible]!
C[illegible] What [illegible]
Who will be here [illegible]?—Octavio
In Egra?—Treason!—Treason!—Where's the Duke?
[[illegible] [illegible]

SCENE VIII.—(Servants *run across the stage full of terror. The whole Scene must be spoken entirely without pause.*)

Seni. (*from the gallery.*) O bloody frightful deed!
Coun. What is it, Seni?
Page. (*from the gallery.*) O piteous sight!
[*Other* Servants *hurry in with torches.*
Coun. What is it? For God's sake!
Seni. And do you ask?
Within the Duke lies murder'd—and your husband
Assassinated at the Castle. [*The* COUNTESS *stands motionless.*
Female Servant. (*rushing across the stage.*) Help! Help! the Duchess!
Burgomaster. (*enters.*) What mean these confused
Loud cries, that wake the sleepers of this house?
Gor. Your house is cursed to all eternity.
In your house doth the Duke lie murdered!
Bur. (*rushing out.*) Heaven forbid!
1st. Ser. Fly! fly! they murder us all!
2nd. Ser. (*carrying silver plate.*) That way! The lower
Passages are blocked up.
Voice. (*from behind the Scene.*) Make room for the Lieutenant General!
[*At these words the* COUNTESS *starts from her stupor, collects herself, and retires suddenly.*
Voice. (*from behind the Scene.*) Keep back the people! Guard the door!

SCENE IX.—*To these enters* OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI *with all his train. At the same time* DEVEREUX *and* MACDONALD *enter from out the Corridor with the* Halberdiers. WALLENSTEIN'S *dead body is carried over the back part of the stage, wrapped in a piece of crimson tapestry.*

Oct. (*entering abruptly.*) It must not be! It is not possible!
Butler! Gordon!
I'll not believe it. Say no!
[GORDON, *without answering, points with his hand to the body of* WALLENSTEIN *as it is carried over the back of the stage.* OCTAVIO *looks that way, and stands as if petrified with horror.*
Dev. (*to* BUTLER.) Here is the golden fleece—the Duke's sword—
Mac. Is it your order—
But. (*pointing to* OCTAVIO.) Here stands he who now
Hath the sole power to issue orders.
[DEVEREUX *and* MACDONALD *with a look of contempt. One stops away after the other, till only* BUTLER, OCTAVIO, *and* GORDON *remain on the stage.*

Oct. (*turning to* BUTLER.) Was that my purpose, Butler, when we parted?
O God of Justice!
To thee I lift my hand! I am not guilty
Of this foul deed.
But. Your *hand* is pure. You have
Availed yourself of mine.
Oct. Merciless man!
Thus to abuse the orders of thy Lord—
And stain thy Emperor's holy name with murder,
With bloody, most accursed assassination?
But. (*aside.*) I've but fulfilled the Emperor's own sentence.
Oct. O curse of Kings,
Infusing a dread life into their words,
And linking to the sudden transient thought
The unchangeable irrevocable deed.
Was there necessity for such an eager
Despatch? Could't thou not grant the merciful
A time for mercy? Time is man's good Angel.
To leave no interval between the sentence,
And the fulfilment of it, doth beseem
God only, the immutable!
But. For what
Rail you against me? What is my offence?
The Empire from a fearful enemy
Have I delivered, and expect reward.
The single difference betwixt you and me
Is this: you placed the arrow in the bow;
I pulled the string. You saw'd blood, and yet stand
Astonished that blood is come up. I always
Knew what I did, and therefore no result
Hath power to frighten or surprise my spirit.
Have you aught else to order; for this instant
I make my best speed to Vienna; place
My bleeding sword before my Emperor's Throne,
And hope to gain the applause which undelaying
And punctual obedience may demand
From a just judge. [*Exit* BUTLER.

SCENE X.—*The Castle of Eger.* COUNTESS TERTSKY, *pale and distracted. Enter* THERESA *and* IRENE, *in great fear, and unobserved by her.*

Ter. (*starting from her.*) O Countess Tertsky! These are the results
Of luckless unbiest deeds.
Countess. They are the fruits
Of your contrivances. The Duke is dead,
My husband too is dead, the Duchess struggles
In the pangs of death, my niece has disappeared.
This house of splendour, and of princely glory,
Doth now stand desolate: the affrighted servants
Rush forth, through all its doors. I am the last

Therein; I shut it up, and here deliver
The keys.

Ost. (*with a deep anguish.*) O Countess! my house too is desolate.

Coun. Who next is to be murdered? Who is next
To be maltreated? Lo! The Duke is dead,
The Emperor's vengeance may be pacified!
Spare the old servants; let not their fidelity
Be imputed to the faithful as a crime—
The evil destiny surprised my brother
Too suddenly: he could not think on them.

Ost. Speak not of vengeance! Speak not of maltreatment!
The Emperor is appeased; the heavy fault
Hath heavily been expiated—nothing
Descended from the father to the daughter,
Except his glory and his services.
The Empress honours your adversity,
Takes part in your afflictions, opens to you
Her motherly arms! Therefore no farther fears!
Yield yourself up in hope and confidence
To the Imperial Grace!

Coun. (*with her eye raised to heaven.*) To the grace and mercy of a greater Master
Do I yield up myself. Where shall the body
Of the Duke have its place of final rest?
In the Chartreuse, which he himself did found
At Gitschin rests the Countess Wallenstein;
And by her side, to whom he was indebted
For his first fortunes, gratefully he wished
He might sometime repose in death! O let him
Be buried there. And likewise, for my husband's
Remains, I ask the like grace. The Emperor
Is now proprietor of all our Castles.
This sure may well be granted us—one sepulchre
Beside the sepulchres of our forefathers!

Ost. Countess, you tremble, you turn pale!

Coun. (*assembles all her powers, and speaks with energy and dignity.*) You think
More worthily of me, than to believe
I would survive the downfall of my house.
We did not hold ourselves too mean to grasp
After a monarch's crown—the crown did fate
Deny, but not the feeling and the spirit
That to the crown belong! We deem a
Courageous death more worthy of our free station
Than a dishonoured life.—I have taken poison.

Ost. Help! Help! Support her!

Coun. Nay, it is too late.
In a few moments is my fate accomplished. [*Exit* COUNTESS.

Gor. O house of death and horrors!

[*An* Officer *enters, and brings a letter with the seal.*
GORDON *steps forward and meets him.*

What is this?

It is the Imperial Seal.

[*He reads the Address, and delivers the letter to* OCTAVIO *with a look of reproach, and with an emphasis on the word.*

To the *Prince* Piccolomini.

[OCTAVIO *with his whole frame expressive of sudden anguish, rolls his eyes to heaven.*

[*The curtain drops.*]

THE END.

[illegible] & [illegible] [illegible].

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